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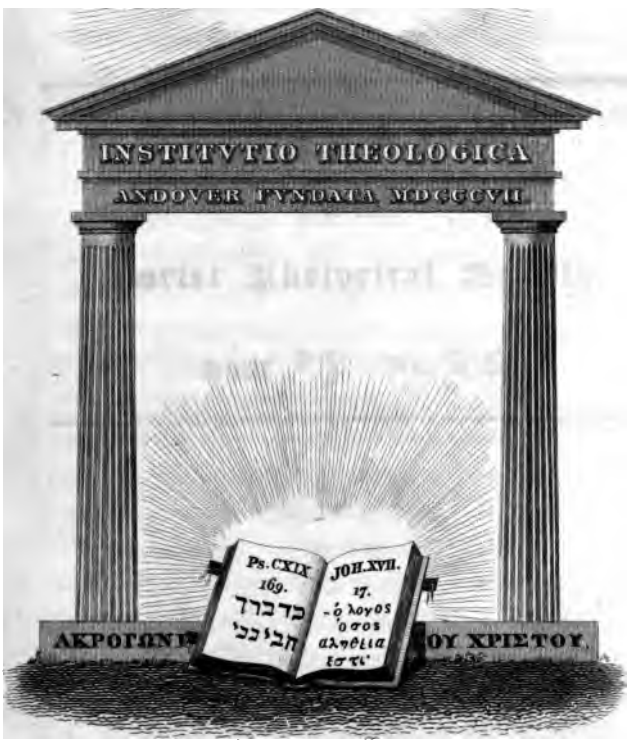

Walter Scott

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NEW YORK:

CHARLES SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.

1852.

LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY

DONALD MAC LEOD.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.
1852.

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TO

THE PERSONAL FRIEND OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

THE MOST GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT WRITER OF AMERICA;

TO

WASHINGTON IRVING,

THIS WORK

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

INTRODUCTORY.

THIS volume purposes to be a true biography of Sir Walter Scott. It is made up from Allan's Life, Washington Irving's "Sketch of Abbotsford," most kindly placed at our disposal by the author, and, above all, from Mr. Lockhart's invaluable work—a work too diffuse and too extensive for general circulation.

Criticism will not be attempted, because it would demand more space than it is thought well to occupy; because the present writer lacks the disposition for it; because the World is now Scott's judge, and because such criticism can be best gathered from the prefaces and notes to the numerous editions of his works.

But to write a true *biography*, a history of the man's life, and to do so faithfully and lovingly, is all that has been here attempted.

He was so true a man, so earnest, honest, full of frankness, bravery, and reverence—loving his God and king—loving the heath and firs and rude mountains of his wild Scotland—loving kith and kindred like a true clansman—his dependents like a

benevolent superior—his dogs and horses like an unequalled master!

Merely to tell how such an one lived, loved, enjoyed, sorrowed, laboured, struggled and died bravely, will not this be better than to analyze the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" or "Waverley?"

We think so; and will endeavour to carry, throughout these pages, the hearts of those who read them, and with such hope we begin our task.

4 Amity Place, *Nov.* 1, 1852.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—PARENTAGE AND PEDIGREE.

WALTER SCOTT was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and perhaps the most beautifully placed city in Europe. The house stood at the head of the College Wynd, but was pulled down to make room for the front of the New College.

His father, Walter Scott, the first of the race who was not soldier, sailor or moss-trooper, became a writer to the Signet, and possessed some of the qualities which were afterward remarked in his son—a lack of strict business talent, a fondness for antiquities, at least those connected with his profession; a keen sense of honour, and a warm, generous hospitality. Though a lawyer, well read in the theory of his profession, he is described, by his son, as being as easily tricked in money matters as Uncle Toby could have been. Remarkably handsome in person and features, and somewhat formal, in the way of the old school, in manners, he was universally liked. A strict Calvinist in religion, a most just, honourable and conscientious man, he retained "a

certain reluctant flavour of the old feelings and prejudices of the Borderer." How highly he was esteemed, and how properly appreciated by his many friends, may be judged by this toast given by a lady without naming him, and instantly recognised as truthfully descriptive of his character.

"To a thing that's uncommon—
A youth of discretion,
Who though vastly handsome,
Despises flirtation:
To the friend in affliction,
The heart of affection,
Who may hear the last trump
Without dread of detection."

Add to this, the words spoken of him by a surviving relative, "He passed from the cradle to the grave without making an enemy or losing a friend," and we will recognise how much of the father descended to the genial, warm-hearted son, of whom the same thing might be said with the same propriety.

The mother of Scott was a daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and a grand-daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton, one of the oldest and most illustrious names of Scotland. She is described as being by no means comely, but as very highly educated, "well acquainted with history and belle letters, without neglecting the more homely duties of the needle, and the account-book." She, too, was of the old school, and even in her eightieth year, took as much care, when sitting, not to touch the chair with her back, as if it had been of hot iron. It is said that Sir Walter had no personal resemblance to either of his parents.

A Scotchman is nothing without his pedigree, and, without tracing the family line back to its illustrious stock, the Ducal House of Buccleugh, we dare not pass over one or two of those ancestors whom Sir Walter especially loved to commemorate, and whose history has furnished him with some material for his Scottish novels or his minor poems and songs.

There is his great grandfather Walter, called *Beardie*, a staunch old Jacobite, who swore never to cut his beard until "Jamie should have his own again," and as Jamie never did get "his own again," he wore the venerable appendage till the day of his death. Nor was this the only mark of his devotion to the Stewarts, for he intrigued, and fought for them so well, as to bring his neck within the reach of the executioner, from whom he was saved only by the influential intercession of the Duchess of Buccleugh. His portrait, now at Abbotsford, is said strongly to resemble Sir Walter.

There is *Auld Watt* of Harden, Beardie's grandfather, a famous moss-trooper, and the hero of an hundred border songs, to whom nothing in the way of plunder came amiss, that was not *too hot* or *too heavy*. His wife was "Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow," sung by her great descendant, and by many a border minstrel before him. It was she, who when the last ox, taken from English pastures was eaten, placed a pair of spurs in a covered dish before her lord, as a hint that he must bestir himself if he wanted to dine on the morrow. But he got intimation of poverty in the larder from other sources than his fair dame. Sitting at his porch, one day, as the village herdsman was driving out the cattle to pasture, he heard him shouting loudly, "to drive out Harden's cow." "Harden's *cow!*" roared the old chief in a rage; "has it come to this pass? By my

faith they shall soon say 'Harden's *kye!*' (cows)." And arming his retainers he sallied forth towards the rich meadows of the south, and returned, driving a gallant herd before him. On his road, he passed an immense haystack, which, it struck him, would be admirable fodder for his newly acquired stock; but alas! how to carry it! a matter impossible; so the grim old fellow, after looking at it in silence for a moment, shook his hand at it, and rode away, saying—"By my saul, had ye but four feet, ye would not stand there lang!"

Then we have *Auld Watt's* son, who had his mother's beauty but not his father's matrimonial good luck. For "riding a raid" one day on the lands of Sir Gideon Murray, he was caught by that baron and doomed to be hanged. But Murray's more considerate dame, reminded her angry spouse that young Harden for wealth and beauty, was the best match in the neighbourhood, while their own three daughters, already matured, were precisely the ugliest girls in broad Scotland. She suggested that he should marry the worst-looking of the three, and to save his life he did so, for the contract was executed upon the spot, written upon the parchment torn from a drum.

Nor are we to forget the poets of our minstrel's race. Rough old Walter Scott of Satchells, who sang of the glories of his clan; John Scott the *Lamiter* (cripple) and William the *Boltfoot*, who left his deformity to Sir Walter. Beardie himself is set down as poet both in Latin and English, though there remains nothing of him now, but a loyal convivial chorus.

Barba crescat, barba crescat
Donec carduus revirescat."
The beard shall grow, the beard shall grow
Until the thistle again shall blow.

We will mention but one more of Sir Walter's family, that we may end this chapter with his truthful blessing on his kinsman. This was his uncle Thomas, visited by Sir Walter and Mr. Lockhart just before his death. Tall and erect, with long flowing hair, whitened like silver, by the ninety years that had passed over it, he was reading his Bible when his nephew entered. Rising with alacrity, he kissed him on both cheeks, and said—" God bless thee, Walter, my man, thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good!"

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

1771–1779.

YOUNG WALTER'S very infancy does not pass without peril and adventure: neither does it flow by without great tenderness and gentle sympathies: the child loves and is loved.

His nurse is consumptive, yet conceals it from his parents, until alarmed for herself, she goes to consult a famous professor, Dr. Black. The doctor of course reveals the state of the woman's health to Mr. Scott, and little Walter is consigned to a buxom peasant woman, much to his improvement. She was living in 1810, and loved to boast of her *laddie* being now *a grand gentleman.*

All goes on well until Walter is eighteen months old, and begins to toddle about. One night he is very wakeful after proper hours, will not consent to be put to bed, runs about the room, with little clothing on him, gets under tables and behind chairs, and at last is caught, not without difficulty, and is tucked up into his crib. In the morning he has a high fever, which

lasts three days, and threatens to burn the infant life out of him. Good Dr. Rutherford, his grandfather, and other wise physicians, attend him. A bath being ordered, it is discovered that he has lost the use of his right leg; no dislocation nor sprain can be proved; there is no swelling, nor discoloration, nor distortion, only he cannot walk. When regular physicans can do nothing, empirics were called in and their nostrums tried; but all is in vain; and as a last resource, little Walter is dispatched to Sandy Knowe, his grandfather's farm, to see if he can recover the use of his right leg in the country.

That he might not inconvenience the family, a maid was sent with him, to take especial care and charge of him. But she poor girl, had left her heart in Edinburgh with some wild scapegrace of a fellow who had promised her more than he ever intended to perform. She therefore hated her infant charge, as the cause of her separation from her lover. This soon grew to a delirium; and one day she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper at Sandy Knowe, that she had carried the child up to the craigs, being strongly tempted by the Evil One to cut his throat with her scissors, and bury him in the moss. On this confession, Alison took charge of the child, Betty was dismissed, went back to Edinburgh, and from there to a lunatic asylum, where she died.

Sandy Knowe lies at the foot of a field of crags, on the summit of which stands the ruined castle of Smailholme; from it, the view embraces Mertoun, seat of the Hardens, a sweep of the rapid Tweed; the hoary abbey of Dryburgh, circled by ancient yews; the purple peaks of Eildon, where true Thomas of Ercildoune met with the fairy queen, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. Eastward you see the desolate grandeur of

Hume Castle; westward, the glorious ruins of Melrose; and, in the distance, are the many-coloured clouds floating over the mountains of Ettrick and of Yarrow. "It is here," he says, "that I have the first consciousness of existence."

Walter was getting to be some three years old, without exhibiting any locomotive powers; and we see two scenes that might very well be painted if Wilkie were here to do it.

Among other quackeries, some old woman had directed that whenever a sheep were killed, the little fellow should be stripped naked, and wrapped in the reeking hide, by way of cure for his lameness. In advanced age, he remembered himself in this rude dress, with his grandfather and a brave old soldier, Sir George MacDougal, of Makerstoun, trying to make him crawl. A very good picture would it make, to draw the ancient knight in old-fashioned military coat, in small cocked hat, deeply laced with gold, embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and "milk-white hair," upon all-fours on the carpet, creeping backwards, and slowly drawing his heavy gold watch by the chain, followed by the quaint infant, so oddly swaddled in sheep skin.

No less pleasing would that family group be, told of by Mrs. Duncan, of old Mrs. Scott, sitting with her spinning-wheel at one side of the fire, in a *clean, clean* parlour; the old grandfather, a good deal failed, in the elbow-chair opposite, and a little boy, lying on the carpet at the old man's feet, listening to what Aunt Jenny was reading from the Bible, or other good book.

Tibby Hunter, a servant at Sandy Knowe, remembered him well; and in 1836, she still had the cover—"the bones," she called it—of a psalm-book, which Master Walter gave her. "He chose," she said, "very large print, that I might read it

when I was *vera auld—forty year auld;* but the bairns pulled the leaves out, langsyne."

Tibby further testifies that Walter was "a sweet-tempered bairn, and a darling with all about the house;" and that the ewe milkers loved to carry him with them when they went to their daily task, and he "was very gleg (quick) at the up-take, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by the head-mark as well as any of them."

Then, too, there was the cow-baillie, auld Sandy Ormiston, who used to set him on his shoulders, and carry him off to the pasture where the cattle fed, and tell him stories of the old times. Sandy forgot him one day among the knolls, and a violent thunder-storm came on, and Aunt Jenny thought suddenly about him, and ran out in the tempest to bring him home. She found him lying on his back in the heather, looking up at the lightning, and clapping his tiny hands, and crying out, "Bonny, bonny!" at every flash.

About this time the grandfather died, but the grandmother still sate in the "ingle neuk" with her spinning-wheel, and waited patiently until the thread should break, and the angel of God bring the message of death to her.

Aunt Jenny was there too, teaching Walter ballads of Hardyknute, and bits from the history of Josephus, reading them patiently over and over again, until the child could repeat them by heart. Indeed he learned the ballad too well for old Doctor Duncan, who was the minister of the parish, and had "thin legs, cased in clasped gambadoes," and a long face like the Knight of La Mancha, and who used to say when Walter interrupted his sober converse by shouting out the deeds of Hardyknute, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a can-

non as where that child is." A good old man the doctor, and had known Pope and other worthies of the age of Queen Anne.

Sheep-skins reeking from the slaughtered cheviot or "muir-land tup," being found very unavailing for the cure of the unfortunate right leg, it was determined to try sea-bathing; and Aunt Jenny and her nephew bade a temporary adieu to Sandy Knowe, and sailed for Bath. Meantime, the out-door life at the grandfather's, and the impatience of the child had partly effected what the the sheep-skin had failed-in doing, and Walter began to stand a little, and by-and-bye to walk and run, though still after a lame fashion.

They stopped to see the shows of London, and then went down to the watering-place, where they spent a year, trying the pump-room and the baths, and whatever else was customary, without, however, benefitting the lameness. Here Walter acquired the rudiments of reading from an old lady who kept school near their lodgings. John Home, the persecuted author of Douglas, was at Bath, and was very kind to Aunt Jenny and to the little lame boy. Uncle Robert, the captain, came too, and carried his nephew off to the theatre, where he saw "As You Like It," and was scandalized that Orlando should quarrel with his brothers. "What!" he roared out, to the disturbance of his neighbours, "a'n't they brothers?" At four or five years old, fraternal bickering was strange and incomprehensible to him.

Then, always in company with Aunt Jenny, Walter returned to Edinburgh, and to his father's house, in George's Square; for a little after Walter's birth they had moved from the College Wynd, which was esteemed unhealthy. Here Mrs.

Cockburn saw him, and was sufficiently struck by him to make him the subject of a letter to her parish minister. She thought the boy "a most extraordinary genius."

He was reading to his mother a description of a shipwreck when the visitor came in. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands, "There's the mast gone," said he; "crash it goes! They will all perish." Then turning to the strange lady, he said, "That is too melancholy; I had better read you something more amusing." She, however, preferred some conversation with him, and asked him about Milton and other books that he was reading. He did not think it right that Adam, when just come into the world, should be so well informed, and supposed it to be the poet's fancy. But when told that the first man came perfect and fully developed from the hand of God, he yielded. "Aunt Jenny," said he, at night, "I like that lady." "What lady?" asked Aunt Jenny "Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself." "Dear Walter," said Aunt Jenny, "what is a virtuoso?" "Oh, don't ye know? Why it's one that wishes and will know everything."

There is someting in this speech from the mouth of a child but six years of age. The good lady could not sufficiently admire him, and, indeed, found in him some qualities which he did not probably possess. "He has acquired the perfect English accent," she says. But if that were true, he very soon lost it, and never again acquired it; but we like to think that there never was a time when the kindly *burr* was not heard upon his Scottish tongue, for was it not in his Scottish heart?

Another lady, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, remembered the child sitting before the house, when a poor, emaciated, wo-

begone creature came to ask charity. As the beggar retired, the servant told Walter how thankful he should be that he was placed in a situation which shielded him from such want and wretchedness. The boy looked up with a half-wistful, half-incredulous expression, and said, "*Homer was a beggar!*" "How do you know that?" asked the other. "Why, don't you remember?" answered Walter,

> "'Seven *Roman* cities strove for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.'"

The critics, at least the more indulgent ones, will, it may be, forgive the *Roman* to a child of seven.

Sea-bathing was thought to be good for him, and he was taken to Preston Pans, where he made two famous acquaintances. The first was Captain Dalgetty (in reality an ensign), a relic of the German wars, and afterward embalmed in the Legend of Montrose. Walter and the captain used to fight the American war over between themselves, as this was just at the period of the struggle of the Colonies for Independence.

The other acquaintance was Mr. George Constable, whose peculiarities furnished material for Monkbarns, the antiquary. In one thing, however, he differed from the old abuser of *womenkind;* Walter suspected him strongly of being in love with Aunt Jenny, who was still very handsome, having the finest eyes and teeth known to her nephew. From this acquaintance he first heard of Falstaff and Hotspur, and a deal of curious information. In fact, Walter appears to have liked him far more than Aunt Jenny did; for he never got further than philandering, and Aunt Jenny, with her fine eyes and white teeth, passed on her way,

> "In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Uncle Thomas became the manager at Sandy Knowe after the death of the grandfather; and when Walter went back there from Preston Pans, promoted him from old cow-baillie Sandy's shoulder, to a bit of a Shetland pony smaller than many a Newfoundland dog. He loved it as he loved all animals, and cherished it; and the day came long, long after, when he set a little lame grandchild of his own upon the back of a lineal descendant of that same small pony.

But Walter's independent childlife by sea-side and among the heather, with loving cow-baillies and quaint Dalgetties and uncle Thomas, the giver of ponies, and the grandmother with her spinning wheel by the fireside, and, above all, dear Aunt Jenny, with her fine teeth and eyes, and Monkbarns philandering about her, all this is well nigh over; and the boy must go back to Edinburgh and live with brother and sister, and learn what a strict Scotch Calvinist Sunday means. He must begin to think of school and the world, and to have "*his neb weel keepit doun to the buik.*"

It was a very different household from the one of Sandy Knowe, where the boy was lord and master, and as Tibbie Hunter said, "a darling with all about the house." The mother was partial to the lame child, but after all he was no longer the only one. That "severely strict" Sabbath seared itself into the child's memory, with its long sermons, and no permitted lighter reading but Bunyan's Pilgrim, and Gesner's Death of Abel. In the week one got along better, reading aloud to the mother bits of Pope's Homer, Allan Ramsay's Evergreen, and reciting old ballads of the Border, and songs about "Auld Watt of Harden," and the sweet "Flower of Yarrow." But there was brother Robert, bold and haughty, and often conspicuously

tyrannical to Walter, yet loved ardently by the boy. He was a bit of a poet, wrote readable verses, and sang them agreeably enough. A midshipman, he could "spin many a yarn" of bold adventure and perilous escape; but when in bad humour, he exhibited "what was then man-of-war's discipline, and kicked and cuffed without mercy." After a time he went off to the East Indies and died there.

John, the second brother, some three years older than Walter, was a soldier, who rose to be major, and died in 1816.

There was also the "unfortunate sister Anne," who was in an increasing condition of bodily injury. One day the gate of an iron railing slammed to and crushed her fingers; on another occasion she was nearly drowned in a pond or ancient quarry hole; at last her cap took fire, and so severely hurt her, that during her twenty-seven years of life she never entirely recovered.

Thomas was the favourite brother, a good, clever man, who became paymaster to the 70th regiment, and died in Canada. Brother Daniel appears to have been perfectly worthless and as perfectly incurable. Unsuccessful throughout life, he died in 1806, when just returned from the West Indies.

Among these Walter gets on as well as he may, to his ninth year, at which period, it is decided that his child-life must end.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT THE HIGH-SCHOOL.

1779-1783.

THE story, so commonly and foolishly told about many other great men of letters, has of course been told of Scott, to wit—that he was a dunce, and so pronounced by Dr. Blair, at Musselburgh school. Unhappily for the story-teller, Scott never was at Musselburgh school, and never was noticed by Dr. Blair in his life. Of himself he says, "I never was a dunce, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him."

He was rather behind his class in the Edinburgh High School both in years and progress, and as boys took their places according to merit, it was no easy matter for a "little fellow" to get high up. There were some remarkably clever scholars in the class; James Buchan, afterwards head of the medical staff in Egypt; David Douglas, afterwards Lord Reston, and the present Lord Melville; these three occupied the first places, while Scott, in his own words, "glanced like a meteor from one end

of the class to the other," being generally in a *decent* place, with which he was the better contented that it happened to be near the fire.

Good Mr. Mitchell helped the boys with their lessons at home; a worthy minister who resigned a good living in a sea-port town, because he could not persuade the mariners not to set sail on Sunday. He loved and admired Walter, and Walter liked him, and none the less that they constantly disputed. "I," says Scott, "with a head on fire for chivalry, was a Cavalier; my friend was a Roundhead. I was a Tory, he a Whig. I hated Presbyterians and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the dark, and politic Argyle," yet, at the time, "there was no real conviction on my part. * * * * I took up my politics as King Charles II. did his religion, from the idea that the cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two."

One note of good Mr. Mitchell is characteristic. "When in church, Master Walter had more of a soporific tendency than the rest of my young charge." And yet the boy had a wonderful memory. Perhaps he could have said, in the words of an anecdote which he used to tell, what the old Borderer Beattie of Meikledale said to a reverend divine who was once flattering him on the strength of his memory. "Sir, I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and perhaps if you were to *preach to me for two hours*, I would not be able when you had finished, to remember a word you had been saying."

Walter at the High-School, remained in Mr. Frazer's class three years, and then, in the ordinary routine, was turned over

to Dr. Adam, the rector, and author of the well-known work on Roman antiquities.

The rector was the simplest of old men, kind-hearted, yet strict enough; a thorough pedagogue, looking for his glory only in the scholarship of his boys, and in the midst of their various school duties going on at once, comparing himself to Cæsar, who could dictate to three secretaries at a time. And so, after a long life passed in his class, he was struck with palsy, and survived but a few days, his head full of delirium, and he, fancying himself still in school, dictating, correcting, translating, scolding, until the shadows of death began to thicken over his sight, and he murmured, "It grows dark—the boys may dismiss," and so died.

Under Dr. Adam, Walter had made a very sufficient progress in Latin, according to his fashion. Little troubled about roots or definitions or constructions, but surer to get at the meaning of the author than any other boy, he was called "the historian of the class," and always referred to by the rector for the dates, battles or other remarkable events mentioned in the author who then occupied their attention.

The occasional "glancing from the bottom to the top of the form," was "meteoric," sometimes by its singularity; and reflected more credit on his ingenuity than on his scholarship. "What part of speech is *cum?*" asked Dr. Adam, once of an incorrigible dolt. But the dolt not being in anywise familiar with Latin prepositions or other parts of speech remained mute, until the doctor translated. "*Cum* means *with;* now what part of speech is *with?*" "A *substantive*," quoth the dolt, and the class burst into laughter. "Is *with* ever a substantive?" queried the rector. The class was silent until the question came

to Scott, who instantly replied in the words of the Scriptures, (Judges xvi. 7.) "And Samson said unto Dalilah. If they bind me with seven green *withs* that never were dried, then shall I become weak, and as another man." At which answer Walter passed meteorically to the top of the form.

We have his own admirable version of another of these transits, showing the acuteness of his observation, and in its after effects upon him, the kindness of his heart, sorry to have gained a short triumph at the expense of a worthy person. "There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he always kept the place, do what I could; till at length, I observed, that when a question was answered, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes: and in an evil hour, it was removed with a knife. When the boy was again questioned, he felt again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress, he looked down for it: it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often, in after life, has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him, and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow: I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking."

In his autobiography, Scott tells us that he was generally "more distinguished in the *yards* than in the *class*." This, too,

was the result of resolute will, he struggled with his natural infirmity, that unfortunate right leg, until he had gotten it, if not to some fair degree of strength, at least to an obedience to his desires. He could run, jump, and "climb the *kittle nine stanes*" with anybody.

But before this perfection was reached, when he made his first appearance in the yards, he was soon engaged in a wordy dispute with a boy, who, perhaps, finding himself no match for Walter at the tongue, remarked scornfully that, "there was no use to harglebargle with a cripple." But Walter said, that if he might fight *mounted*, he would try his hand with any fellow of his inches. Then an older boy, proposed to lash the two little shavers face to face upon a board, which was done, and thus the fight was had, not to the discomfiture of young Walter, who, ever afterwards, in set-tos, adopted this fashion.

Enough, that he joined in all the wild sports of the High School boys, who were as wild as a set of young chamois, and even became a leader, in despite of his lameness. *Bickers* with the boys of the lowers class, were not only frequent but often dangerous, and to give an idea of the rough sports, which so strengthened Scott for his later laborious life, we cannot pass over this period without citing in his own words, the memorable history of the heroic Greenbreeks.

"It is well known in the South that there is little or no boxing at the Scottish schools. About forty or fifty years ago, however, a far more dangerous mode of fighting, in parties or factions, was permitted in the streets of Edinburgh, to the great disgrace of the police, and danger of the parties concerned. These parties were generally formed from the quarters of the town in which the combatants resided, those of a particular square or district

fighting against those of an adjoining one. Hence it happened that the children of the higher classes were often pitted against those of the lower, each taking their side according to the residence of their friends. So far as I recollect, however, it was unmingled either with feelings of democracry or aristocracy, or indeed with malice or ill-will of any kind towards the opposite party. In fact, it was only a rough mode of play. Such contests were, however, maintained with great vigour, with stones, with sticks, and fisticuffs, when one party dared to charge, and the other stood their ground. Of course, mischief sometimes happened: boys are said to have been killed at these *Bickers*, as they were called, and serious accidents certainly took place as many contemporaries can bear witness.

"The author's father residing in George square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in a weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Crosscauseway, Bristo-street, the Potter-row,—in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy loons, who threw stones to a hair's-breadth, and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious, when, if ours were successful, we drove the enemy to their quarters, and were usually chased back by the reinforcement of bigger lads who came to their assistance. If, on the contrary, we were pursued, as was often the case, into the precincts of our square, we were in our turn supported by our elder brothers, domestic servants, and similar auxiliaries.

"It followed, from our frequent opposition to each other, that, though not knowing the names of our enemies, we were yet well acquainted with their appearance, and had nicknames for the most remarkable of them. One very active and spirited boy might be considered as the principal leader in the cohort of the suburbs. He was, I suppose, thirteen or fourteen years old, finely made, tall, blue-eyed, with long fair hair, the very picture of a youthful Goth. This lad was always first in the charge, and last in the retreat—the Achilles, at once, and Ajax, of the Crosscauseway. He was too formidable to us not to have a cognomen, and, like that of a knight of old, it was taken from the most remarkable part of his dress, being a pair of old green livery breeches, which was the principal part of his clothing; for, like Pentapolin, according to Don Quixote's account, Green-Breeks, as we called him, always entered the battle with bare arms, legs, and feet.

"It fell, that once upon a time, when the combat was at the thickest, this plebeian champion headed a sudden charge, so rapid and furious that all fled before him. He was several paces before his comrades, and had actually laid his hands on the patrician standard, when one of our party, whom some misjudging friend had entrusted with a *couteau de chasse*, or hanger, inspired with a zeal for the honour of the corps, worthy of Major Sturgeon himself, struck poor Green-Breeks over the head, with strength sufficient to cut him down; when this was seen, the casualty was so far beyond what had ever taken place before, that both parties fled different ways, leaving poor Green-Breeks, with his bright hair plentifully dabbled in blood, to the care of the watchman, who (honest man) took care not to know who had done the mischief. The bloody hanger was

flung into one of the Meadow ditches, and solemn secrecy was sworn on all hands; but the remorse and terror of the actor were beyond all bounds, and his apprehensions of the most dreadful character.

"The wounded hero was for a few days in the infirmary, the case being only a trifling one. But though inquiry was strongly pressed on him, no argument could make him indicate the person from whom he had received the wound, though he must have been perfectly well known to him. When he recovered, and was dismissed, the author and his brothers opened a communication with him, through the medium of a popular gingerbread baker, of whom both parties were customers, in order to tender a subsidy in name of smart-money, The sum would excite ridicule were I to name it; but sure I am, that the pockets of the noted Green-Breeks never held as much money of his own. He declined the remittance, saying that he would not sell his blood; but at the same time reprobated the idea of being an informer, which he said was *clam*, i. e. base or mean. With much urgency he accepted a pound of snuff for the use of some old woman,—aunt, grandmother, or the like,—with whom he lived. We did not become friends, for the *bickers* were more agreeable to both parties than any more pacific amusement; but we conducted them ever after under mutual assurances of the highest consideration of each other.

"Yet with all these *bickers* and fights lashed to a board, and superiority "in the Yards," Walter had read and appreciated Cæsar and Livy, and Sallust, in prose; Virgil, Horace and Terence, in verse; and as the Rector said, "*Gualterus Scott* was behind few in following and enjoying their meaning."

But he has been growing too fast, and has become delicate: less labour and less violent amusement have grown necessary, so once more he goes back to Aunt Jenny. The grandmother has left the spinning-wheel and the fireside, and had gone to her rest beside the old man who we first saw sitting in his arm-chair, with the little lame boy lying at his feet. Aunt Jenny has a pretty cottage at Kelso, with a garden full of long straight walks, between hedges of yew and hornbean which rise tall and close on every side. There are thickets of flowery shrubs, a bower, and some twisted paths calling themselves a labyrinth, lead to the arbour. In the centre of the bower is a superb platanus, or Oriental plane-tree, "a hugh hill of leaves," under which the boy lies half the day, reading Percy's Reliques, and the weird songs of Ossian and Spenser's Faery Queen. He already knows Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, and Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, with the works of MacKenzie, Fielding Smollett, and others of the best English novelists.

That he might not forget what he had learned at the High School, he was required to attend the Grammar School of Kelso, governed in those days by Master Launcelot Whale, an absent, grotesque being, between six and seven feet high, a good scholar, and bearing a great resemblance to Dominie Sampson. He could not bear a pun upon his name. To speak of Jonah, to call him an odd fish, or the like, would put him beside himself. He forced his son to spell his name *Wale;* but the young fellow getting a commission, was called by his brother officers the Prince of Wales.

Here Scott made the acquaintance of John and James Ballantyne, afterwards concerned in the printing and publishing

of the Waverley Novels; and the latter remembers how Scott always got through his tasks the first, and then, true to his inborn vocation, would whisper, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

1783–1786.

BUT WALTER could not sit forever on his peculiar seat at Master Whales', wheedling Jamie Ballantyne out of his study hours, nor lie under the Oriental plane-tree with Tancred or Roland the Wild. The father thought that there was something else to do in this world than telling stories, or even reading them; so Walter, whose health was reinstated, was ordered home, and sent to the University, being then some thirteen years of age.

But, alas! matters went worse here than at the High School. Mr. Hill, who had the Humanity Class, was too indulgent, and lacked all disciplinary power. Much beloved, and a good scholar, the boys feared him but little, so that Ovid and Cicero, or whatsoever other Latin authors belonged to the Edinburgh youth of this period, were left to construe themselves if they pleased, while *Gualterus Scott* stuck to his Ariosto and Boiardo, and speedily lost much of the Latin which he had acquired under Dr. Adam and the excellent Whale.

But if like Shakspeare "he had little Latin," like that poet "he had less Greek"—characteristics, let us say here, in which many of us resemble Shakspeare. Professor Dalzell was a strict disciplinarian, a rigid and thorough Grecian, and Scott might have got on with him but for one reason. Nearly all his schoolmates had acquired a smattering of the language of Pericles, and were, therefore, advanced far beyond him. He knew nothing of it, and was either unable to overtake them, or too idle to try. His refuge was in professing a contempt for the language, and a resolution not to learn it.

A poor boy, the son of an innkeeper and an admirable Greek scholar, ventured to call on the young patrician in George's square, and offered to aid him in his studies, telling him kindly that he was known as the *Greek blockhead.* Then the Border blood got up, and not only did the anti-hellenic purpose grow stronger in Walter's breast, but being required to write an essay upon the authors he had studied, he produced a parallel between Homer and Ariosto, gave the palm to the Italian, and "supported the heresy with a profusion of bad reading and flimsy argument."

The wrath of the Greek professor was extreme, but so too was his surprise at the quantity of out-of-the-way knowledge which the essay displayed. Meantime, to complete the disaster, Walter fell ill in the middle of the course, went back to Kelso to Aunt Jenny, and forgot the very letters of the Greek alphabet.

But if he could not learn Greek, one thing he could do, and was to do, to wit, tell a story. The college friends whom he best loved were the Earl of Dalhousie then Lord Ramsay, Sir William Rae, Sir Archibald Campbell, David Moneypenny, afterwards Lord Pitmilly, Thomas Todd, W. S., and, above all, Mr. John Irving.

The latter was his especial friend and comrade. On every Saturday they would wander off to Arthur's seat, to Salisbury Crags or Blackford's Hill, with three or four books in their pockets, notably Spenser, Ariosto, Boiardo, or the Castle of Otranto, and read them over each other's shoulders. They climbed up the rocks to seek shelter from the wind; and the more inaccessible the nook, the better they liked it. What is curious is that "Walter the Lamiter" was the better climber of the two. Irving forgot much of what he read, but Scott retained nearly all. After long reading, it was proposed to recite portions of the books to each other, or to invent narratives suggested by the reading; and here again Scott would hold out for half an hour or more, while his friend could never make *his* stories last for a quarter. They learned Italian together, and Walter used to visit his friend's mother, to learn from her old ballads of which she knew a good stock.

Of these ballads he was always very fond. He had collected and bound up even several volumes of them before he was ten years old, and had already been famous for his metrical translation at the High School. There are a dozen lines extant found among his mother's papers, and lovingly endorsed, "*My Walter's first lines*, 1782." The next year produced lines "On a Thunder Storm," and others "On the Setting Sun," not to leave out what Mrs. Cockburn mentions—a poem now lost—upon Guiscard and Matilda.

They were still hoping to cure his lameness, and sent him to undergo a course of electricity from a celebrated quack called Graham, but with no effect. Under the same man he tried an *earth bath*, but it was equally useless. Then Graham went quite wild, set up a *Temple of Health*, and lectured from a

celestial bed; but being interfered with by the magistrates, informed them "that he looked down upon them as the sun in his meridian glory looks down on the poor, feeble, stinking glimmer of an expiring farthing candle, or as God, in the plenitude of his omnipotence, may regard the insolent bouncings of a few refractory maggots in a rotten cheese."

About this time Scott tried to learn drawing, but though he laboured at it for a couple of years, he never could succeed.

The illness which disturbed the Greek course, was the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lower bowels, and his recovery was considered miraculous, but his sweet temper and calm courage bore him through it. He was never heard to murmur nor complain, although the medical treatment was very severe. His bed was covered with books; and his mother, or sister, or John Irving, were always by his side. With the latter he used to play chess for hours at a time—an amusement which he gave up in maturer life, considering it "as a sad waste of brains."

Looking back over his university course, we find his Greek utterly neglected; and he tells us that it gave him a dislike to Latin, simply because the latter was also classical. He, however, having several favourite authors in this tongue, kept up his knowledge of it, and could always read it sufficiently well. French, Spanish, and Italian, the languages of his beloved poets and romancers, he understood, and read with facility, but never spoke them. Later in life he learned some German, but at all times his chief studies were in English.

CHAPTER V.

APPRENTICESHIP—FIRST LOVE.

1786–1790.

"EDINBURGH, 15th May, 1786. Compeared Walter Scott, and presented an indenture dated 31st March last, entered into between him and Walter Scott, his son, for five years from the date thereof, under a mutual penalty of £40 sterling."

These mysterious and most unclear lines are written in the minute book of the Society of Writers to the Signet, and by virtue of some hidden power in them contained, but incomprehensible to the general mind, they turned the infant of Sandy Knowe, the High-School boy, the collegian who disagreed with his Greek into an "apprentice" to his father's profession—into a student of law, we would say here. A dry business for a fellow who told such rare stories in the "yards;" who preferred Ariosto to Homer, who wrote poems about Guiscard and Matilda! A writer to the Signet is an attorney and solicitor, and Walter Scott now commenced the study of this profession under his father, and his love for the old man prevented him from being idle.

Whatever duty was to be done, reading, copying, going about, he did with diligence. He disliked the drudgery of the office, and detested its confinement, but felt a rational pride and pleasure in being useful to his parent. Once he copied *one hundred and twenty* folio pages without taking either rest or refreshment. His manner of reading surprised a fellow-student. He would begin in the middle or at the end of a book, read it in a most hop-skip-and-jump style, and yet know more about it than his laborious and methodical comrade.

His desk was full of miscellaneous books. His old favourites were there, and to them were added Miss Burney's novels, Tressan, Pulci, and the Bibliothéque de Romans. His old intimacy with John Irving continued, and their mutual readings exhausted Sibbald's circulating library, while their walks together hardened Scott's frame and confirmed his health. He could walk thirty miles a day; *did* walk it with John Ramsay, his fellow-student. Wood, water, wilderness had an inexpressible charm for him; he loved to be with that wild Scottish nature, for had he not been ordained of God to paint it?

All his holidays were spent in walking. The father said surely he was born for a pedlar. Any beautiful scene repaid him, and if his way led him over Bannockburn or Prestonpans, the men of the old battle ages rose and walked with him. But his best loved haunts were the mossy tower, the feudal castle, the stately ruin of some ancient house of God, Dryburgh or fair Melrose. These filled his soul with that train of knights and dames and cowled monks, and border moss-troopers, who march across the enchanting pages of his writings.

Music, despite his exquisite verse, he never could attain to. Earlier in life his mother insisted for awhile that at least he and

the rest of the family should learn psalmody. But only brother Robert could succeed. How Charles, Walter and the others did, may be gathered from that polite note of a neighbour, Lady Cumming, to the music-master, Campbell. In it the lady begs that the boys may not all be flogged at once; not that she doubts that they deserve it, but that so much noise at once incommodes her.

In the *literary societies* he made a greater figure. Not much of a debater, but a famous hand at composition; and what these associations did best for him was to make him cease his hap-hazard reading, and learn a more methodical regularity. William Clerk and he read law together every morning, Scott walking two miles to his friend's house to get at the books before seven o'clock. So in that way they got through the Institutes, the Pandects, and the Law of Scotland.

By these studies, you and I, gentle reader, have profited somewhat; but how much more have we profited by certain other acts of this apprentice-life. For instance a tour to the Highlands, whither he went on some business for his father, and where he became acquainted with many of those heroic men who had survived Culloden.

About the same time, he got a glimpse of Robert Burns, met him at Professor Ferguson's, and saw him gaze at a print of Bunbury's representing a soldier lying dead upon the snow, his dog sitting sorrowfully upon one side, his widow on the other with her baby on her breast. The picture opened "that well of living sweetness," which Carlyle says was in the breast of Burns, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. Under the print were certain lines from some old, forgotten, out-of-the-way poem. Burns asked whose they were, and young Scott,

the only one who knew, whispered their source to a friend, and got a kind smile and a pleasant word of thanks from the poet. Scott never saw him again except in the streets, but the word and the smile, and the dark eye, which "literally *glowed*," were never forgotten.

But to return to the Highland trip. The father had many clients among the Gael, and Walter was sent to communicate with them. Stewart of Inverhayle was one whom he saw, who had fought in 1715 and 1745, and who trusted yet to draw his sword once more for his beloved "Prince Charlie;" Scott heard him describe his broadsword duel with Rob Roy; his Jacobite campaigns; his lurking place in a cave, afterwards so beautifully described in Waverly; and dining with him, remembered the introduction of a gigantic *haggis*, born by two bare-legged Celts into the room, and followed by two pipers strutting fiercely, and blowing their stormy pipes.

Again, to serve some paper for Stewart of Appin, he visited Loch Katrine; and as the persons to be seen were not overly particular about taking the life of a "bit lawyer body," he had an escort of six men and a sergeant who had known Rob Roy and who cheered the way with an hundred stories of that renowned freebooter. Then the glorious scenery of the Lady of the Lake took possession of the young man's imagination, never to be forgotten.

Though this sort of thing just suited him, yet he did not on that account neglect the business of the office. That almost incredible one hundred and twenty folio pages proved him to be a faithful penman: and the long habit of making a sort of flourish at the bottom of a page—probably to prevent the after insertion of another word—stuck by him through life. It is

found in the manuscripts of his novels, and often have his family heard him mutter, after involuntarily making such flourish, "There goes the old shop again."

The father looked with very unfavourable eyes upon all Walter's gaddings, as well as upon his rage for old ballads and chivalric romances, and in 1788 he began to fancy that his worst fears would be realised. This year Walter entered the civil law class, and there he found his old friend John Irving, and other school comrades. Besides these there were members of some of the best families of Scotland, and new intimacies were formed with them. The most important was with William Clerk, of Eldin, who remembers being struck with something odd and remarkable in Scott's appearance the first time he entered the class-room. Scott's upper lip was remarkably long, and had at times a singular flexible play which made Clerk liken him to an *hautboy* player. He was rather careless about his dress too, wearing a pair of corduroy breeches, somewhat glazed by his staff. Clerk rallied him on these quaint inexpressibles, but Walter only laughed and said, "They be good enough for drinking in; let us go have some oysters in the Covenant Close.

The young men of the day were exceedingly convivial, nor was it thought improper to drink even to intoxication, and Scott was always ready to go to the greatest length. Yet, in his mature day, no body could be more temperate; and although he could swallow an immense quantity of wine without being affected, yet he seldom did so. "Depend upon it," he used to say, "of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness."

He was now eighteen years old, and his tall, muscular figure

was, despite his lameness, eminently handsome. William Clerk had a brother James, a midshipman, with whom Scott at once formed acquaintance. Being once introduced by him to a party of midshipmen, these words were employed, "You may take Mr. Scott for a poor *lamiter*, but he is the first to begin a row, and the last to end it." A sentence not unlike that of Hobbie Elliot in the "Black Dwarf," "Ye may think Elshie's but a lamiter, but I warrant you, grippie for grippie, he'll gar the blue blood spin fra your nails."

This strength came from Scott's rambling propensities, which now became stronger than ever. On one occasion, he was several days from home, and on the return the party found itself thirty miles from Edinburgh, and without a sixpence. But they walked on with merry hearts, asking now and then at the cottages for a drink of water, and often getting milk instead, feeding on the wayside berries, and getting into town as well as possible. "How have you lived so long?" asked his father. "Pretty much like the young ravens," answered Walter. "I only wish I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp about from cottage to cottage." "I doubt," said the grave lawyer, "I greatly doubt, sir, ye were born for nae better than a *gangrel scrape-gut*."

This did not prevent him from amassing continually new information of every kind. He had already studied the Anglo-Saxon and the Norse Sagas, and was especially profound in Fordun, Wyntoun, and all the Scottish Chronicles. His friends called him *Duns Scotus*.

The next year, 1790, it began to be observed that Walter

was more particular about his dress. His clear, grey eye, with its changeful light—his teeth, which were equal to Aunt Jenny's—the magnificent expanse and elevation of his forehead—his exceedingly sweet smile, were all enhanced by considerable care for his person and raiment. He laughed a good deal still, but sighed now and then, and we may suppose that his verses began to take a less antiquarian turn. In a word, Walter had reached that pleasant period, the period of *first love*, or as Clerk said less sentimentally, "he began to set up for a squire of dames."

It was a Sunday in Greyfriars' Churchyard, and the congregation were just coming out when the rain began to fall, when to the owner of a pretty face, not now probably seen for the first time, Walter offered his escort and umbrella. Both were accepted, and the walk, notwithstanding the rain, proved so pleasant, that they tried it the next Sunday without an umbrella, and by-and-bye it became a custom. Then the mothers discovered that they had been companions in youth; and Scott soon arrived at what he calls the "proud moment when a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with him, hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room while all the world were capering in their view."

Suddenly the attention of the worthy writer to the signet was attracted; he rubbed his eyes, and looking sharply, discovered that his son was in love. As the young lady was much richer than Walter, he judged it honourable to apprize her father of what was going on; but the latter took the matter coolly, and the young folk were left to take care of themselves. Thus the pretty parishioner of Greyfriars was not crossed in her love, the course of which ran smoothly on, and ended in marriage

—but not with Walter Scott. A worthy man got her, but not the squire of the rainy Sunday.

One good effect of this loss—one which often renders young men careless and reckless—upon Scott, was to send him sedulously to his legal studies, where the pain faded, though the memory always lingered; and it is said that we owe to this not only the tenderest pages of "Redgauntlet," but those of "Rokeby" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Scott now acquired some reputation by an essay on the "Origin of the Feudal System," read before the literary society of which he was a member; and still more in the winter of 1790–1, by another on the "Manners and Customs of the Northern Nations," read in Dugald Stewart's ethical class. "The author of this paper," said the professor *ex-cathedra*, "shows much knowledge of his subject, and a great taste for such researches."

While attending Dugald Stewart's lectures on moral philosophy, Scott sate often beside a person considerably older than himself—of a very humble rank apparently, but of great diligence in his studies. Scott paid him some attention, and they contracted quite an intimacy, and used to take walks together; but the young man never spoke of his parentage or residence. One day Scott stopped to relieve a *bluegown*, or licensed beggar, who stood hat in hand, silently leaning on his staff. This happened three or four times, and Scott was beginning to get acquainted with the old man, when, one day, he met him in company with his fellow-student, who showed some confusion. "Do you know anything to the old man's discredit?" asked Walter. "Oh, no sir; God forbid!" cried the poor fellow, bursting into tears; "but I am a poor wretch to be ashamed to

speak to him. He is my own father! He has enough laid by to serve him in his old age; but he stands there, bleaching his head in the wind, that he may get the means of paying for my education!"

Some time after this the youth disappeared from class, and one day Scott met the old bluegown, who desired to speak with him. "I find, sir," he said, "that you have been very kind to my Willie. He had often spoken of it before I saw you together. Will you pardon such a liberty, and give me the honour and pleasure of seeing you under my poor roof? To-morrow is Saturday; will you come at two o'clock? Willie has not been very well, and it will do him meikle good to see your face." Scott accepted the invitation, and the appointed hour found him at a cottage near St. Leonard's. Willie, pale and emaciated, was sitting at the door, but rose and introduced his friend into a neat room, where the old man was giving the last turn to a leg of mutton roasting before the fire. They dined together, and mutton, potatoes, and whiskey were all excellent; the old man—who had been a soldier—enlivening the meal with many stories, and frequently using an expression which Scott put afterwards into the mouth of Domine Sampson's mother: "Please God! I may yet live to see my bairn wag his head in a pulpit."

When Walter told this at night to his mother, the good lady said, "Say nothing about it to your father; if it had been a *shoulder*, he might have thought less, but he will say that the *leg* of mutton was a sin!"

The upshot of the matter was, that the young man got, through Mrs. Scott's interest, the place of tutor in a family. Scott then lost sight of him, but often hoped that he had at

last been able to "wag his head" where the old bluegown desired to see him.

In 1791, Scott was admitted into the *Speculative Society*—a sort of mental gymnasium for the exercise of barristers with leisure, and students at the end of their course. The same year he was elected librarian, and the next secretary and treasurer. Lord Jeffrey remembers, on *his* admission, the odd appearance of the secretary, who sate at his table in a vast woollen night-cap, and apologised to the president for being obliged, by toothache, to wear such a "portentous machine.' That night he read an essay on ballads, which so astonished Jeffrey as to induce him to ask for an introduction. Next evening he called on Scott, and was shown into his den, where he saw "more books than shelves"—a cabinet of old coins—a claymore and Lochaber axe guarding a portrait of the Prince, and below it *Broughton's Saucer*. Thus commenced the intimacy of Scott and Jeffrey.

Broughton's saucer "hath a tale." Mrs. Scott's curiosity was strongly excited before autumn, by the visits of a person who came every night in a chair, entered the house closely muffled up, was shown to her husband's private room, and remained there long after the usual bedtime. Mr. Scott answered her inquiries with a vagueness which only whetted her curiosity, and one night, when she could endure it no longer she entered the room suddenly, carrying a salver with tea upon it, and saying "she thought that the gentlemen had been sitting so long, that they would like a cup of tea. The stranger, —a richly-dressed, distinguished-looking man—drank a cup: her husband coldly refused, and in a moment after, the visitor took leave. Then Mr. Scott took the empty cup, opened the

window, and threw it upon the pavement. The poor lady began to moan over her china, but was sternly silenced by her husband. "I can forgive your curiosity, madam," he said, "but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house on business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughtons."

Broughton was the wretched man who, after being secretary to Prince Charles Edward, throughout nearly the whole of his expedition, purchased his own safety by betraying two of the noblest adherents of his master—the noble Earls of Kilmarnock and Balmerino. When confronted with the last-named nobleman, the latter was asked, "Do you know this witness, my lord?" "Not I," answered Balmerino; "I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton, but he was a gentleman, a man of honour, and one who could hold up his head."

Walter had gotten possession of the saucer, and had turned it into a sort of Jacobite relic.

In the summer he made a visit to Flodden Field, where he drank goats' whey, studied the battle-ground, rode or walked about to Otterburn, Chevy Chase, and many another scene of ancient strife, and prepared himself, though without being conscious of it, for the glorious pages of "Marmion." And so the days of his apprenticeship went by.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVOCATE LIFE—A RAID INTO LIDDESDALE—SCOTT AS A TROOPER.

1792—1797.

THE exact history of Scott's being called to the bar, the portrait of his father and of himself may be found in Redgauntlet. Old Saunders Fairford is an unmistakeable likeness of the worthy writer to the Signet, Darsie Latimer is William Clerk, and Allan Fairford is Walter Scott.

It was about the end of June, 1792, that he put on the advocate's robe, and a few hours after his admission some friendly solicitor retained him, giving him a guinea fee with which he bought a nightcap!

The session was about closing when he was received among the learned brethren of the law; and he appears to have gone shortly afterwards to his uncle Thomas, at Rosebank, where he spent the rest of the summer and the beginning of autumn in coursing, shooting, fishing, and wandering about the country. He had built himself a "nest" in an old tree near the house,

where he used to lie reading and dreaming, varying the amusement by firing upon the gulls, herons, and cormorants which flew screaming past. From his letters we find that he made an expedition into Northumberland to study Roman inscriptions, the scenery of the lakes, the Tyne, the battle-field of Hexham where the red rose of Lancaster fell. He noted that the people "spoke an odd dialect of Saxon, like that of Chaucer," and being very ignorant, had all their letters read and written by the clerk of the parish, and so went on incessantly storing his mind with the information to be afterward poured out in poem, novel, note and essay.

When he returned from Hexham to attend the Michaelmas Court at Jedburgh, he became acquainted with a Mr. Robert Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, who, as we will see introduced him to Liddesdale, the land of the Elliots, but above all, the land of the glorious "Dandie Dinmont," of "Guy Mannering." It was his love for old ballads which sent him there, for the rude, clannish people kept still not only many of the customs of their forefathers, but had stores of moss-trooping legends, for which Scott would have renounced the lord chief-justiceship, had it been offered him.

During seven successive years, Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale, with Mr. Shortreed for his guide, gathering from the manse, the farm-house, the cottage, (for there was neither inn nor public house in the district) songs and old tunes, and what Burns calls

> "A fowth of auld nicknackets
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets."

"He was *makin himsell* a' the time," said Shortreed, "but he

didna ken maybe what he was about until years had passed: At first he thought o' little but the queerness and the fun."

In those days advocates were not plenty in Liddesdale, and the approach of the ramblers to the first farm-house, threw all its inhabitants into alarm and confusion. Willie Elliot, the farmer, received Scott with great ceremony, and insisted on leading his horse to the stable himself. When he got there, however, with Shortreed, he turned to take a look at the awful advocate. The latter was already surrounded by half a dozen dogs, and was exhibiting all that love for them which characterized him through life. "I say Robin," said Willie, after a long look at his guest, "Diel hae me if I be a bit afeard o' him now; he's just a chield like oursels, I think."

They dined at Willie Elliot's, lingering over the punch-bowl until they were "half-glowrin," as Mr. Shortreed represented it; and then rode on to Rev. Dr. Elliot's, who had a large manuscript collection of the ballads which Scott was in search of. "When the doctor ance kenned Sir Walter, he would have gone through fire and water for him;" so it is not singular that he gave his manuscript treasure to the young advocate, and for years afterward devoted his leisure to hunting up whatsoever was antique or curious in the neighbourhood, for him.

Next morning at six o'clock, having taken, "just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae and some London Porter," they rode off to visit "Auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope," celebrated for his skill on the pipe. With him they breakfast, listened to his music, and tasted his toddy, which was made in a very small milk pail, which he called "Wisdom," because you could put "but a few spoonfuls into it." But the old fellow had a sly knack of replenishing it so cleverly, that it was the most

fatal bowl in the parish. Then away scouring about the country, here and there, Scott full of fun and drollery, suiting himself to everybody, "never making himself the great man, nor takin' ony airs in the company," grave and gay, daft or serious, sober or 'tother way, which was very rare; "he was," says Shortreed, "aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude humour."

One night, after several days hard riding and living, they arrived at some hospitable Elliot's, and to their agreeable surprise found nothing to drink but one bottle of elderberry wine. Supper over, a young minister present was requested to conduct the family worship. During the "chapter," the host, like Walter in his school days, "exhibited a soporific tendency," but in the midst of the prayer, he started suddenly from his knees, rubbed his eyes and shouted, "By ——, here's the keg at last!"

And in tumbled, as he spoke, a couple of sturdy herdsmen with a keg of genuine "mountain dew." The worship was ended, the keg was mounted on the table, and gentle and simple, advocate and Dominie, "made a night of it."

During this excursion, he found an old Border war-horn, used by somebody as a greasehorn for his scythe, and carried it, slung around his neck, back to Jedburgh, Shortreed riding by his side, and bearing an ancient bridle-bit, and, better than all, the recollection that the trip had not cost them a sixpence. The war-horn still hangs in Abbotsford.

A note-book of this period contains sketches from the Edda, essays, or fragments of them, copies of verses from his favourite

authors, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Runic alphabets, and "a list of ballads to be discovered or recovered."

At court the young advocate got a tolerably fair share of employment; but soon proved himself as arrant a story-teller as in the days when Jamie Ballantyne slunk over beside him, or the hours passed in the "yards" of High-School and University. The young lawyers formed a sort of extemporary club, whereat there was more news than law. Year after year it lasted, the master-spirit, as usual, being Walter Scott.

The Rev. Mr. M'Naught being accused of "habitual drunkenness, dancing at a penny wedding, and singing lewd and profane songs," entrusted his defence to Scott. The advocate sent in his plea, and, at the proper time, rose to argue it; but when he got to the "penny wedding," he became so free in his description of it, as to be austerely called to order. This so damped his ardor, that when he came to quote a verse of the songs spoken of, he was scarcely audible. The *Club*, which had crowded in the gallery, wishing to encourage him, shouted, "*Hear! hear! encore! encore!*" and were immediately turned out of court and Scott got through, very little to his own satisfaction. His client was found guilty and deposed.

What is of most importance in this case is, that his researches carried him into the scenery of "Guy Mannering," and several names of the minor characters of that novel, McGuffog, for example, appear in the list of witnesses in the case.

But if he lost the Dominie's case, he saved a veteran poacher and sheep-stealer, at Jedburgh. When the verdict for acquittal was given, Scott whispered in his ear, "You're a lucky scoundrel." "I'm just o' your mind," was the answer; "but I'll send you a maukin (hare) in the morning."

Another client was a housebreaker, but his guilt was too evident, and he was condemned. Yet, he was grateful for Scott's efforts, and sent for him to his cell. "I am very sorry," he said, "sir, that I have no fee to offer you, but I'll give you two bits of advice. Never keep a large watch-dog out of doors—we can always silence them easily; but tie a little, tight, yelping terrier within. Secondly, put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks. The only thing that bothers us is a huge, old, heavy one, no matter how simple the construction, and the ruder and rustier the key, so much the better for the housekeeper."

When joked with about the small pecuniary returns for these two cases, he would reply, "Ay, ay,"

> "Yelping terrier, rusty key,
> Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee."

In the summer of 1793, Scott made an incursion into the Highlands, and visited the seat of the Abercrombys, the country of Rob Roy. Then to Loch Katrine, Lochvennachar, and Stirling Castle, performing the ride attributed to King James after the duel with Roderick Dhu, in the Lady of the Lake. In one place, he found the original of Tully Veolan, the seat of the Baron of Bradwardine; in another, Glammis Castle, the *poculum potatorium*, the "bear of Bradwardine." At the last spot, the scene of Macbeth, he found the finest and most complete feudal castle existing in Scotland, and loved to wander about its keep and winding passages, its dungeons, towers, and battlements, imagining again the scenes of Duncan's murder. A trip to Dunnottar Castle, and a visit to its churchyard, introduced him to Peter Patterson, the original of Old Mortality, but the old man was in bad humour, and, to use his own expression,

"had no freedom for conversation;" for, says Scott, "His spirit had been sorely vexed by hearing, in a certain Aberdonian kirk, the psalmody, directed by a pitchpipe or some other instrument, which was to Old Mortality the abomination of abominations."

In the spring of 1794, two volunteer regiments are formed in Edinburgh. Brother Thomas enters the foot, and Walter the cavalry. The same spring, we find him leading the loyalists in a *row* in the theatre against certain revolutionary Irish students who had a habit of interrupting "God Save the King."

German literature being now introduced into Scotland, nearly all the members of the *Club* formed themselves into a class to study it, and one result of it was Scott's translation of Bürger's "Lenore," which, being given to Miss Cranstoun, made her write, "Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet!" The winding-sheets, skeletons, graves and crossbones of Bürger, so influenced him, that he could not rest until he got a skull and crossbones, which existed many years afterwards, indeed during Washington Irving's visit at Abbotsford.

This "Lenore," and the "Wild Huntsman," of the same author, were published in a thin quarto in October, 1796; the first publication of Walter Scott. Afterwards he translated several dramas from Méier and Iffland, and some lyrical fragmants of Gœthe. These manuscripts are still extant in the possession of Mr. Lockhart.

In 1796, James Ballantyne renewed his acquaintance with Scott. He had settled in Kelso, as a solicitor, but finding little practice, had adopted the suggestion of the neighbouring gentry, and started a newspaper. On his road to Glasgow, to buy types, he found in the coach his old friend, who was returning from Rosebank to Edinburgh, the only other passenger being a stout

old Quaker. In the course of a few miles, the old friendship was re-established, not to be interrupted again through life. Scott poured out legendary story, old ballad, and queer anecdote, and Ballantyne returned the fire with what he had gathered from his conversation with two men whom he had recently met, Holcroft, a popular novelist and dramatist, then in his decline, and the celebrated William Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams."

They stopped to dine on the road, and after re-entering the coach were somewhat dull, until the old Quaker, said, "I wish, my young friends, that you would cheer up, and go on with your pleasant songs and tales; they entertained me much." And then the conversation commenced again, and did not flag until they arrived in Edinburgh.

"Lenore," except in Scott's circle of personal friends, proved a failure. But its cold reception, by the world, only acted on him as his lameness had done, it awoke his manfulness, and he determined to go on, and do well in spite of it.

The fears of a French invasion, were growing every day stronger, and Scott, who had zealously urged the formation of a volunteer troop of horse, got them now to offer their services to government. They were accepted, and with all possible ardour pursued their drilling. Scott, or Earl Walter, as his comrades called him, was quartermaster and the soul of the troop, his charger by the way, being called Lenore. A note-book of this period proves his military zeal; anecdote, scraps of old verse, notes on popular superstitions, being mixed up with sabre-tasches, pipe-clay, brushes, curry-combs, sabres, cartouche-boxes, and hussar boots. Yet his fee book this year gives £144 10s. as the amount received.

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND AND LAST LOVE.

1797.

After the rising of the court of session in July, our bold trooper made a visit to the English lakes, in the course of which he had his only interview with Davie Ritchie, the original of the "Black Dwarf." Going southward he, his brother John, and Adam Ferguson, who were with him, visited Carlisle, Penrith, the Vale of the Eamont, Ulswater, and Windermere, and at last settled in a little watering-place called Gilsland, where they led much such a life as is depicted in St. Ronan's Well; and made frequent excursions to various scenes of romantic interest, afterwards commemorated in the Bridal of Triermain.

Riding one day with Ferguson some miles out of Gilsland, they encountered a lady on horseback, so "wondrous fair," that they kept her in view until they satisfied themselves that she was going to Gilsland. That evening there was a ball, and brother John and Ferguson came out in the splendor of full regimentals. The pretty horse-woman was there, and each of the volunteers

had an opportunity of dancing with her, but the sly advocate, "Walter the Lamiter," took her in to supper.

Her form "was fashioned light as a fay's." her complexion of clear, transparent olive; eyes large, deep set, and full of lustre, deep brown in colour, and full of all pleasant mysteries; tresses dark as the "ebon wing of night," profuse in siken abundance, an address half-reserve, half-archness; a slight, piquant French accent. In short, a lovelier vision could not have been imagined, and her beauty sank into "Earl Walter's" heart, and he said, "it is enough, do with thy servant what is pleasing in thine eyes."

Charlotte Margaret Carpenter—anglicized from *Charpentier*, was the daughter of Jean Charpentier, *ecuyer* of King Louis XVI., devotedly loyal, who died during the beginning of the French Revolution. His wife escaped with her children to England, where they were warmly received by the late Marquis of Downshire, who had known them well in France. They had some little property, and the above named nobleman acted as a guardian for the children. The daughter was at Gilsland with a daughter of the Dean of Exeter, Dr. Nicholson.

No doubt the days at Gilsland were pleasant days: the first days of a deep attachment generally are; Love's honeymoon is more beautiful than even Hymen's. No doubt there were riding parties and balls, with a chat in the corner for such as were too lame to dance, and long walks, in which many things were said, interesting to both parties; but no record thereof remaineth.

Enough, the young lady goes off to Carlisle. Then there is a letter from Walter to his mother, letting her into the secret; and another to a lady cousin, not without raptures in it.

Then a pretty little note signed "C. C.," suggests the opening of a communication with Lord Downshire; "for," says the pretty little note, "you must love him, if you love me." Walter does communicate with the marquis, and finds him a prudent man, who would like to know where the bread and butter is to come from, and other things of that nature. Neither is the noble lord in half so much of a hurry as Walter is; for our friend Shortreed meets him in those days, and says of him—"he was *sair* beside himself for Miss Carpenter—we toasted her twenty times over—and sat together, he raving about her, until it was one in the morning."

More pretty little notes come in; one beginning—"I am by no means pleased with all this writing. I have told you how much I dislike it"—and ending with "You *must* take care of yourself; you *must* think of me." This is signed "yours sincerely, C. C." Another returns thanks for a *miniature*, and ends with "*toujours votre sincere, C. C.*" The next says, "*toujours vôtre constante Charlotte*," and the next says, "I shall be very glad to see you as soon as convenient."

Then the marquis gives his consent, and Walter goes off to Carlisle.

By-and-bye we have some more notes, one enclosing a lock of hair; another forbidding Walter to have headaches; another promising an "early day," and finally one which says, "On Thursday, 21st, dear Scott, I shall be yours for ever."

We will close this short chapter with the following extract from the leaf of a black letter Bible at Abbotsford.

"Secundum morem majorem, hæc de familia Gualteri Scott, Jurisconsulti Edinensis, in librum hunc sacrum manu sua conscripta sunt.

Gualterus Scott, filius Gualteri Scott et Annæ Rutherford, natus erat apud Edinam, 15mo die Augusti, A. D. 1771.

"Socius Facutatis Juridicæ Edinensis receptus erat 11 mo die Julii. A. D. 1792.

"In ecclesiam Sanctæ Mariæ apud Carlisle, uxorem duxit Margaretam Charlotta Carpenter, filiam quondam Joannis Charpentier et Charlottæ Volere. Lugdunensem, 24to die Decembris, 1797."

"According to the customs of our sires, these things relating to the family of Walter Scott, advocate of Edinburgh, are with his own hands, written in this Holy Book.

"Walter Scott, son of Walter Scott and Anne Rutherford, was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, A. D. 1771.

"Received member of the Edinburgh bar, July 11th, A. D. 1792.

"Married, in the church of Saint Mary at Carlisle, Margaret Carpenter, daughter of the late Jean Charpentier and Charlotte Volere, of Lyons, 24th of December, A.D. 1797.

So that he put on "the gown," at the age of twenty-one, and married at the age of twenty-six, and we say with the Marquis of Downshire, "May every earthly happiness attend them both."

CHAPTER VIII.

SCOTT A SHERIFF—JOHN LEYDEN.

1797-1803.

SCOTT had taken a house, but as it was not yet ready, he carried his bride to a lodging in George-street. She soon became beloved by his family, and his circle of friends, no objection being made to her except by her thrifty landlady, who was somewhat astonished that her *southron* lodger would sit in the drawing-room every day, instead of keeping it for grand occasions.

Sister Anne became fondly attached to her; but his feeble state of health prevented the old gentleman from seeing much of her. A society was, however, at once formed for her, in which the members of the *club* were of course principal personages; and she learned to find all her happiness here and in her husband's affection. About a year after marriage a child was born, but died the next day.

"M. C. Scott puerum edidit 18to die Octobris, 1798, qui postero die obiit ad Edinam."

So says the record of the blackletter Bible.

In the summer of the same year, Scott hired a pretty cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, and his wife's taste made a charming little place of it. It was but six miles from Edinburgh, and their hospitality was often demanded by their city friends. Scott found some of his old friends in his neighbourhood, among them MacKenzie, the Man of Feeling, and formed intimacies with the houses of Melville and Buccleugh.

About this time he became acquainted with Monk Lewis, "the least man, to be strictly well and neatly made," Scott ever saw, "with queerish eyes, which projected like those of some insects, and were flattened on the orbit." Sir Walter remembered a picture of him by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had concealed the boyishness of the form by enveloping it in a mantle; when after everybody had declared it a good resemblance, it was handed to the Duke of Buccleugh, he exclaimed—"Like Mat Lewis! why that picture is like *a man!*" He turned, and found the little poet at his elbow.

He spent some days with Scott at Musselburgh, and was astonished to hear his colloquies with the "fishwives," from some of whom the novelist afterwards drew Maggie Muckbackit in the Antiquary.

In 1799, he took his wife to London, where they were introduced by Lewis. They were recalled by the news of the father's death. The worthy old Writer to the Signet had reached his three-score-and-ten, and several paralytic strokes had warned him of his approaching dissolution. His sufferings had made him fretful, and it is said that the last scene is perfectly reproduced in the picture of old Croftangry's sick room in the Chroni-

cles of the Cannongate. The property left was not very much, but sufficient to give an admirable support to the widow, and to increase considerably the incomes of the children. The mother and sister Anna spent the summer and autumn at Lasswade.

In December of the same year, he was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office worth about £300, which at once set him at ease with regard to his family, and made it unnecessary to attend to the drudgery of his profession. He used to compare himself and his profession to Master Slender and Anne Page. "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." There was little to do, the country was pastoral and peaceful, and he had now an opportunity to devote himself to literature and fairly to enter upon that course in which he was to outstrip all competitors, and to gain for himself the crown of an immortal name.

Lewis, who was then occupied with his "Tales of Wonder," had read Scott's translations of "Lenore" and the "Wild Huntsman," and was anxious to get some contribution from him; and we find the Monk in January of 1799, negotiating with a publisher called Bell, for the publication of Scott's translation of "Göthe's Götz von Berlichingen." It was sold for twenty-five guineas, and was published in February. It was akin to what filled his own mind, the traditions and border legends of his own country. The fierce feudal baron, the foray and fray, the besieged castle, the browbeaten bishop, the stern, fiery, bloody, yet frank, generous, courteous chiefs of Gœthe's tragedy, were all but German portraits of what was well remembered in the Border lords of Scotland and England.

Next came the "House of Aspen," which was put in rehearsal

by Kemble, but never played. Mr. James Ballantyne, was now advised by Scott to make use of his types for the printing of books, and he it was who ushered to the world, the first volume of ballads, containing " the translation from Bürger, the edition being limited, however, to twelve copies.

Scott was so much pleased with the style of the printing, as to promise Ballantyne his collection of Border ballads, should it be judged advisable to print them. and sufficient encouragement having been given, he commenced the task of preparing them for the press.

Richard Heber, long M. P. for Oxford, spent the winter in Edinburgh, and became a great friend of Scott, to whom he was recommended by his kindred antiquarian tastes. In his wanderings about the city in search of old volumes, he dropped often into the little shop of Archibald Constable, afterwards the eminent publisher. Here he observed a queer, uncouth-looking personage with wild look and gestures, who was often found perched like Domine Sampson on a ladder, where he would remain for hours with a huge folio in his hand. Entering into conversation, Heber discovered that this unshorn stranger was somewhat acquainted with everything in the way of literature, and especially was a master of legend and tradition, and an enthusiast for Border ballads.

It was John Leyden. Born in a peasant's cottage in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, this extraordinary man had almost entirely educated himself, and before he was nineteen years old had confounded the Edinburgh doctors by his immense learning. Poverty to him was no barrier; give him bread and water and books, and he was happy, his whole life being one eager study, and his rude, savage manners, mingled

with his learning, placing him somewhere between the schoolman and the mosstrooper.

Heber made Scott acquainted with him, and he was introduced into the best society in Edinburgh, where he was much liked despite his uncouth demeanour. At Scott's request he sent Lewis a ballad called the "Elf King," and to Sir Walter's own collection he made several contributions. He threw himself heartily into the labour necessary, and became a ballad hunter, more violent and as indefatigable as Scott himself. On one occasion they had a interesting fragment, but it had been found hitherto impossible to recover the rest of the poem. Two days after the editor had given it up, and while he was sitting with some company at dinner, a noise like a tempest whistling through the cordage of a ship was heard in the distance. It approached, and suddenly Leyden, to the amazement of those who did not know him, burst into the room chanting, in discordant tones, the whole of the ballad. He had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again, to procure it from some old person whom he knew possessed it.

Some further literary friendships were now formed. Another "*raid*" into Liddesdale made him acquainted with the original of his Dandie Dinmont, William Laidlaw; and it is amusing to observe the progress of friendship in the addresses of the first four letters: "Sir," "Dear Sir," "Dear Mr. Laidlaw," and "Dear Willie." For ten years the father of Mr. William Laidlaw had employed as shepherd, James Hogg, in whom Scott found a brother poet, a rude, uncouth, uncultured exterior, and a loving, generous heart, full of genius. He had taught himself to write by copying the printed letters of a book as he lay watching his flock on the hill-side, and soon discovered that there was, hidden

within him, a rich vein of poetry which should make him one day the darling and the pride of Ettrick and Yarrow.

About the same time, Scott became acquainted by correspondence with the venerable Bishop Percy, and more intimately with George Ellis, editor of the "Specimens of Ancient English Poetry and Ancient English Romance." Through Mr. Ellis he became acquainted with Canning, and at the same period with the cracked antiquarian Joseph Ritson, and Miss Anna Seward.

Meantime his work went steadily onward, and in 1802, the first and second volumes of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," were published by Cadell and Davies, and printed at Kelso by James Ballantyne. The volumes were very well received. The Duke of Roxburgh and Earl Spencer, sent flattering messages; Ritson declares his copy to be "the most valuable literary treasure in his possession;" Ellis says he devours it as a school-boy munches his gingerbread, "nibbling a little bit here, and a little bit there, smacking his lips, surveying the number of square inches which still survive for his gratification, endeavouring to look it into larger dimensions, and making, at every mouthful, a tacit vow to protract his enjoyment by restraining his appetite." And finally, Miss Seward declares, that "in the Border Ballads the first strong rays of the Delphic orb illuminate Jellon Graeme, and that Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament, Cowdenknowes, etc., *climatically* precede the treasures of Burns and the consummate Glenfinlas and Eve of St. John."

All this encouragement gave Scott new force, and he prosecuted the preparation of the third volume with diligence, making an excursion with Leyden to the Border in search of additional material. In the autumn of 1802, Ritson visited Lass-

wade, where he was greatly tormented by Leyden, who had not the same forbearance for his craziness as Scott. Ritson was a vegetarian, and hated the very sight of meat. Leyden, who took great pleasure in tormenting him, complained one day that the joint on the table was over done; "but for the matter of that," he said, "meat can never be too little done, and raw is best of all." Then, sending to the kitchen for a plate of raw meat, he devoured it before the agonized vegetarian.

On another occasion, Mrs. Scott having offered a slice of beef to Ritson, he flew into such a passion, and spoke so angrily to the lady, that Leyden, after vainly trying to correct him by ridicule, told him that if he did not hold his tongue, he would *thraw his neck!* Whereupon the antiquary departed in a huff. Scott, who had been out, heard the story on his return, and shook his head at Leyden, who began to justify himself with great vehemence. Scott answered not a word, but took up a feather-duster, shook it about the student's ears until he laughed, and then changed the subject.

A Mr. Gillies describes him as he appeared at this time in his cottage at Lasswade: "He had something of a boyish gayety of look, and in person was tall, slim, and extremely active. As to costume, he was carelessly attired in a widely-made shooting-dress, with a coloured handkerchief around his neck."

It was during a walk which Scott took in the neighbourhood with this Mr. Gillies, that Ritson had his feud with Leyden. During the same walk, Scott's foot slipped as he was scrambling towards a cave on the edge of a precipitous bank, and he would have been killed had his descent not been stayed by a hazel-root, by aid of which he put himself into a proper position for a slide and then shot down through a tangled thicket to the river's

brink. He rose unhurt, and climbed back, laughing heartily, and saying, "Now let me see who else will do the like!"

Leyden had a wild scheme of going to Africa for some purpose, but being reasoned or ridiculed out of that, he turned his attention to India, where he hoped to rival Sir William Jones in the study of Hindoostanee dialects. He had been promised some literary appointment by the East India Company, but when the time drew near, it was discovered that nothing remained to be offered him but the post of *assistant surgeon.* This would have crushed the hopes of any other man, but Leyden accepted it with ardour, threw himself headlong into the study of medicine, passed his examinations in six months after the commencement of his studies, took his degree, and sailed for India. Here he soon acquired the reputation of the most extraordinary of Orientalists, accomplished an unheard-of labour in the space of seven years, and then, in the midst of his hopes, died in 1811, having reached the same age that Burns and Byron lived to see.

He was an exceedingly sweet poet, and his Scenes of Infancy, published shortly before his departure, abounds in beauties. But now, in his friend's words, in the Lord of the Isles—

> "His bright and brief career is o'er
> And mute his tuneful strains
> Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
> That loved the light of song to pour
> A distant and a deadly shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains!"

It is not to be forgotten that "Earl Walter" is more than poet or advocate; is quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteer Horse. In this capacity, making a charge one day upon the

Sands at Portobello, he received a kick from a fellow-trooper's horse, which confined him for three days to his house. During these three days, he wrote the first canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Before the last volume of the "Minstrelsy" had passed through the press, Ballantyne had removed from Kelso to Edinburgh, where he established his office.

In the autumn, Mr. Scott and Mr. Heber visited Mr. Ellis, and the poet read to him under an old oak in Windsor Forest, the three first cantos of the "Lay." Thence they went to Oxford, where they met Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

The last volume of the "Minstrelsy" appeared in 1803, and met with the same favour as the others. Scott, who had received one hundred pounds for the first edition, now sold the copyright to Messrs. Longman for five hundred more.

The next year the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" made rapid progress, "Sir Tristram" was finished and published, and Scott made several contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," which had just been started by Rev. Sydney Smith and Lord Jeffrey, and had not yet become violent in its politics.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—MUNGO PARK—SCOTT A BOOKSELLER, A TROOPER, AND A CLERK OF SESSIONS.

1803—1806.

To return. In September, 1803, the poet Wordsworth and his sister paid Scott a visit at Lasswade, the particulars and impressions of which are recorded in the verse of the poet and in the diary of his sister. They were, of course, delighted with their host, and particularly noticed the universal delight with which he was greeted in their walks. "He seemed to have a home in every cottage," and was treated by every body with the profoundest attention and respect.

One day, while Scott was still in Edinburgh, there came a brawny, rough fellow, driving a flock of sheep, into the city. It was James Hogg, who, finding himself in the capital, was seized with a violent desire to see himself in print, and accordingly got somebody to strike off some copies of a few of his verses, which, however, made no sensation. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," set him to work at imitating the old

Scottish writers; and as his efforts were warmly praised by Scott, he came down again from the forest to pay his friend a visit. He, with William Laidlaw and others, were asked to dinner. The worthy shepherd appeared in his ordinary herdsman's dress, with his hands well tarred by a recent shearing. Not being accustomed to the society of "grand folk," he had communed with himself as to how he should act, and had come to the conclusion to copy the lady of the house in all things. Mrs. Scott being quite unwell, received her guest reclining on a sofa, and Jamie, true to his principle, had no sooner made his best bow than he crossed the room, and stretched himself out at full length upon another.

At dinner he ate, drank, laughed, and chattered, amusing the convives by his strange, uncouth jokes and remarks, and even songs. As the good wine began to operate, Jamie grew familiar, and after tickling every body by his rapid advance from "Mr. Scott" to "Sherra," "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," he at last threw the company into convulsions of laughter, by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

In aiding by counsel and otherwise the worthy shepherd, in writing to Ellis about "Sir Tristem," in watching the triumphant progress of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in his domestic occupations, the duties of his shrievalty, and his rival duties as a gallant trooper, the year passed on. Indeed, Scott's military zeal made him almost overlook some of his minor duties as sheriff; and Lord Napier, then lord lieutenant of Selkirkshire, a very particular old gentleman, found himself obliged to remonstrate, and though Scott held out with considerable obstinacy, he was at last convinced that it would be better to remove into the limits of his district, and trust to his own great

activity to keep up his credit with the loyal Edinburgh light-horse.

Accordingly, in 1804, he removed to Ashestiel—a very pretty place upon the Tweed—and busied himself with stocking his farm until "*long sheep* and *short sheep*, and *tups* and *gimmers*, and *hogs* and *dinmonts*, had made a perfect sheepfold of his understanding."

This year, on the 10th of June, died good Uncle Robert, and the sheriff became proprietor of Rosebank, which he sold soon after for £5000. He was now worth something like £1000 a year, not including his fees at the bar, which might amount, perhaps, to a couple of hundred more. While at Ashestiel, Scott proposed for a time to take James Hogg as grieve or bailiff of his farm, but the purpose fell to the ground, and instead of the shepherd, he got honest Tom Purdie, who deserves, and shall have a chapter, or part of a chapter, to himself.

During the autumn, a new acquaintance was formed with the African traveller, Mungo Park, then meditating his second and fatal excursion. Scott endeavoured vainly to dissuade him from going, for he had but recently married. But Park was haunted by the deserts and wild streams of Africa, and determined to forsake all to revisit them. He paid the sheriff a farewell visit at Ashestiel, and was accompanied by his host some distance on his way. They separated near a small ditch, in crossing which Park's horse stumbled, and nearly fell. "I am afraid, Mungo," said the sheriff, "that is a bad omen." "Omens follow those who look to them," said the traveller, and struck spurs into his horse. Scott never saw him again.

Archibald Park, a brother of Mungo's, was sheriff's officer—a man of immense courage and resolution; yet with all his

daring, he used to be amazed at the reckless riding of the principal. "The deil's in you, Sherra," he would say; "ye'll never halt till they bring you hame with your feet foremost."

[1805.] The amount of business accumulated by Ballantyne's press, and the reputation consequent upon the beauty and correctness of its impressions, were two heavy for his capital: this year he was obliged to apply to Scott for a fresh loan. This the sheriff felt unable to comply with, but expressed his willingness to *purchase* a third share of the business, which he accordingly did, paying for it the £5000 which he had received from the sale of "Rosebank."

In spite of the rapid success of the "Minstrelsy," and even in the heyday of his renown, when a splendid fortune was in his hand, Scott had always refused to rely upon the profits of his pen alone. His constantly repeated maxim was, that "literature is a good staff, but a bad crutch:" a great help, but a most uncertain reliance. Many a man has increased his means by letters, but who that has attempted to live, and make a fortune exclusively by writing, has been successful? In accordance with his belief, the sheriff, who, as we know, never had any particular taste for the bar, and whose success as an advocate had never been great, began to look about for something else to do.

There are attached to the Supreme Court at Edinburgh certain clerkships, which are usually given as honourable retirements to advocates of a certain standing, and one of these he endeavoured to procure. While the matter was in progress, he entered eagerly into the affairs of Mr. Ballantyne—too much so, indeed; for the sanguine temperament of both, Scott's great kindness towards brother authors, and the activity of his dispo-

sition led them into transactions much beyond what their capital warranted, and eventually produced an entanglement which would have been fatal but for the obstinate, indomitable energy of Scott.

Bookseller, poet, sheriff, and advocate, might be supposed to be a sufficiency of callings for one man; but the trooper was in the blood, and would not come out; and when Lord Moira was this year appointed Commander-in-Chief for Scotland, the volunteers broke out into frenzy, and Scott was as crazy as any. Edinburgh became a camp. Besides its numerous garrison, some ten thousand fencibles and volunteers were almost constantly under arms. The advocate's robe covered his uniform; the shopkeeper was glorious in scarlet; sham battles were constantly fought, and not without danger, for more than once the mockery of war had nearly become a reality. The hot-headed mountaineers were especially hard to be dealt with; and Lord Moira was obliged suddenly to alter an entire plan of battle, from his utter inability to persuade a battalion of mountaineers that it was their duty to be beaten.

How Scott enjoyed all this may easily be imagined. But he did not give up all his time to military matters; he pushed his printing-house forward, and borrowed more money, on his personal security, to sustain it. Besides this, he wrote several articles for the "Edinburgh" and the opening chapters of "Waverly."

Meanwhile life went on happily at Ashestiel as at Lasswade; visitors found their way out there in sufficient numbers; and there were perilous accidents by flood and fell to keep monotony at a distance. Once there came an August storm, accompanied by a tremendous flood. The little Glenkinnon brook

swelled into a Danube, the ford became a pool, and all was in disorder. The ford was ill-repaired after this, and Scott, upon his black horse Captain, being the first to attempt it, was carried beyond his depth, and owed his safety only to the excellence of his seat. Here Scott made a beneficial change in his former habits of study. Always ready to yield his morning to business or to pleasure, he had hitherto found the necessary hours for study in the night, and nervous headaches had been the consequence. But now he adopted those habits from which he never afterwards varied. He rose at five, made his own fire, if the season required one, shaved and dressed with care, visited and fed his favourite horse, and then sate down at his table, with his papers arranged in the most perfect order, and his books of reference lying about him on the floor. Outside of the books lay one dog, or maybe more, watching the master lovingly. By nine o'clock, the breakfast-hour, he had "broken the neck of the day's work," as he used to say. Then more solitary labour, and by noon he was his own man. Then for horseback and a scamper over the country, or a longer excursion with friend or guest.

In August or September of this year, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, paid Scott a long visit, which must have been a delightful one. Every day they had some coursing with the greyhounds, riding over the hills, or spearing salmon by torch-light. Once Scott striking at a fish and missing it, went right over the gunwale of the boat, and was caught and pulled out by his friend. They visited all the scenes of Border renown, and searched the famous valleys of Ettrick and of Yarrow, Scott being the friend or idol of all the gentry and yoemanry in the district. Now and then their dogs would start a hare or other game, and an

impromptu hunt would be the result. On such occasions they had great delight in watching their respective squires; Skene's being a lanky Savoyard, Scott's a fat butler, who chose to ride in a huge plaid cloak, both uncommonly bad horsemen, and both full of a sense of personal dignity, which the rapid pace of their masters very much disturbed. Once, in visiting Loch Skene, mounted on Highland ponies, they got bewildered in a thick fog, and riding too near the edge of a hill, slipped, and went down pell-mell, man and pony, into a slough of peat-mud and black water, out of which they floundered unhurt, but wondrous dirty. To free themselves from the slime, they were obliged to imitate their ponies, and roll in the heather. During this ride much of the scenery of "Old Mortality" was furnished to the poet; and here they met the original of "Tod Gabbie" in "Guy Mannering."

Again one foggy morning the dogs started off upon a scent so strong, that our equestrians supposed it to be either a fox or a roe, and followed accordingly through the mist, and after a hard and perillous ride, came up with the hounds, who had just run down and despatched a stately old *billy goat!* On this hunt James Hogg and Sir Adam Ferguson were with them.

Scott had the violent propensity for fords which he attributes to many of his characters, even to the White Lady of Avenel. He would not go ten yards out of his way to get a bridge, but on horseback or on foot would scrabble through a ford. On one occasion, with Mr. Skene, when both were tottering and clinging to each other upon the same rocking and slippery stone, the sheriff was seized with a strong desire to tell some story about a kelpie, and while laughing at the humour of it, the stone glided from under their feet, and down they went headforemost toge-

ther into the pool. But this sort of thing never seemed even to annoy the hardy Borderer, and he would be ready for another slip before his raiment was half dry from the first.

The same autumn Scott and his wife visited Wordsworth, and saw with him the beautiful lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. From this they went to Gilsland, where, it will be remembered they had first met. Here there came a report that the French were about to land, and there was a mighty gathering of volunteers at Dalkeith. Scott had taken his charger with him to Gilsland, and at the summons, he mounted and sped like "Malise" with "the Fiery Cross," so well, that he reached Dalkeith, an hundred miles from Gilsland, in twenty-four hours; a ride worthy of his own doughtiest borderer, were it "Christie of the Clinthill," or "Auld Watt of Harden" in person. It was during this gallop that he composed his Bard's Incantation,

"The forest of Glenmore is drear."

In the beginning of the next year, 1806, the affair of the clerkship assumed a promising appearance. George Home of Wedderburn, an old friend of Scott's family, had held the desiderated office for some thirty years, and it was resolved to apply to him. The usual method was to pay the holder a certain sum for the right of succession. Scott proposed to purchase this right, to fill all the duties, and to leave Mr. Home in the full enjoyment of all the emoluments of the office. This was of course too advantageous an offer to admit of refusal, and the papers were drawn; but by some blunder of the clerk, Mr. Home was not mentioned, so that he would have lost all in the event of Scott's death. The latter therefore posted up to Lon-

don, waited upon Earl Spencer, then Home Secretary of State, and procured a new patent, and thus secured to the old laird of Wedderburn the proposed advantages.

This clerkship could be held conjointly with the sheriffdom and was worth about £800.

During his stay in London, he was of course seized upon by the beau monde and lionized to the extremity. But it could not hurt his genial heart, nor make the slightest impression upon his sterling common sense. He amused himself as well as he could, and when he saw that he was expected to roar, would sit down and tell stories and recite ballads to the content of all, so that he became as popular and beloved in London as he was in Edinburgh. He had the honour of dining with her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, whose part, as a good tory, he of course took, although he found fault with her levity of manner. Sotheby introduced him to Joanna Bailie and her brother, with whom he soon formed a close and lasting friendship.

On his return to Edinburgh, he entered on his duties as clerk, and continued to fulfill them faithfully and efficiently for the long period of twenty-five years. These were to watch the progress of cases, and to record the decision, and occupied from four to six hours daily during six months of the year. Most of his literary work was now done before breakfast, or whenever he could get an evening to himself. His new office brought him into a peculiarly close relationship with David Hume, a nephew of the historian, Buchanan of Drummakiln, a noble Highlander, whose estate on Loch Lomond furnished Scott, who visited it annually, with many scenes for Waverley, Sir Robert Dundas, and an old school friend, Colin MacKenzie. The five

gentlemen and their families lived on such terms of intimacy that the children called the colleagues of their parents and their wives *uncle* and *aunt*.

His honest political convictions, like all his other feelings, were strong, because rooted in his deep heart. When his friend Lord Melville was impeached by the whig ministry, he wrote that ardent song, "Health to Lord Melville," and by so doing, lost some of his Whig friends. Lord Jeffrey walking with him one day, remonstrated with him on his toryism, and wished to treat it somewhat playfully, but Scott exclaimed passionately, "No, no, 'tis no laughing matter, little by little, whatever your wishes be, you will destroy and undermine until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain." Then the brave Scottish gentleman bowed his head against a wall and burst into tears.

The literary work during the time comprised in this chapter, was the completion and publication of Sir Tristrem, May 2, 1804: the first chapter of "Waverley;" contributions to magazines and reviews, and, in January, 1805, the "The Lay of the Last Ministrel," which was enthusiastically received, and of which we may say here that fifty thousand copies were sold by the legitimate trade alone before 1806, producing to the author between seven and eight hundred pounds.

CHAPTER X.

QUARREL WITH THE EDINBURGH REVIEW—SCOTT'S FAMILY—THE BALLANTYNES—THEATRICAL FRIENDS.

1806—1810.

SCOTT was now at work at Marmion, and many an hour was passed beneath the tall old ashes which grew upon a favourite knoll, or in an oak-shadowed seat by the Tweedside. Or he would wander away along the wilderness through which the Yarrow creeps from her fountains, attended only by his dog, and musing over the gentle and more descriptive portions of his poem.

But if a loftier theme were in his mind, the field of Flodden or Marmion's midnight duel, he would mount his favourite horse *Lieutenant*, and gallop "over brake, bush, and scaur," fast and reckless as his own "young Lochinvar." Much later, in his declining years, he rode with Mr. Lockhart from Ashestiel to Newark, and as the days of his strong manhood came back to his memory, the old man said, "Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of Mar-

mion, but a trotting, canny pony must serve me now." The battle of Flodden was struck out while in quarters with his regiment in 1807, when Scott was often seen, in the intervals of drilling, walking his powerful black horse up and down the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge, or as some ringing verse came into his soul, setting spurs to his steed, and charging forward with the spray dashing about him.

In March, 1807, he visited England again, and in May we find him at the house of Miss Anna Seward, "coming," she says, "like a sunbeam to my dwelling." We may as well quote her description of his personal appearance at this time. "He is rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face, nor yet his features are elegant; his complexion healthy and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eyelashes with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are rather of a lightish grey, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath them. An upper lip too long, prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome, but the sweetest emanations of temper and heart play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles."

To this visiting he added graver cares. His brother's affairs as clerk of the Signet, had gotten into terrible disorder, and Scott was occupied in arranging it. Besides this, he was appointed secretary to a parliamentary commission for the improvement of Scottish jurisprudence, and worked very hard for very little salary.

We have already seen that certain differences existed between Scott and the Edinburgh Review, which produced a

reluctance to write for it on his part. When Marmion was published, it was received with instant enthusiasm by the world; but Jeffrey wrote a critique which can only be explained by personal malignity, or by that love which certain critics have for producing a clever—"slashing," I think they call it—article, even at the expense of truth and in defiance of every rule of criticism. The man who had just read the battle of Flodden and had seen its author burst into tears at the thought of harm to his beloved country, could say of that author that he had "throughout neglected Scottish feelings and Scottish character."

But the applause of Ellis, and Heber, and Erskine, was more than sufficient consolation for Jeffrey's review, and Scott's only revenge was to ask Jeffrey to dinner, where he treated him in his usual kind-hearted manner. Mrs. Scott, however, was less forgiving; she showed a marked coolness to the great "maker of opinion," and said to him when going, in her imperfect English, "Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review; I hope Mr. Constable has paid you well for writing it." The result, however, was, that Scott's connection with the Review was broken off.

In the intervals of his labour at Marmion, he had nearly completed his fine eighteen volume edition of Dryden, which was now (1808) published, and so much other work, that a remark originating in the Parliament House, at length found a stupid utterer in the House of Commons, to wit: "That if a clerk of sessions had any real business to do, it could not be done by a man who not only performed unparalleled feats of literary industry, but had likewise more leisure for society and pleasure than anybody else." But little recked stout Walter of this, and indeed it did him no harm: When he had already undertaken an

edition of Swift to match that of Dryden, Mr. Murray proposed to him a complete edition of the British novels from the time of Defoe; and other booksellers beset him with applications, and he was constantly engaged in editing some odd book or other.

Then came Jamie Hogg again to bother him. Nothing would now suit the worthy shepherd but an ensign's commission in a marching regiment. But he had never been famous for heroism, and his friend put the fancy out of his head and at last procured for him, from the Duke of Buccleugh, the life-rent of a small farm in the vale of Yarrow. But Jamie could rest no where, and in a letter dated June 20th, 1808, we find the sheriff endeavouring to get for him a place in the excise.

In the summer Joanna Baillie became his guest for a couple of weeks, and was succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Morritt of Rokeby, and many a pleasant ramble they had together along the Esk by Roslin and Hawthornden. "Once," says Mr. Morritt, "I suggested to him that we were wandering away from the scenery of the river." "Yes," replied Scott, "and I am bringing you where there is little enough to be seen—only that Scotch cottage; but though not worth looking at, I could not pass it. It was our first country-house when newly married, and many a contrivance we had to make it comfortable. I made a dining table for it with my own hands. Look at those two miserable willow trees on either side the gate into the inclosure; they are tied together at the top to be an arch, and a cross made of two sticks over them is not yet decayed. To be sure it is not much of a lion to show to a stranger; but I wanted to see it again myself, for I can assure you that after I had constructed it, *mama* (Mrs. Scott) and I, both of us, thought it

fine, we turned out to see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the door in admiration of our own magnificence and its picturesque effect. I did want to see if it were there still."

Thus did the warm heart love to linger over and return to the scenes of its early and simpler enjoyment, never losing anything from, but always adding to its treasure of affection.

This was at Edinburgh; but on the return of the Morritts from a Highland tour, they joined the sheriff at Ashestiel, and went about with him; one day to Melrose Abbey; the next to course the hare along the braes of Yarrow or the shores of St. Mary's Loch, and again to a farmer's *kirn* or harvest home, to dance with border lasses on a barn floor, drink whiskey punch and gossip with the lads and merry mountain girls.

Then there was neighbour Laidlaw, or as he was called, "*Auld Laird Nippy o' the Peel*," a dry, demure, taciturn old Presbyterian, who resisted all things worldly but the *Sherra's* jokes; nay, he grew so fond of Scott, as actually to become a regular attendant on the "English printed prayers," which were read at Ashestiel on Sundays. Laird Nippy traced his descent to an ancestress who was accused of witchcraft in the days of John Knox. Now, in those days, the Laidlaws held their heads as high as any of the Tweeddale gentry. In an evil hour her husband accused her of sorcery, and she in anger cursed him and his race. Her eldest son implored her to withdraw the malediction, but she refused. Next day she led him into the forest where she sacrificed a heifer to the devil, and gathering up the ashes cast them into the river. "Go now," she said, "and follow those ashes from stream to pool so long as they float, and as many streams as you shall pass, so many genera-

tions shall *your* individual descendants flourish. Then they must take part in my curse with the rest of your name." The ashes passed nine streams before they sank.

"And now," Scott would say in telling the story, "look round you; the Laidlaws, one and all, are landless men, with the exception of auld Laird Nippy." Many and many a time he told the story, and at last with a different conclusion. "Now think whatever ye please of it, my good friend Nippy is a bankrupt." It was true. By some sudden misfortune the old man had been totally ruined. But every man *maun dree his weird.*

Scott's family had now attained its final limit. He had four children, Charlotte Sophia, born 15th November, 1799; Walter, October 28, 1801; Anna, February 2, 1803; and Charles, 24th December, 1805.

He was the tenderest father. The little ones had the *entrée* of the study at all times, and rolled about, playing with the dogs near his feet; and if, unconscious of his occupation, they interrupted him, he would lay down his pen, take them upon his knee, tell them a story or old ballad, and then kiss them, and set them down to play again. He carefully oversaw their education, and was particularly diligent in cultivating their memories, teaching them history by means of such stories as we find in the "Tales of a Grandfather." On Sunday, after reading the prayers of the Episcopal Church, he would walk away from the house surrounded by the whole family, dogs and all, and dine *à la pic-nic* in some pleasant nook. His first lesson was to love truth; his second to love horsemanship, fearless of ducking, tumble or other accident, until they all imbibed his passion for horses, and rode through bog and swollen stream as recklessly as he.

We are now to become acquainted with a person who had great and unfortunate influence over the printing concern in which Scott had so heavy a stake. This was James Ballantyne's brother John, who had kept a small shop in Kelso, but was lured to Edinburgh by his brother's success as a printer. Leyden gives the elder brother a rather extraordinary description of himself. "Methinks I see you, with your confounded black beard, bull neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great, gloating eyes, and crying, *Why, Leyden ! ! !*"

"But John," says Mr. Lockhart, "was a quick, active, intrepid little fellow; and in society so very lively and amusing, such a thoughly light-hearted droll, all over quaintness and humorous mimicry, and moreover such a keen and skilful devotee to all manner of field sports, from fox-hunting to badger-baiting inclusive, that it was no wonder he should have made a favourable impression upon Scott. His tone in singing was a sharp treble; in conversation something between a croak and a squeak. He was shorter than James, but lean as a scare-crow, and he rather hopped than walked. A more reckless, improvident, thoughtless adventurer never rushed into the serious responsibilities of business; but his cleverness, his vivacity, his unaffected zeal, his gay fancy, always seeking the light side of anything; his imperturbable good humour and buoyant elasticity of spirits, made and kept him such a favourite, that I believe Scott would have as soon ordered his dog to be hanged as harboured, in the darkest hour of perplexity, the least thought of discarding "jocund Johnny."

Scott's quarrel with the Edinburgh Review grew more bitter, and on the publication of Mr. Brougham's article "Don Ceval-

los on the Usurpation of Spain," Scott was so indignant, that he wrote to Constable, proprietor of the Review. "It *had* become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it. *Now* it is such that I can no longer receive or read it." The list of the then subscribers shows an indignant dash after Scott's name—"STOPT!!"

Constable was the great Edinburgh publisher of the day, and had issued nearly all of Scott's books. But the Ballantynes were jealous of him, and the dispute with the Review bringing Scott warmly into the matter, all connection with Constable was broken off, it was resolved to establish a rival publishing house in Edinburgh, with which John Murray was to coöperate, and the sheriff entered into negotiations with Ellis, Rose, Gifford, Heber and others, which resulted in the final establishment of the London Quarterly Review, and the engagement, among others, of Southey, Rogers, and Moore as contributors to its pages. Towards the end of 1808 the new publishing house was set agoing under the firm of John Ballantyne and Co., Scott rashly binding himself as one-third partner. Thus did "jocund Johnny" become the rival of Archibald Constable, surnamed "the Crafty."

In the end of 1808 a young poetical tailor, Andrew Stewart by name, was convicted on an accusation of burglary, and sentenced to capital punishment. He wrote to Scott, and the latter with his usual benevolence, set earnestly to work and got the sentence commuted to one of banishment.

Yet ever ready as he was to listen to the cry of distress and to devote himself to the relief of suffering, when his pride of blood was up none could be sterner nor more unrelenting. His unfortunate brother Daniel, the black sheep of the family, after

much misconduct, had been sent to Jamaica, where he soon relapsed into habits of dissipation, and having been employed in some military service against the insurgent negroes, showed the white feather, quit Jamaica and returned to Scotland, a dishonoured man. This last act steeled the heart of his brother, who refused ever to look upon him again, and on his death, refused either to attend his funeral or to put on mourning for him.

In February, 1809, Mr. and Mrs. Scott went to London, where they remained until April, the poet being fêted and lionized without measure. He would always roar with the utmost good nature, and then as the party dwindled, and only one or two friends remained, he would laugh and say

> "Yet know that I one Snug the joiner am,
> No lion fierce," etc.

He used to say of this popular and fashionable applause, "It may be a pleasant gale to sail with, but it never yet led to a port that I should like to anchor in."

It was during this visit that there occurred a ludicrous instance of the blundering of small, fault-finding critics. There was an assemblage of lions at Sotheby's; among them Scott, Coleridge, Dr. Howley, late Archbishop of Canterbury, and a host of common folk. There were many recitations of verse in the course of the evening. Coleridge repeated several of his poems, which were so applauded that Dr. Howley fancied he saw a desire to humble Scott. When the latter was asked to repeat something of his own, he said he could not recall anything which he had written, but would give them a copy of verses which he had just read and which he thought highly of. He accordingly

repeated the now well known stanzas called "Fire, Famine and Slaughter," but the verses were received with faint applause, followed by slight criticisms from which Scott defended the unknown author. Then the criticism grew more bitter. "This at least is absolute nonsense!" cried a Zoilus, repeating one line. Scott denied the accusation; the critic insisted, and the battle waxed hot, when Coleridge out of all patience exclaimed: "For God's sake, let Mr. Scott alone; I wrote the poem."

During Scott's stay in London the first number of the Quarterly was published, and contained three articles from Scott's pen.

In July of the same year the Scotts visited the scenes of Walter's infancy and youth; and then went to the Highlands, where he in person verified the possibility of the ride attributed to Fitzjames in the Lady of the Lake, and composed the whole of the glorious stagchase with which that poem opens. Here he first saw Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but submitted to his share of its sarcasm, with great good nature.

We finding him complaining more of the old gentleman, whose Clerkship of Sessions was to revert to him, "He has," says the expectant, "taken a new lease of life, and I know not what I shall do unless I get some border lad to cut his throat for him."

John Philip Kemble and his sister Mrs. Siddons, were now in Edinburgh, and visited the poet at Ashestiel, causing the worthy old butler, before spoken of, to make some complaints of the bad hours kept in the household. Scott used to say that Kemble was the only man who had seduced him into deep potations in his middle age. The host's revenge came in the morning, when he would compel his portly guest—a most unwilling

equestrian—to mount a horse and gallop over the country with him. Scott used to chuckle over an adventure on the banks of the Ettrick when the party were chased by a bull. "Come King John," cried the poet, "we must even take the water," and he and his eldest daughter immediately plunged in. But King John stood ruefully on the bank and exclaimed in his usual solemn way

> "——— The flood is angry, sheriff,
> Methinks I'll get me up into a tree."

But there was no tree there and Kemble was obliged to follow his friends.

This intercourse induced Scott to take a great interest in Edinburgh theatricals; and we find him intimately connected with Kemble, Siddons, Terry, and Charles Matthews, and busily engaged in making a high reputation for the Edinburgh stage. In this they were greatly aided by the great dramatic zeal of a worthy stocking-weaver called Coulter, who had been elected provost of the city, and who died in office much consoled by the prospect of the grand funeral he would have as chief magistrate of the good town. He used to say of himself that "though doomed to the trade of a stocking-weaver, he was born with the soul of a *Sheepio*."

The literary work during this time was the edition of Dryden in eighteen volumes, published in April, 1808, by which he realized £756; a volume of ballads (1806) by which he gained £100; an edition of Slingsby's and Hodgson's memoirs. Then came "Marmion," for the copyright of which Constable paid him one thousand guineas, and of which fifty thousand copies were sold between the year of its publication, Feb. 1808 and

1836. The labour upon Swift, Sadler's State Papers, printed in 1809, and Somers in 1812. Strutt's "Queenhoo Hall," left in an imperfect state by the author, was finished by Scott, and given to the world in 1808. An edition of "Carleton's War of the Succession" and "Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth," appeared the same year. Add to these his contributions to the Edinburgh and Quarterly, and his voluminous correspondence, and his literary labours alone seem too great for the time occupied by them; but when to these we join the labours of his shrievalty and clerkship, his activity and energy appear almost incredible.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY OF THE LAKE—TRIP TO THE HEBRIDES—FLITTING TO ABBOTSFORD.

1810-1813.

Mr. Thomas Scott's affairs, had, as we have noticed, become very much embarrassed, and he was obliged to take refuge in the Isle of Man. About this time a post fell vacant in his brother's office, worth about £400, and Thomas asked for it. There was however, a respectable man who had grown grey in the service, and the sheriff thought his claim better than that of his brother. He accordingly gave it to him, and bestowed upon his brother the place left vacant by this promotion, and worth about £250. Thomas not being able to live in Edinburgh, discharged the duties of the office by deputy, but he had scarcely received it when the commission resolved to abolish it entirely. A scheme of pensions for the retiring officers was proposed, by which he was to receive about £130 per annum. We mention this only because the affair gave rise to perhaps the only act of discourtesy and rudeness ever committed by Walter Scott.

When the affair was debated in the House of Peers, Lord Holland spoke severely against it, but it was supported by Lord Melville and the Duke of Montrose, and took effect. When the poet shortly afterwards met Lord Holland at the Friday Club, he, in his own words, "*cut* him with as little remorse as an old pen." The irritation was, however, only temporary, and his friendly intercourse with Lord Holland was renewed.

Early in May appeared, in handsome quarto, at the price of two guineas a copy, the "Lady of the Lake," and set people crazy. "The whole country," says Mr. Cadell, "rang with the praises of the poet—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine—every house and inn in the neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors, and post-horse duty in Scotland rose to an extraordinary degree." Twenty thousand copies were sold in a few months. Yet Scott had been warned not to try the public further with tales in verse. "Do not be so rash," said a friend; "you are already popular, more so than perhaps you yourself will believe, or than even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high, do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted to stumble with impunity." But the poet answered bravely, in the words of the gallant Montrose,

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts too small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To win or lose it all."

The reading of the Chase calmed the critic's fears.

Another story is told of some famous Nimrod to whom Scott

was reading his first canto. His reception of the reading was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand upon the table, and declared in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been perfectly ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase.

Even at this time, in the height of his reputation, his children had no idea of the source of his distinction, and James Ballantyne remembers going into the library, finding Miss Scott there and saying, "Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the Lady of the Lake?" "Oh, I have not read it," she replied. "Papa thinks there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

Even as late as 1817, after Mr. Irving's visit, his eldest daughter had read none of his works. The distinguished traveller had sent to her from London an American miniature edition of her father's poems, and in acknowledging the receipt of them Scott writes, "I have now to thank you in Sophia's name for the kind attention which furnished her with the American volumes. I am not quite sure that I can add my own, since you have made her acquainted with much more of papa's folly than she would otherwise have learned; for I have taken special care they should never see any of these things during their earlier years."

Young Walter Scott was called Gilnockie, or the Laird of Gilnockie, because of his admiration for Johnny Armstrong, whose old ruined tower of Gilnockie stood near. One day he came home from school with tears and blood hardened on his

cheeks. "Well, Wat," said his father, "what have you been fighting about to-day?" The boy blushed and stammered out, "that he had been called a *lassie*." "Indeed," said Mrs. Scott, "that was a terrible mischief to be sure." "You may say what you please, mamma," cried Wat, roughly, but I dinna think there's a *waufer* (meaner) thing in the world than to be a lassie, and to *sit boring at a clout*." It turned out that the boys had dubbed him "The Lady of the Lake," and Wat, not understanding the allusion, had taken it as a slight upon his manhood, and had vindicated his powers by a fight.

"Gilnockie, my man," said one of Scott's fellow-clerks of session; "you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your uncles—what is it, do you suppose, that occasions this?" The little fellow looked wise for a while, and then answered, "It is commonly *him* that sees the hare sitting."

The same year Scott, with several of his family, visited the Hebrides, seeing Staffa, and so winning the hearts of the boatmen that they named a huge stone at the mouth of Fingal's Cave upon which he had seated himself, Clachan an Bairdh, the Bard's Stone. At Inchkenneth they recalled the memories of the Maclean, chiefly of Sir Allan, who was chief at the time of Johnson's visit.

Like many other Highland chiefs, Sir Allan's affairs were embarrassed, and he had received much annoyance from lawyers. Upon one occasion he visited a friend on the banks of the Carron, which is lined with pretty villas, and while admiring the landscape, pointed out a handsome house and inquired to whom it belonged "To M——, a writer to the Signet," "Umph!" said Sir Allan, recoiling a step, "I mean that

other house." Oh, that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie So-and-so, also a writer to the Signet." "Umph! !" quoth the chief more emphatically than before. "And yon smaller house?" "That belongs to a Stirling man whose name I forget, but I am sure he is a writer too, for——" "My friend," interrupted the Highlander, turning his back upon the landscape, "you have a pretty situation here, but damn your neighbourhood!"

Thence to the isle of Mull, where he was amused by finding the ancient feud still existing between the MacLeans and Mac Donalds. Then up into MacLeod's country to blessed Iona and misty Skye. He filled his soul with the scenery afterwards described in the "Lord of the Isles," and so came back to Edinburgh.

In the autumn he edited Miss Anna Seward's poems, with a biographical sketch, and aided in establishing the Edinburgh Annual Register.

Late in winter, he received a letter from his old friend Sir Adam Ferguson, then captain in the 58th regiment, serving on the Peninsula. The gallant soldier had just received a copy of the "Lady of the Lake," and had it with him when his company was posted on a piece of ground exposed to the enemy's shot on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate, and, while they kept that attitude, the captain kneeling at their head, read aloud the description of the Battle of Beal an Dhuine, in the sixth canto, and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by an occasional huzza as the French shot struck the bank above them.

To please some of his friends, Scott attempted a variety of imitations in the style of Moore, Dryden and Crabbe, the latter of

which was called the "Poacher," and was so successful that the old poet said on reading it, "This man, whoever he is, can do all that I can, and something more."

In 1811 some changes were made in the Court of Sessions. A pension was given to retiring clerks, and the active ones who had hitherto been paid by fees, were now allowed a salary of £1300, so that, at last, Scott received the emoluments of the office, the duties of which he had performed without payment during a period of five years, without finding it necessary to "get some border lad to cut Mr. Home's throat."

He had always desired to be a Tweedside laird, and the fulfillment of the wish was at hand. An old clergyman named Douglas, was offering two farms for sale, one of which had witnessed the end of the battle of Melrose, fought between the Earls of Howe and Angus, for the possession of young King James V.,

> "Where gallant Cessford's life blood dear,
> Reeked on dark Elliot's border spear."

This Scott resolved to purchase. It had formerly belonged to Melrose Abbey, and hence its name ABBOTSFORD.

Half of the purchase-money was procured from the Ballantynes on the security of a new poem, long meditated but not yet begun, and to be called Rokeby, from the estate of his friend Mr. Morritt, where the scene was to be laid. Scott as yet bounded his desire to a handsome cottage in the old English vicarage style, but in the course of twelve years the ground was occupied by the castle of Abbotsford.

In January, 1812, he entered upon the enjoyment of his

salary as clerk of sessions, which, with his shrievalty, gave him a fixed income of some £1600, and with this he lived happily and industriously at Ashestiel or Edinburgh. Broughton's saucer and Stewart's broadsword had accumulated many another nick-nack about them. He mentions, in a letter to Miss Baillie, Rob Roy's gun, a sword given by Charles I. to the great Marquis of Montrose, wonderful coins and armlets, quaint brooches, and a funeral ring with Dean Swift's hair.

Byron had now published his Childe Harold, and all England turned down its collar, and endeavoured to grow pale and to bear about a suffering and misanthropic heart beneath a calm exterior. The new poet was the idol of the day, and Mr. Murray, the publisher, endeavoured to bring about a more kind relationship between the two bards. It was easy, for both were generous natures. Scott wrote to his lordship, thanking him for the pleasure which he had derived from the perusal of Childe Harold, and defending himself from the accusation of having a mercenary muse. Byron's answer was frank and kind, expressing his sorrow for the wholesale ferocity of his satire, and his warm admiration for Scott; and the correspondence thus begun, was never afterwards dropped, but continued upon terms of the most friendly confidence.

Towards the end of May, the "flitting" to Abbotsford took place, "twenty-four cart-loads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, bare-headed wenches and bare-breeched boys. Old swords, bows, targets, and lances, made a conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated in the helmet of some *preux* chevalier of ancient border fame, and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing muskets and banners. The caravan, attended by a

dozen of ragged, rosy peasant children, carrying fishing rods and spears, and leading ponies, greyhounds and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gipsy groups of Callot upon their march."

But though Scott wrote so gaily, the hearts of all were sore at leaving old Ashestiel, and the little ones wept abundantly. The poor neighbours too, mourned the "flitting," as an irreparable loss to them, for they lost generous protectors in Mr. and Mrs. Scott. The latter, in particular, had made it her business to visit the sick in their scattered cottages, and bestowed on them the contents of her medicine chest, as well as of her cellar and larder, with such unwearied kindness, "that," says Mr. Lockhart, "her name is never mentioned there to this day without some expressions of tenderness."

He had not much of a house to go to, for the masons and carpenters were in full possession. They had but one finished sitting-room, which served for dining-room, drawing-room, school-room and study. A window looking to the river was appropriated to the poet's desk, and here, surrounded by the babble and confusion of a young family, he pursued his avocations apparently unannoyed. All autumn he was busily engaged in planting. One set of trees he lived to see grow into the dignity of a forest, but was not always equally fortunate, for he had set two enclosures apart, one for oaks, and the other for some Spanish chesnuts which had been offered him by a friend in Seville. But the field mice got at the acorns and devoured them, and when the Spanish chesnuts arrived, it was discovered that his friend had *boiled* them.

In September the father gets rid of one trouble, that of hear-

ing Walter Latin lessons; Gilnockie gets a tutor, "a gallant son of the church, with one leg of flesh and another of oak." Tall was Dominie Thomson, athletic, a capital horseman, and a grand hand at single-stick; odd, quaint, eccentric, furnishing many portions of the character of Dominie Sampson, and loving and beloved by Scott.

Meantime Rokeby was making rapid progress, and Scott paid another visit to its woods and waters. On his way he stopped at Flodden, and was received with great rapture by the Boniface of the inn there, to whom Marmion had brought a flood of new customers. Nothing would serve him but a portrait of Scott for a sign-board; but the poet recommended a foaming mug of ale, and refused the proffered honour. "At least give me a motto from Marmion," pleaded the publican, handing Scott a well-thumbed copy of the poem. The sheriff opened it at the lines

> "Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
> For the kind soul of Sybil Gray."

"There, my friend," said he, "what can be better than that? Take the first line, and strike the "r" out of the last word.

> "Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and PAY!"

The suggestion was adopted, and the legend probably stands there yet.

On the same journey, some of the attendants falling ill at a small town, the Æsculapius of the place was sent for, and a grave, sagacious-looking personage in black, and wearing a shovel hat, made his appearance. To his utter amazement, Scott recognized a Scotch blacksmith who had practiced the veterinary art near Ashestiel. "How in all the world!" cried

he, "can it be possible that this is John Lundie?" "In troth it is, your honour; just *a that's for him.*" "Well, but let us hear. You were a *horse*-doctor before, now it seems you are a *man*-doctor; how do you get on?" "On, just extraordinar' weel; for your honour maun ken that my practice is very sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa *simples.*" "And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret?" "I'll tell your honour," in a low tone, "my twa simples are just *laudamy* and *calamy.*" "Simples, with a vengeance!" cried Scott. "But John, do you never happen to *kill* any of your patients?" "Kill? Oh aye, may be so. Whiles they die and whiles no; but it's the will of Providence. Ony how, your honour, *it wad be lang afore it makes up for Flodden!*"

Towards the close of this year Rokeby was completed, and appeared in January, 1813, followed in two months by the "Bridal of Triermain." These were not received quite so warmly as his other poems, and for many reasons. The public ear was satiated with the rhythm which flowed so abundantly not only from his own pen, but from those of a host of imitators. The poem was certainly inferior in poetic beauty to "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake." Tom Moore had somewhat affected it by his Twopenny Postbag, saying that Mr. Scott

> "Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
> Is coming by long quarto stages to town,
> And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay);
> Means *to do all the gentlemen's seats* by the way;"

and finally a mighty rival had arisen; the people had a new idol, Byron!

Besides this, Scott had edited the "English Minstrelsy" in 1810; published a new edition of the "Border Minstrelsy;" given to the world "The Lady of the Lake," the copyright of which he sold for two thousand guineas in 1810, and of which fifty thousand copies were sold by the regular trade before 1836. This was followed by the "Life and Poems of Anna Seward;" the "Vision of Don Roderick," published for the benefit of the Portuguese sufferers; "Wilson's Secret History of the Court of James I.;" and the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1810, 1811, and 1812.

CHAPTER XII.

DIFFICULTIES—TRIP TO THE HEBRIDES.

1813.

We have seen that John Ballantyne, who had been placed at the head of the new book concern, though an active, pushing man, was a most imprudent and careless one. About a month after the publication of the "Bridal of Triermain," the affairs were found in a most fearful state of confusion. Some of the works edited by Scott had been very expensive, but met with no sale. "Rokeby" did not go off so well as had been anticipated, for the reasons mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter; accounts had been carelessly kept, and large sums of money incautiously expended, so that Scott's greatest efforts were now called for to disentangle matters.

The first thing done was to apply to Constable for pecuniary aid, in return for which he was to receive certain of the books published by the Ballantynes and a share in Scott's poems. This brought about a reconciliation between the poet and Constable, and the latter paid £2000 towards the liquidation of the

most pressing claims. It was unfortunately a time of great distress in the money market, being the midst of the Peninsular war; and Scott was preparing to create new difficulties by the addition of a tract of bare, wild land, with a lake on it, adjoining his Abbotsford property. Nor did he check some of his minor tastes, for in July he negotiates for the purchase of "a splendid lot of ancient armour," besides buying up all the old books and nick-nacks that came in his way. In the same month we have several letters to John Ballantyne which reproach him with neglecting to take up certain bills that were due, and promise all necessary pecuniary aid. He bolstered up a sinking concern as well as possible, at a cost of some £200 per month, but on laying a statement of affairs before Constable, it was discovered that there was immediate need of £4000, which was accordingly raised by Scott, his credit being guaranteed by his friend and chief the Duke of Buccleugh. It is unnecessary to give all the items of this unfortunate affair, but all through the year, we find incessant drafts made upon him by the Ballantynes, until the poet loses patience and writes to "jocund Johnny," "For God's sake, treat me as a man and not as a *milck cow!*" At last by the support of the trade, the danger of bankruptcy passed by, but the Ballantynes were to give up bookselling; James was to stick to his printing office, and "jocund Johnny" was to become an auctioneer.

But while in the greatest distress and most in need of uninterrupted labour, he was constantly pestered by stupid lion-hunters, who bored him from morning till night. "My temper," he says, (on Sept. 22, 1813), "is really worn to a hair's breadth. The intruder of yesterday hung on me till twelve to-day. When I had just taken my pen, he was relieved, like a sentry

leaving guard, by two other lounging visitors; and their post has now been supplied by some people on real business." And again,

> "Oh James, oh James, two Irish dames,
> Oppress me very sore;
> I groaning send one sheet I've penned,
> For hang them there's no more."

And about the same date he begs his brother Thomas, when introducing any of these curiosity-seekers, to sign his notes shortly "*T. Scott*," that he may know how much attention to pay them.

Misfortunes never come single. At the same period it entered the wise heads of the Income Tax Commissioners to demand from Scott a return of the profits of his literary labour for the last three years. But he took legal advice, refused to obey, and the matter was settled in his favour. But amid all his own annoyance and pecuniary distress, he found means to send fifty pounds to poor Maturin, then in a very destitute condition; and it was about the same period, that in searching for some fishing-tackle in an antique cabinet, he lighted upon the old fragment of Waverley.

In the month of August he received from the Prince Regent the offer of the laureateship, and was disposed to accept it, but his friends would not hear of it, especially the Duke of Buccleugh, who entreated him to give it up, and not to consent "to be chanted and recitatived by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honour, and gentlemen pensioners." Scott therefore declined it, and the bays were given to Southey.

Among the many persons employed by Scott in the course

of his editorial labours, was a poor German scholar named Weber, who had fled from misfortunes at home in 1804, and had now acted for ten years as Scott's amanuensis, dining with the family at least once a week; he was a gentle, modest and learned man, but had an unfortunate propensity to drink to excess, which Scott had in vain tried to eradicate.

In the beginning of 1814, they were together in the library at work upon the edition of Swift, when the light beginning to fail, Scott threw himself back in his chair, and was about to ring for candles, when he observed Weber's eyes fixed upon him with a strange expression. "Weber," said he, "what is the matter with you?" "Mr. Scott," answered the German, rising, "you have long insulted me, and I can bear it no longer. I have brought a pair of pistols with me, and must insist upon your taking one of them instantly." So saying, he produced the weapons, and laid one of them upon Scott's manuscript. "You are mistaken, I think," said the poet, "in your way of setting about this affair, but no matter. It can be no part of your object, however, to annoy Mrs. Scott and the children; therefore, if you please, we will put the pistols in the drawer until after dinner, and then arrange to go out together like gentlemen." Weber answered as coolly, "I believe that will be better," and laid the second pistol on the table. Scott locked them both in his drawer, saying, "I am glad you have felt the propriety of what I suggested—let me only further request that nothing may occur while we are at dinner to give Mrs. Scott any suspicion of what has been passing."

Weber again assented, and Scott retired to his dressing-room, whence he despatched a messenger in search of one of the German's most intimate companions, and then dinner was served,

and Weber joined the circle as usual. He conducted himself with perfect propriety until after dinner, when Scott mixed two moderate tumblers of toddy and handed one to him. He then started up with a furious look, but immediately sat down again, and upon Mrs. Scott's asking if he were unwell, replied gently that he was subject to spasms, but that the pain had now gone. He then eagerly emptied the tumbler and pushed it back to Scott.

At this moment his friend entered, and at sight of him, Weber started up and dashed out of the house without his hat. His friend pursued him and caught him, but he was so crazy that they were obliged to put him in a strait waistcoat that night; and soon after he became a helpless lunatic. He lived for four years thus, supported, at Scott's expense, in an insane asylum at York.

Early in January, Scott prepared, for the city of Edinburgh, an address of congratulation to the throne, for the recent successes of the army upon the continent. It was presented, and received by the Prince with so much pleasure, that the Provost gave a grand dinner to its composer, at which he was presented with the freedom of the city and a superb silver tankard.

In the Scots' magazine for February, 1814, appeared an announcement of a new novel to be called "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since." It was announced for March, although but one volume was written. Mr. Lockhart remembers dining in Edinburgh, about that time, with a party of young companions, William Menzies being their entertainer. Dinner being over, the weather being warm, they adjourned with their wine to a library which had one large room looking northward. After sitting a couple of hours, Lockhart observed a shade upon his

friend's face and asked if he were ill. "No," he replied, "I shall be well enough if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it wont let me fill my glass with a good will." The young men changed places, and Menzies pointing out the annoying hand, said, "since we sat down, I have been watching it; it fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is written and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be until candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it, when I am not at my books." "Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk," cried somebody. "No, boys," said Menzies. "I well know what hand it is. It is Walter Scott's!"

And it was the hand that wrote the last two volumes of Waverley in the evenings of three short summer weeks.

The prefaces to the novels have made the history of Waverley and the other incognito novels almost as well known as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. It does not appear that any of Scott's more intimate friends were at all deceived with regard to the authorship. Jeffrey offered to make oath that Scott had written it. "What," said Professor Wilson, "have men forgotten the prose of the minstrelsy!" His associates in his border raids and jaunts to the Highlands, remembered this and the other anecdote, legend and description of scenery and character, and if the world were taken in by the incognito, there was many a friend both in England and Scotland who recognized the hand of the poet in the earliest pages.

Without waiting to see the effect of his new work, Scott started off for a northern tour to the Shetland Isles, the Orkneys

and the Hebrides, or as he calls it in his journal, a "Voyage in the Lighthouse yacht to Nova Zembla, and the Lord knows where." He sailed from Leith on the 29th July, in company with certain commissioners of the northern lighthouses and some other friends, and his journal exhibits to a wonderful degree his almost unlimited power of observation. Very much of it, in substance at least, will be found in the Pirate, the Notes to the Lord of the Isles, and many of his minor poems.

The journal is full of udallers, trows, cliff-fowlers, witches, wreckers, and oddities old and modern. He sees Zetland ploughs, which merely make a cut in the earth, while two women follow and complete the furrow with spades; admires the porridge-pot at Fair Isle, which is set upon the floor at dinner time, and partaken of without any ceremony by children, pigs and parents, mingled; and he learns that they are so far from clerical help, that marriages and baptisms have to be done *by the lump*, and that one of the children was old enough to say to the clergyman who sprinkled him with water, "Deil be in your fingers!"

Mr. Strong, of Fair Isle, gives him a quaint old chair, and the Arcadians defend to him their practices as wreckers. When one of the commissioners tells a man from Sanda that his sails are poor, the reply is, "If it had been *His* will, that you hadna built sae many lighthouses hereabout, I would have had new sails last winter." At Kirkwall they saw a witch, and purchased a fair wind of her, and so, amusing and being amused, sailed about those wild archipelagoes and then started for "misty Skye." MacLeod received them at his castle of Dunveggan, and showed them his old Norwegian wizard flag, commemorated by the poet in his "Mackrimmon's Lament," showed them

the ancient drinking-cup, and the horn of Rorie Mohr, which held three English pints. Finally, he was put to sleep in the haunted chamber, and lulled to rest by a wild cataract called "Rorie Mohr's Nurse," after the same wild, old Viking who had owned the horn. Egg, Staffa, and Iona were re-visited;

"Mull and Morven saw their sails.
They left Loch Tua on their lee;
They wakened the men of the wild Tiree,
And the chief of the sandy Coll.
Merrily, merrily flew their bark,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through a summer's sea.

Then they crossed to Ireland, keeping their guns shotted for fear of Yankee cruisers, and saw old Londonderry and older Dunluce, and the Giant's Causeway, and *loughs* innumerable, and so back to the Clyde, up to Glasgow, and then home to Edinburgh.

Besides keeping this journal, no contemptible literary task, when we consider the constant change of scene, the long walks, pony rides, etc., he wrote some long letters in verse to his Grace of Buccleugh. His companions remember him well when any scene of peculiar grandeur broke upon his view. They would see him muttering to himself, and would then retire and leave him alone. He was probably already "crooning over" the ringing verse of the "Lord of the Isles." Yet, deeply as he felt, he could observe also the feelings of his friends, particularly the amiable Erskine, at Staffa. "My poor Willie," says he, "when he saw Staffa, sate down and wept like a child."

In April of this year, he wrote the articles on chivalry, on the drama, and on romance for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. In July appeared his life and edition of Swift's works; and on the 7th of the same month "Waverley" was completed and published. In 1829, the sale had reached forty thousand copies.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABBOTSFORD—BYRON—WATERLOO—JAMIE HOGG AGAIN.

1815.

If the island tour just noticed did not give rise to the "Lord of the Isles," it at least furnished that poem with a great portion of its material. While still working at it, he called one day at the office of the Ballantynes, where he picked up the proof-sheet of a book entitled, "Poems, with Notes illustrative of Traditions in Ayrshire and Galloway, by Joseph Train." Scott was so delighted with what he read, that he immediately wrote to Mr. Train, begging to be set down among the subscribers for a dozen copies.

This produced one of the most extraordinary examples of modesty on record in the history of authors. Mr. Train, with a friend of his, Mr. Denniston, had been for some years engaged in collecting materials for the History of Galloway, and had amassed a considerable quantity of material; but from the hour of his correspondence with Scott, he renounced every idea of authorship for himself, and resolved that hereafter his chief pur-

suit should be to collect whatsoever could be most interesting to the poet. This generous resolve was put in execution; the two men became warm friends. Mr. Train was one of the earliest confidants in the matter of the Waverley Novels, and their author was indebted to him for many a curious fact used in their composition.

"And now," writes the laird to his friend Terry, "I wish you saw Abbotsford, which begins this season (November, 1814) to look like the whimsical, gay, odd cabin that we had chalked out. I have made the old farm-house my *corps de logis*, with some outlying places for kitchen, laundry, and two spare bedrooms, which run along the east wall of the farm-yard, not without some picturesque effect. A perforated cross, the spoils of the old kirk of Galashiels, decorates an advanced door, and looks very well."

This estate of Abbotsford, it will be observed, had a remarkable tendency to increase. His letters abound in notices of planting, draining, purchasing a new "lump of wild land," decorating the lake, taming the bleak wildness of a hill. Alas! this also is to bring him trouble. So wise for all others, while he feels that strong Scotch heart beating within him, and his foot firm upon the heather, he has no fear, and what is of deeper consequence, no prudence for himself. If he lose a thousand pounds, he shrugs his shoulders, saying, "'Tis but writing a thousand couplets more." But the time for writing couplets is well-nigh over. One more grand poem shall be given to the world, and then the Waverley Novels, and harder cares than the Waverley Novels will come. On the 15th of the past August, Walter Scott celebrated his forty-seventh birthday.

In January of the next year, Gilnockie is smitten with small-pox, but comes well out of it, and with his brothers and sisters "goes on growing up" good and stalwart, around the good, stalwart father.

A little before this, there arose more difficulties about the discount of John Ballantyne's bills, which Scott was obliged to meet either by application to his friends or by some violent literary effort. They hoped to make something more out of Constable the Crafty, when a new perplexity was added. Mr. James Erskine, who had lent them a large sum, became in want of it and wrote to Scott, who at length raised the money by the pledge of a future "Waverley" (Guy Mannering) to Longman for £1,500 in bills, and on the further condition that that publisher should take some of Ballantyne's heavy books to the amount of £500 more; and so matters went on, arrangements of this kind constantly taking place for nearly all of the novels, Scott working with unparalleled energy to get out of difficulties, but unfortunately in vain.

The "Lord of the Isles" appeared on the 15th of January, followed by "Guy Mannering" in a month. They were disappointed in the sale of the poem, but the brilliant success of the prose work made ample amends. Scott was a good deal cast down when Ballantyne informed him of the comparatively dull sale of the verse; but he soon recovered. The great characteristic of the man was his indomitable bravery. "Well, James, so be it;" but you know we must not droop, for we *can't* afford to give over; since one line has failed, we must stick to something else."

Byron had just sent him a copy of the "Giaour," inscribed, "To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his subjects." But

Scott, when he had read it, said, "Ah! James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." He was then looking forward to a meeting with the noble poet, which happened in March, when Scott, with his wife and eldest daughter, went to London. The bards met and liked each other, and Scott judged Byron well, recognizing at once, with his clear, honest eye, the affectations in which it pleased Childe Harold to envelope himself. He was so much excited by Scott's recitation of the old ballad of Hardyknute, which had been taught by Aunt Jenny, and disliked by Mr. Duncan, as to cause some one to ask the reciter what he could possibly have said to affect his lordship so deeply.

Half-yearly letters always after passed between them, though they met but once more, at the close of the same year. Like Homer's heroes, they exchanged gifts, Scott's being a beautiful dagger, mounted in gold, which had belonged to Elfi Bey, and Byron's, a silver vase, containing bones from an ancient Athenian sepulchre. There was an affectionate letter in this vase from the donor to his brother poet, which was afterwards stolen by some base vulgarian in return for the kind hospitalities that he had received at Abbotsford.

The news of Scott's visit had gone before him, and he was eagerly expected by all classes. "Let me know when he comes," said the Prince Regent to Mr. Croker, "and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him. Let us have just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better." There were many clever men at that dinner, but the prince and the poet were the best story tellers; and were so well pleased with each other, that on all Scott's subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table.

Among other stories he told one of his old friend Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield, a rough, almost brutal specimen of the old humourists once numerous on the Scottish bench. On one of his circuits the judge always stopped with a gentleman of considerable fortune, residing in the neighbourhood. Both were inveterate chess-players, and on one occasion, after playing all night, Braxfield was obliged to go away leaving the game unfinished. "Weel, Donald," he said, "I must e'en come back this gate in the harvest, and let the game lie o'er for the present."

Unfortunately the gentleman had committed forgery in the interim, and Braxfield, instead of playing chess with him, was obliged to pronounce sentence of death upon him. This he did in the usual way—"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your unhappy soul!" Then removing the terrible black cap from his head, he looked at his old acquaintance with a droll eye, and chuckled out, "And now, Donald my man, I think I have checkmated you for once."

The prince laughed heartily, and said, "I'faith, Walter, this old big-wig seems to have taken matters as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast,

> "The table spread with tea and toast,
> Death warrants, and the Morning Post?"

Towards midnight the Regent proposed, "a bumper with all the honours to the author of Waverley," and charged his own glass with a significant look at Scott. The latter looked puzzled for a moment, but soon recovered himself and said, "Your royal highness looks as if you thought I had some claims to the

honour of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment which has now been paid him." He then drank off the claret, and cheered as loudly as any one. But before the company could resume their seats, the prince exclaimed, "Another of the same, if you please, to the author of Marmion; and now, Walter, my man, I think I've checkmated you for once!"

Before Scott's return home, the prince sent him a gold snuff-box set in brilliants, as a testimony of his high admiration.

But a mighty drama, more important than those of any British writer, was now occupying the world with its last and terrible scenes. Napoleon Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, re-appeared on the soil of France; reigned through the Hundred Days, and at last met the allied armies on the field of Waterloo. The battle ended, and the star of the Lord of Europe set forever.

As soon as the news of that eventful battle reached Scotland, Scott and some friends resolved to make a visit to the continent while the traces of warfare were still fresh, and accordingly, in the month of July he started; reached Waterloo and looked over its field, meditating, perhaps, the poem to which that battle-ground gave its name, and collecting relics for his "nick-nackery." What his feelings and his observations were, will be learned from his letters home, which afterwards formed the work called "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and many of which, after passing through the hands of half a dozen friends, were sent to the printing-office, just as the writer had written them.

At Paris he was presented to the Duke of Wellington, and afterwards to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, with whom he

dined at the Earl of Cathcart's. On that occasion he wore a uniform, and the Czar's first question, glancing at his lameness, was—"In what affair were you wounded?" Scott replied that the lameness was a natural infirmity; upon which his majesty said, I thought that Lord Cathcart told me you had served." The poet, seeing some embarrassment on the earl's face, answered promptly, "O yes, in a certain sense I have served, that is in the yeomanry cavalry; a home force, resembling the Landwehr or Landsturm." "Under what commander?" "Sous M. le Chevalier Rae." "Were you ever engaged?" "In some slight action, such as the *battle of the Cross-Causeway*, and the affair of of Moredun Mill." This satisfied the Czar, and the quiz was undiscovered. The "battle of the Cross-Causeway," is described in our third chapter as glorying in the presence of Greenbreeks, heroic but unfortunate. Moredun Mill was probably another of the same.

Old Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, became exceedingly fond of Scott, and although they had no mutual language by which to communicate, the old soldier would stop his horse in the streets, and dismounting, run up to the poet and kiss him on either cheek. Marshal Forwards (Blücher) showed the same affection for him.

One of the most remarkable things in Paul's letter is a prophecy that the legitimate family will not long retain their favour, and that France will probably choose for her king the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe. It is found in the sixteenth letter.

On his return to Great Britain, Scott saw Byron for the last time, as has already been mentioned, and visited the castles of Kennilworth and Warwick. While at Birmingham he bought a fine, many-bladed planter's knife, wrote his name "Walter

Scott of Abbotsford," and ordered it to be engraved on the handle. A young kinsman who was travelling with him, liking the knife, ordered one at the same shop, and handed his card to the master. The latter looked at it for a moment and exclaimed! "John Scott of Gala! Well, I hope your ticket may serve me in as good stead as another Mr. Scott's has just done. Upon my word, one of my best men, an honest fellow from the North, went out of his senses when he saw it; he offered me a week's work if I would let him keep it to himself, and I took *Saunders* at his word."

A little event, though of intrinsic unimportance, is worth recording, as illustrative of the great kindness of heart and fear of giving pain which characterised Walter Scott. During his absence, his wife had caused the usual sitting-room to be newly hung, and was very well pleased with its improved effect. Much to her annoyance, her husband sat quietly in his arm chair, and was occupied only by the pleasant feeling of being at home. After some vain attempts to attract his attention to the changes, she was at last obliged to tell him with some little vexation to look at them. "His sorrow," says Mr. Skene, who was present, "for his lack of observation and the momentary grief it had caused to his wife, was very great; and throughout the whole evening he was constantly saying something kind and consoling to *mamma*."

He had brought some little token to everybody about the house; some proof that he had thought of each and all when away from them. Two years later when Mr. Irving paid a visit to Abbotsford, he saw one old fellow to whom Scott had brought a snuff-box from Paris, and who kept it religiously for Sundays. "Sic a mull," he said, "as that, was nae for week days."

This year the Ettrick Shepherd had devised some plan by which he and Byron and Scott were to work together and take the world by storm. On Scott's declining the copartnership, Jamie flew into a rage and wrote to his friend a letter of the most virulent abuse, accusing Scott of envy and jealousy of his (Hogg's) superior natural genius, beginning "Damned Sir," and ending "Believe me, sir, yours with disgust." This, of course, produced a cessation of intercourse for weeks or months. Then Jamie wrote a penitent letter, and Scott, with his usual good nature, bade him "Think no more of the business, and come to breakfast the next morning."

The year 1815 closed by a foot-ball play, under the patronage of his grace, the Duke of Buccleugh, between the men of Yarrow Vale and the men of Selkirk. The ancient banner of the race of Scott was displayed, and little Walter, the poet's eldest son, had the honour of bearing it. All the neighbouring nobles and gentry gathered to the fête, Jamie Hogg was lieutenant of the Yarrow men, and Scott directed the *Sutors* (shoemakers) of Selkirk. The play was brisk, but the game was a drawn one. It produced Scott's fine clan song, the "Lifting of the Banner."

"Up, up with the banner! let forest winds fan her!
She has blazed o'er old Ettrick eight ages and more.
In spirit we'll attend her, in battle defend her
With heart and with hand like our fathers of yore."

Jamie Hogg's autobiography furnishes an amusing instanco of his self-conceit on this occasion. He was about to sit down at a side-table reserved for the children of the ducal house and their guests, when Scott drew him away, saving that "that

table was for the little lords and ladies and their playmates," and seated him at the table prepared for older persons, between himself and the Laird of Harden. But Jamie, who probably did not mark the word "*little*," fancied that Scott was keeping him away from the duke and his family, for, says he, "I am convinced he was afraid of my *getting to be too great a favourite with the young ladies of Buccleugh.*"

This year, on the 15th of January, appeared, as we have seen, the "Lord of the Isles;" on the 14th of February, "Guy Mannering," which was written in six weeks. In October, he printed for the relief of widows and orphans of the soldiers, "The Field of Waterloo;" and put into the hands of his printers, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," although it was not published until 1816.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BROTHER'S DEATH—VISIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

1816—1817.

In the spring of 1816, Mr. Terry produced his dramatized "Guy Mannering" upon the London boards, and it met with very great success. From a letter which Scott wrote to him in April, we learn that the poet had just been introduced to a Dandie Dinmont, or at least to the owner of the Pepper and Mustard Terriers. Dandie was modest, and said "he believed it was only the dougs that was in the buik and no himsel'." As the surveyor of taxes was passing his place, the whole family of spicily-named "dougs" rushed out at him as in duty bound, and Dandie, who well knew that their number much exceeded his license, followed them roaring out, "The tae hauf o' them is but whalps man!"

As time lapses away the family grows smaller; unfortunate sister Anne and poor disgraced Daniel are both dead—the rough, song-singing midshipman sleeps in far India, and now the elder brother, John Scott, dies on the 8th of May, and the

old mother, who bore her husband thirteen children, has none left now but Walter, and Thomas who is away in Canada.

Scott arrived too late to see his brother alive, a new sorrow for him. But the Major was buried and the property divided, and Walter, in informing Thomas of their heritage of £6,000, reminds him that they are now but two—that both are growing older, and should see each other, face to face once more. That also was not to be.

In writing the "Antiquary," which appeared in May, the author had one day set John Ballantyne to hunt for a motto in Beaumont and Fletcher, but as it was long in coming, he cried out, "Hang it, Johnnie, I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one." He did make one, and ever afterward, if his memory did not serve him, he pursued the same plan, and wrote those lines from "*old play*," or "old ballad," of which we know so many at the head of his chapters.

"Jocund Johnny" was still no better at arranging his affairs than at finding mottos, and it is painful to see his incessant drawing upon Scott, and the brave man's violent labour to support it. When the "Tales of my Landlord" were getting ready, Constable was found rather dilatory in agreeing to the terms proposed, and the book was sold to Murray and Blackwood, whereby "Johnny" got rid of £500 worth more of his heavy books.

While these volumes were in the hands of the printers, Scott found time for a Highland excursion, with a pair of London ladies. But the weather was so bad that the poet was "perfectly ashamed of it:" the travellers were reduced to cards and small-talk, and the only comfort was when Master Walter, who

was growing tall, and who had succeeded to his father's gun, would bring them in moor-fowl for dinner.

Abbotsford grew as rapidly and more expensively than Gilnockie. It was becoming Gothic with old ornaments from the Edinburgh Tolbooth, and from "fair Melrose." Painted windows were contemplated, and the lands had increased from one hundred and fifty to nearly a thousand acres. The neighbourhood was held by small proprietors (*cocklairds*, the Scotch call them), who soon saw that Scott could not resist the temptation of buying a convenient bit of land, and who arranged their prices accordingly. The house was no longer to be a mere "English parsonage," but as its owner writes to Lord Montague, "an old English hall, like that in which your squire of £500 a year drank his ale in days of yore."

The author of "Old Mortality" was now attacked by the Rev. Dr. M'Crie for his delineation of the Covenanters and was obliged, in his refutation of the Doctor's charges, written for the Quarterly Review, to consume all the material which, perhaps, might have furnished another novel as fine as the one in question. It was followed by "Harold the Dauntless," in 1817.

Scott had, about this time, some ambition to become a baron of the Exchequer, but it resulted in nothing. While the matter was pending, in the month of March, he was visited with the first serious illness that he had known since childhood. It was at the close of a gay dinner that he was seized with so agonizing a spasm of cramp in the stomach, that even his powerful nature gave way, and he rushed from the room with a scream of agony. They bled and blistered him into a more comfortable condition; but his recovery was very slow and

tedious, and he continued to be visited by the same disorder at intervals during two years.

While still in a state of mere convalescence, he plotted the "Doom of Denvirgoil," and in the same month, after his recovery, he wrote for John Philip Kemble the "Farewell to the Scottish Stage."

In May, "Rob Roy" was sold to Constable, and more unsaleable works passed to the Crafty's shelves from "Jocund Johnnie's" stock.

In July the poet visited the Lennox, chiefly to see a cave on Loch Lomond, which had once been a haunt of Rob Roy; thence to Glasgow, to renew his memories of the old Cathedral; and thence

"To Ross, where the clouds on Ben-Lomond are sleeping;
To Greenock, where Clyde to the ocean is sweeping;
To Largs, where the Scotch gave the northmen a drilling;
To Ardrossan, whose harbour cast many a shilling;
To old Cumnock, where beds are as hard as a plank, sir;
To a chop and green peas and a chicken at Sanquhar."

In the autumn, £10,000 worth of new land was added to the Abbotsford demesne, and an old school friend, Sir Adam Ferguson, safely returned from Torres Vedras, became a tenant of the poet.

But this has brought us to the visit of one honoured alike upon the heath of Scotland and amid the green forests of his own native land, Washington Irving. He, with the true modesty of genius, feared to interrupt Scott in his labour, and sent up to the house merely a pencilled card, saying that he was on his way to visit the ruins of Melrose, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Scott to receive a visit

in the course of the morning. "The children," says Mr. Lockhart, "well remember the delight which this card caused to their father"—a delight easily imagined by all who know aught of Scott and of Irving.

As soon as the latter shall have eaten his breakfast, on the 30th of August, at Selkirk, we shall see him, fortified by a letter from Thomas Campbell, going to Abbotsford, and hear him in his own inimitable way telling what greeting awaited him there:

"While the postillion was on his errand, I had time to survey the mansion. It stood some short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed, and was as yet but a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting-lodge. The huge baronial pile, to which this modest mansion in a manner gave birth, was just emerging into existence; part of the walls, surrounded by scaffolding, already had risen to the height of the cottage, and the court-yard in front was encumbered by masses of hewn stone.

"The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarum brought out the whole garrison of dogs—

> "'Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree,'

all open-mouthed and vociferous. I should correct my quota-

tion. Not a cur was to be seen on the premises. Scott was too true a sportsman, and had too high a veneration for pure blood to tolerate a mongrel.

"In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor.

"By his side jogged along a large iron-grey stag-hound of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

"Before Scott had reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand, 'Come, drive down, drive down to the house,' said he, 'ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the abbey.'

"I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. 'Hout, man,' cried he; 'a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills, is warrant enough for a second breakfast.'

"I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast-table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of

Mrs. Scott, her eldest daughter Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen, Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger, Walter, a well-grown stripling, and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. 'You must not think our neighbourhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper,' said Scott; 'it takes several days of study for an observant traveller that has a relish for auld world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighbourhood it stands in, and he and my friend Johnny Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a good deal more that you are not called on to believe, unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. When you come back I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighbourhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing.' In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance had suddenly opened before me."

Then came a walk with Master Charles, and introductions to some of Scott's humbler friends; a visit to glorious, ruined, melancholy Melrose, and then a return to the house. Not, however, to rest; for his host had prepared another ramble to see the neighbouring country, and to wake up the Scottish

blood of Washington Irving to some new beauties in "poor old, rugged, heath-clad Scottish fatherland," the love of which was so imperishably woven with the strings of his heart. And the dogs were with them, and every bark and bound produced an illustration from the glorious story-teller; and "straight old fellows with silver hair," were met, and suggested new themes of conversation.

"We rambled on among scenes which had been familiar in Scottish song, and rendered classical by the pastoral muse, long before Scott had thrown the rich mantle of his poesy over them. What a thrill of pleasure did I feel when I first saw the broom-covered tops of the Cowden Knowes peeping above the grey hills of the Tweed; and what touching associations were called up by the sight of Ettrick Vale, Galawater, and the braes of Yarrow!"

They talked of Robert Burns, that glorious Scottish heart which God had given and man had broken; and then of Scottish songs in general; "and while Scott was thus discoursing, we were passing up a narrow glen, with the dogs beating about to right and left, when suddenly a black cock burst upon the wing.

"'Aha!' cried Scott, 'there will be a good shot for Master Walter; we must send him this way with his gun, when we go home; Walter's the family sportsman now, and keeps us in game. I have pretty nigh resigned my gun to him; for I find I cannot trudge about as briskly as formerly.'

"Our ramble took us on the hills, commanding an extensive prospect. 'Now,' said Scott, 'I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the Pilgrim's Progress, to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions here-

abouts. Yonder is Lammermuir and Smalholme, and there you have Gallashiels and Torwoodlee and Gallawater; and in that direction you see Teviotdale, and the braes of Yarrow, and Ettrick stream winding along like a silver thread, to throw itself into the Tweed.'

"He went on thus to call over names celebrated in Scottish song, and most of which had recently received a romantic interest from his own pen. In fact, I saw a great part of the border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances which had, in a manner, bewitched the world. I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise—I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of grey waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks; and yet, such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I beheld in England.

"I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts. Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. 'It may be partiality,' said he, at length, 'but to my eye these grey hills, and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if

I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die!"

Yes, Irving says, "he said it with an honest warmth," and struck his staff down into the soil, there where the roots of his Scottish heart clung, nursed by the chill mists, so constant and, to a stranger, so dreary, of that beloved land, where the air breathes inspiration and the mountain nurtures, and the song of the vexed ocean lulls, and the heath flower decorates the cradle of a harvest of heroic hearts. Sad harvest, reaped oftenest by the sword upon well contested battle fields. But they fall in the fore-front of battle, 'neath the banner that they die for, and room shall be found for them in the garner of God!

"At dinner Scott had laid by his rustic dress and appeared clad in black. The girls, too, in completing their toilet, had twisted in their hair the sprigs of purple heather which they had gathered on the hill side, and looked all fresh and blooming from their breezy walk.

"After dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room, which served also for study and library. Against the wall on one side was a long writing-table, with drawers; surmounted by a small cabinet of polished wood, with folding doors richly studded with brass ornaments, within which Scott kept his most valuable papers. Above the cabinet, in a kind of niche, was a complete corslet of glittering steel, with a closed helmet, and flanked by gauntlets and battle-axes. Around were hung trophies and relics of various kinds; a cimeter of Tippoo Saib; a Highland broadsword from Floddenfield; a pair of Rippon spurs from Bannockburn; and above all, a gun which had belonged to Rob Roy, and bore his initials, R. M. G., an object of peculiar inter-

est to me at the time, as it was understood Scott was actually engaged in printing a novel founded on the story of that famous outlaw.

"On each side of the cabinet were book-cases, well stored with works of romantic fiction in various languages, many of them rare and antiquated. This, however, was merely his cottage library, the principal part of his books being at Edinburgh.

"From this little cabinet of curiosities Scott drew forth a manuscript picked up on the field of Waterloo, containing copies of several songs popular at the time in France. The paper was dabbled with blood—'the very life-blood, very possibly,' said Scott, 'of some gay young officer, who had cherished these songs as a keepsake from some lady love in Paris.'

"He adverted in a mellow and delightful manner to the little half gay, half melancholy campaigning song, said to have been composed by General Wolfe, and sung by him at the mess table, on the eve of the storming of Quebec, in which he fell so gloriously.

"The evening passed away delightfully in this quaint looking apartment, half-study, half drawing-room. Scott read several passages from the old romance of Arthur, with a fine deep sonorous voice, and a gravity of tone that seemed to suit the antiquated, black-letter volume. It was a rich treat to hear such a work, read by such a person, and in such a place; and his appearance as he sat reading, in a large armed chair, with his favourite hound Maida at his feet, and surrounded by books and relics, and border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic picture.

"His daughter Sophia and his son Charles were those of his family who seemed most to feel and understand his humours,

and to take delight in his conversation. Mrs. Scott did not always pay the same attention, and would now and then make a casual remark which would operate a little like a damper. Thus, one morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thompson the tutor was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the laird of Macnab, 'who, poor fellow!' premised he, 'is dead and gone—' 'Why, Mr. Scott,' exclaimed the good lady, 'Macnab's not dead, is he?' 'Faith, my dear,' replied Scott, with humourous gravity, if he's not dead they've done him great injustice,—for they've buried him.'

"The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table."

In the morning, another walk, with the story of Lauckie Longlegs, and much about True Thomas of Ercildoune, and then, "Scott continued on, leading the way as usual, and limping up the wizard glen, talking as he went, but as his back was toward me, I could only hear the deep growling tones of his voice, like the low breathing of an organ, without distinguishing the words, until pausing, and turning his face towards me, I found he was reciting some scrap of border minstrelsy about Thomas the Rhymer. This was continually the case in my ramblings with him about this storied neighbourhood. His mind was fraught with the traditionary fictions connected with every object around him, and he would breathe it forth as he went, apparently as much for his own gratification as for that of his companion.

'Nor hill, nor brook we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.'

His voice was deep and sonorous; he spoke with a Scottish accent, and with somewhat of the Northumbrian 'burr,' which, to my mind, gave a doric strength and simplicity to his elocution. His recitation of poetry was, at times, magnificent."

More dogs and beggars, on this ramble, and on the return home we get into other company, a well-bred, stupid gentleman, and his companion, a decent parson. The gentleman does not understand Scott's jokes, but adores him in silence; honest Mess John laughs heartily, and Scott likes him the better for it; for he says, "I have a great regard for hearty laughter."

Scott talks of English travellers coming so numerously of late into old Scotland, and of the harm they do; but Irving tells him that he is much to blame, for who would not desire to see the scenes of Waverley novel, or of Poem by Walter Scott.

"Scott laughed, and said he believed I might be in some measure in the right, as he recollected a circumstance in point. Being one time at Glenross, an old woman who kept a small inn, which had but little custom, was uncommonly officious in her attendance upon him, and absolutely incommoded him with her civilities. The secret at length came out. As he was about to depart, she addressed him with many curtsies, and said she understood he was the gentleman that had written a bonnie book about Loch Katrine. She begged him to write a little about their lake also, for she understood his book had done the inn at Loch Katrine a muckle deal of good.

"On the following day, I made an excursion with Scott and the young ladies to Dryburgh Abbey. We went in an open carriage, drawn by two sleek old black horses, for which Scott seemed to have an affection, as he had for every dumb animal

that belonged to him. Our road lay through a variety of scenes, rich in poetical and historical associations, about most of which Scott had something to relate. In one part of the drive he pointed to an old border keep, or fortress, on the summit of a naked hill, several miles off, which he called Smallholm Tower, and a rocky knoll on which it stood, the 'Sandy Knowe crags.' It was a place, he said, peculiarly dear to him, from the recollections of childhood."

Then they have a chat about Tom Purdie, and an antiquarian talk, and so they go onward together.

"Our ramble this morning took us again up the Rhymer's Glen, and by Huntley Bank, and Huntley Wood, and the silver waterfall overhung with weeping birches and mountain ashes, those delicate and beautiful trees which grace the green shaws and burnsides of Scotland. The heather, too, that closely woven robe of Scottish landscape which covers the nakedness of its hills and mountains, tinted the neighbourhood with soft and rich colours. As we ascended the glen, the prospects opened upon us; Melrose, with its towers and pinnacles, lay below; beyond was the Eidon hills, the Cowden Knowes, the Tweed, the Gallawater, and all the storied vicinity; the whole landscape varied by gleams of sunshine and driving showers.

"Scott, as usual, took the lead, limping along with great activity, and in joyous mood, giving scraps of border rhymes and border stories; two or three times in the course of our walk there were drizzling showers, which I supposed would put an end to our ramble, but my companions trudged on as unconcernedly as if it had been fine weather.

"At length, I asked whether we had not better seek some shelter. 'True,' said Scott, 'I did not recollect that you were

not accustomed to our Scottish mists. This is a lachrymose climate, evermore showering. We, however, are children of the mist, and must not mind a little whimpering of the clouds any more than a man must mind the weeping of an hysterical wife. As you are not accustomed to be wet through, as a matter of course, in a morning's walk, we will bide a bit under the lee of this bank until the shower is over. Taking his seat under shelter of a thicket, he called to his man George for his tartan, then turning to me, 'come,' said he, 'come under my plaidy, as the old song goes;' so, making me nestle down beside him, he wrapped a part of the plaid round me, and took me, as he said, under his wing."

Mr. Laidlaw was with them and spoke of Jamie Hogg; among other matters how he had written a poem called the Pilgrims of the Sun, "in the which were some matters hard to be understood." Blackwood wanted some very dark passage omitted or elucidated. Hogg was immoveable. "But man," said the publisher, "I dinna ken what you mean in this passage." "Hout tout, man," quo' Jamie Hogg, "I dinna ken what I mean mysel."

"That day at dinner, we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend who accompanied them. The latter was a very intelligent, respectable person, about the middle age, and was treated with particular attention and courtesy by Scott. Our dinner was a most agreeable one; for the guests were evidently cherished visitors to the house, and felt that they were appreciated.

"When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. 'I wished to show you,' said he, 'some of our really excellent, plain Scotch people; not fine gentlemen and

ladies, for such you can meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same. The character of a nation is not to be learnt from its fine folks.'

"He then went on with a particular eulogium on the lady who had accompanied the Laidlaws. She was the daughter, he said, of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having had a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scottish economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished, though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she in certain instances refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbours, who had befriended her father in his need, and had since fallen into poverty. 'In a word,' added Scott, 'she is a fine old Scotch girl; and I delight in her, more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest.'

"The only sad moment that I experienced at Abbotsford, was that of my departure; but it was cheered with the prospect of soon returning; for I had promised, after making a tour in the Highlands, to come and pass a few more days on the banks of the Tweed, when Scott intended to invite Hogg the poet to meet me. I took a kind farewell of the family, with each of whom I was highly pleased; if I have refrained from dwelling particularly on their several characters, and giving anecdotes of them individually, it is because I consider them shielded by the sanctity of domestic life: Scott, on the con-

trary, belongs to history. As he accompanied me on foot, however, to a small gate on the confines of his premises, I could not refrain from expressing the enjoyment I had experienced in his domestic circle, and passing some warm eulogiums on the young folks from whom I had just parted. I shall never forget his reply. 'They have kind hearts,' said he, 'and that is the main point as to human happiness. They love one another, poor things, which is everything in domestic life. The best wish I can make you, my friend,' added he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, 'is, that when you return to your own country, you may get married, and have a family of young bairns about you. If you are happy, there they are to share your happiness—and if you are otherwise—there they are to comfort you.'

"By this time we had reached the gate, when he halted, and took my hand. 'I will not say farewell,' said he, 'for it is always a painful word, but I will say, come again. When you have made your tour to the Highlands, come here and give me a few more days—but come when you please, you will always find Abbotsford open to you, and a hearty welcome."

We will end our permitted pilferings from Mr. Irving's exquisite sketch, by his description of Scott at this period.

"The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect, nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration,

and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me, that during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

"He was as good a listener as talker, appreciating everything that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

"It was delightful to observe the generous spirit in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works, and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

"His humour in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of bonhommie to Scott's humour throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights, but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.

"Such is a rough sketch of Scott, as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits, all the world can judge."

CHAPTER XV.

ABBOTSFORD—THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND—FEASTING—THE LAIRD A KNIGHT.

1817—1818.

THE distinguished American was succeeded by Lady Byron and Sir David Wilkie the painter. During the stay of the latter, he met the Ettrick Shepherd, who welcomed him very gracefully. He eyed the great artist for a moment in silence; and then stretching out his hand exclaimed "Thank God for it! I did not know you were so young a man!"

The letters of this period are filled with Abbotsford. Oaks, larches, and Scotch firs are to be set out; mullions, crotchets, gables, and quaint chimneys are much talked of. The old fountain of the Edinburgh Cross, which used to flow with wine, is to spout water in the Sheriff's garden. There is an armoury filled with armour, with weapons of every people from the Malay kreese to the Highland *claidhmohr;* the Creek's tomahawk lies near the Roman falchion; the Mohawk's and the Tartar's quivers hang peacefully side by side. Battle-axes, maces, helmet of knight and branching horn of elk; stags' feet from Canada, ox-horn drinking cups and odd Gælic *quaighs* are mingled. A skull

from Melrose Abbey grins from an antique ebony cabinet; and Beardie's broadsword rests near Rob Roy's *spleuchan.* And the master sits there at his work, master by this time of a village which he calls Abbotstown, and where the tenants have only to keep the houses and gardens clean and neat, and not to break the timber nor go birdnesting. Willie Laidlaw, having come to misfortune, is steward of the estate, and lives on the little farm of Kaeside there. The "parsonage" has become an "Old English hall," and is now fast growing into a lordly castle, and the master sits in his arm chair with Maida lying at his feet and looking up at him with loving eyes.

The romance of "Rob Roy" was received with the utmost enthusiasm; but without waiting to enjoy the shade of his new laurels, the author had ordered John Ballantyne to treat for the second series of the "Tales of my Landlord," and told him that he expected £5,000 for himself, which would serve to put him out of debt for the book concern, and enable him to return the caution of his friend the Duke of Buccleugh.

Blackwood, whose Magazine was lifting him rapidly into eminence, and Murray were so anxious to get the work, that "jocund Johnny" was enabled to arouse Constable's jealousy to such a pitch, that he not only acceded to Scott's demand, but at one clean sweep took all the rest of Ballantyne's unsaleable stock to the amount of £5,270.

In January, 1818, Scott and others were appointed commissioners to search in Holyrood for the ancient regalia of Scotland, which had lain for an hundred and eleven years unlooked upon. It was a very solemn thing for this earnest Scotchman to bring to light the ancient crown and sceptre of his country, the sword that Pope Julius II. had given to King James IV., and all the

other symbols of kingship before Scotland linked her fate with England's, and set her royal race upon the British throne.

Mrs. Lockhart so partook of the deep feeling and enthusiasm of her father, that when the iron-studded doors were opened, and the click of the workman's tools began to sound upon the ancient chest, she felt like fainting, and was about to retire. Just then the chest was opened, and a colder commissioner, lifting the ancient diadem, was about to place it laughingly upon the head of some young lady near him, when an indignant "By God, no!" burst from Scott's lips. The poor commissioner looked dreadfully embarrassed and put the crown aside. "Pray, forgive me," said Scott to him; and then turning round, he saw his daughter leaning, pale, against the doorway. He drew her arm in his, and led her home, not speaking a single word, but every now and then she felt his arm tremble. So earnestly had he filled his soul with love of country, that patriotism had ceased to be a theory; it was his breath of life; his heart's blood lived by it. Had he not even said, "If I did not see the heather, I should *die!*"

This was, perhaps, the period of Scott's most perfect prosperity. His income was not much less than twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, his literary exertions alone producing nearly ten thousand pounds. His family, grown up or nearly so, good, dutiful, and pleasing, were about him. His wife still in her prime, the old mother in good health and full possession of her senses, himself in his forty-eighth year. His estate was growing in beauty. A majority of his old friends, and school or college mates, were still around him. Those who had passed away from his side, had left their gentle memories in his soul. He was the "admired of all admirers:" his sovereign and his

chief were his personal friends. England and Ireland boasted of him, and every Scottish pulse beat quicker in his presence. His sun is at its zenith: by-and-bye it will decline and set.

Mr. Lockhart, who had just been introduced to him in May of this year (1818), describes his room as follows: "He at this time occupied as his *den*, a square, small room behind the dining-parlor in Castle street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was, on the whole, sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books, most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete stage of repair which, at a glance, reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed before him on a small movable frame, something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches; and whenever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan tacked on its front.

"The old bindings had obviously been re-touched and re-gilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy, a large proportion of blue morocco, all stamped with his device of the portcullis and its motto '*clausus tutus ero*,' being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically—history and biography on one side, poetry and the drama on another, law-books and dictionaries behind his own chair.

"The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby, with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis

might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of Sessions papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was an old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper-stand, etc. in silver; the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis.

"I observed, during the first evening that I spent with him in his *sanctum*, that while he talked his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers; sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled.

"The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks, each having its own story, disposed in star-fashion around them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window, and on the top of these lay a fox's tail mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture

of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from the higher shelves.

"On the top shelf of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt, so called from one of the German *Kindermärchen*, a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida choose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor square; the sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard upon the footstool *vice* Maida, absent upon furlough.

"Whatever discourse might be passing was broken every now and then by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood everything he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is and who is not really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room, before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation."

Scott gave as many dinners, if not more, than any private gentleman in Edinburgh; but he went to very few evening entertainments, for, early riser as he was, he went to bed as early. Now and then he would go to the theatre, but oftener would take a ride in an open carriage. He always dined at

home on Sundays, and had no guests but a few old friends; "dinners without the silver dishes," he called these quiet repasts.

His dinner was always but a secondary meal with him; his grand consumption was at breakfast. Most of his day's labour would be completed before that meal was ready, and then he would sit down before a table on which was laid

"Not one of *your* breakfasts, your cursed tea and toast,"

but a Scotch affair, a matter of omelettes, salmon, sheepshead, beefsteaks, cold rounds and mighty pasties. A broad wooden trencher at his elbow held a huge brown loaf, and he laid in a stock of provisions calculated to support one who was sheriff, clerk of sessions, housebuilder, editor, bookseller, letter-writer, poet, sight-shower and amphitryon, besides the monthly composer of a three or four volume romance, and a few essays for the Reviews. Often would the *Clerk's coach* in its daily round stop for him before he had finished, and he would swing out to join his brethren with a vast extemporised sandwich which might have satisfied Gargantua.

It is worthy of remark that more than one of his senses was very dull. He had not the slightest ear for music; could not even in his early days get through his psalmody without the birch, and such consequent wailing as to disturb the neighbours. For smell he could not notice even an overkept haunch of venison which was shocking all his guests. He never could tell Madeira from sherry, nay, had drank up half a bin of oriental *sheeraz* by mistake for the latter wine. He liked no wines but Bourdeaux and champagne, and preferred to either a tumbler of toddy or a *quaigh* of *mountain dew*. His own cup had belonged to Prince Charles Edward, and had a glass bottom, in

order that the drinker might keep his eye upon the dirk hand of his neighbour.

June and August of 1818 were passed in superintending the publication of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and a short visit to Rokeby, Carlisle, and Alnwick. Scott continued to be hunted down by tourists; it was impossible to be near Abbotsford without seeing some odd nondescript with pencil and sketch-book waiting for some opportunity to "*glower* at the lion." "When do you write?" asked Mr. Cadell. "I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for mere pen-work, but when is it that you think?" "Oh," said Scott, "I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up, and there's the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre;* and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations; and while Tom marks out a dike or drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world."

On the 8th of October, Mr. Lockhart and John Wilson (the professor), then both young "briefless barristers," were invited by Scott to spend a day or two with him, to meet some young people, and the poet's old school friends, Lord Melville, Sir Adam Ferguson, and the latter's brother, Captain John Ferguson. A merry time they had of it.

An article satirizing Constable and Blackwood's struggle for the possession of the first series of "Tales of my Landlord," had appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and both Wilson and Lockhart had had something to do with it. It was called the "Chaldee Manuscript," and part of it ran on this wise: "When the spirits were gone, the Crafty said unto him-

self, I will arise and go unto a magician which is one of my friends: of a surety he will devise some remedy, and free me out of all my distress. So he arose, and came unto that great magician, which hath his dwelling in the old fastness hard by the river Jordan, which is by the Border." But the Crafty failed in his mission, and then "he turned about and went out of the fastness. And he shook the dust from his feet, and said, Behold, I have given this magician much money, yet see now he hath utterly deserted me. Verily, my fine gold hath perished." Chap. iii. vs. 26, 27, 34.

As Scott was exhibiting the progress of his castle to his friends old and young, and pointing out that the dark granite was already beginning to assume a "time-honoured" air, Ferguson, with a grave and respectful look, observed, "Yes, it really has much the air of some old fastness by the river Jordan." The young folks laughed, and Scott drew in his under lip with a "Toots Adam, toots Adam." He then described a fine embankment which had been entirely swept away by a flood. Whereupon Ferguson groaned out, "Verily, my fine gold hath perished!" The great magician flourished his stout oaken staff, as if about to strike the mocker, but only waved it round his own head, and laughed more heartily than any one.

At dinner, a piper, John of Skye, strutted about the green, and blew wild screams out by the multitude, for the which he was called in and rewarded with the quarter of an English pint of raw whiskey, which he bolted without winking, and went back with renewed strength to his bagpipes. Then the old schoolfellows renewed their youth and fought over their bickers, not forgetting the "Battle of the Cross Causeway," but toasting with solemn honours the memory of *Greenbreeks.*

After dinner they mounted to a turret which overlooked a glorious panorama, with the Eildon hills framing the distance, beautiful Melrose lying at their base, and the waters of the Tweed and the Gala sparkling in delicious moonlight. The poet, leaning on the battlement, seemed to hang over the beautiful vision, as if he had never seen it before. "If I live," he said, "I will build me a higher tower, with a more spacious platform, and a staircase better fitted for an old fellow's scrambling." The piper was heard retuning his instrument below, and he called on him for "*Lochaber no more!*" John of Skye obeyed, and as the music rose, softened by the distance, Scott repeated in a low key the melancholy words of the song of exile.

Then down to the ladies for a chat and a merry dance, the piper furnishing the music, and Scott and *Dominie Thompson* looking on and beating time with staff and wooden leg. Then mulled wine and whiskey toddy with a biscuit, and so to bed.

Before breakfast was over there arrived so mighty a post-bag that the guests in astonishment asked the reason. He answered that it was always so, and that although large franking privileges were at his service, his postage bill still amounted to £150 annually. He was deluged with all manner of letters. On one occasion, a young lady of New York sent him a manuscript play, called the "Cherokee Lovers," requesting him to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, bring it out at Drury Lane, and get a handsome price for it from Murray or Constable. Postage, five pounds. In about a fortnight another package arrived, out of which, on being opened, popped another copy of the Cherokees, with another letter, saying that as the winds had been boisterous, she thought

that the vessel containing the tragedy might possibly have foundered, and therefore took the precaution of sending another copy. Postage, five pounds more.

After dinner a delightful walk, during which Scott exhibited Melrose Abbey, and discoursed learnedly on the monastic institution and its uses. Then to Dryburgh, where, in the sepulchral aisle, slept his Haliburton ancestors, and where he said "he hoped, in God's appointed time, to lay his bones among their dust."

On their return home they found Mrs. Scott doing the amiable for a lawyer and an Unitarian minister fresh from New England; "tall, lanky young men" were they, "both rigged out in new jackets and trousers of Macgregor tartan." They had amiably shared the lady's luncheon, had inquired Scott's age and her own, and had popped her answers down in their note-books, under her eyes. She supposed that they had letters, and when, on the sheriff's appearance, they began to compliment him, she interrupted them to suggest the production of their credentials. They had none. Then Scott said that his dinner hour was at hand, and that, as they probably intended to walk to Melrose, he would not trespass on their time any longer. Whereupon the tall, lanky young men vanished, new jackets of Macgregor tartan, trousers, note-books, and all.

But no sooner were they off than the kind heart repented. "Hang the Yayoos, Charlotte," said he, "but we should have bid they stay for dinner." "Devil a bit, my dear," cried Capt. John Ferguson, who had been assisting Mrs. Scott to entertain the guests; "they were quite in a mistake, I could see. The one asked madam whether she designed to call her new house Tully-Veolan or Tullytudlem; and the other, when Maida

happened to lay his nose against the window, exclaimed, '*Pro-di-gi-ous!*' In short, they evidently meant all their humbug, not for you, but for the culprit of the 'Waverley' and the rest of that there rubbish." "Well, well Skipper," Scott answered, "for a' that, the loons would hae been none the waur o' their kail."

In October a still more extensive jollification took place—the *heating* of the new dining-room. Young Walter had for a year or so been cornet in the yeomanry cavalry, and on his birth-day, October 28th, the whole troop dined at the house; the lawn glittered with sabres, standards, and bright uniforms, and rung with the scream of the bagpipes. Grand was the entertainment. "Every thing," says the host, "went off very well, and as cavalry have this advantage over infantry, that their *legs* never get drunk, they retired in decent disorder about ten o'clock."

We have heard some very extraordinary assertions about Scott's baronetcy—how he laid aside the dignity of literature by accepting it—nay, that he intrigued for it—that he purchased it! We have searched diligently for the source of these assertions, and can find none. We conclude the falsehoods, therefore, to have the common origin of such things, the innate envy and meanness of an intrinsically base heart. Scott was of too ancient a *noblesse* to consider himself ennobled by title; and surely we have seen enough of the man to know that he could not have stooped to beg for it, or indeed for anything else.

The facts are simply these: Towards the end of November, 1818, Scott received from Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary of State, the formal announcement of the Prince Regent's

desire (which had already been privately communicated to him) to confer on him the rank of a baronet, as a testimony of the regent's respect for literature, and for Scott as its representative and as an individual worthy of honour. The honour was not to be conferred on a *batch*, but on Scott alone at the time: it was entirely unsolicited, and coming from the source of rank in an aristocratic country, was as honourable a distinction as could be conferred or received. The title had been borne by his ancestors in the seventeenth century, and though unnecessary to the poet, would be of positive use and benefit to his son, whose profession was that of arms. "The Duke of Buccleugh," writes Scott, "and Scott of Harden, who, as the heads of my clan and sources of my gentry, are good judges of what I ought to do, have both given me their earnest opinion, to accept an honour directly derived from the source of honour, and *neither begged nor bought*, as is the usual fashion."

Scott was created baronet on the 30th of March, 1820, by George IV., at London.

Christmas was kept joyously at Abbotsford, all the children of the estate calling on the laird to dance to the pipes, and get a piece of cake and bannock, and pence apiece.

During the month of December he sold all his existing copyrights to Messrs. Constable for £12,000, binding the publisher never to divulge the name of the author of "Waverley" in his lifetime, under a penalty of two thousand pounds sterling.

The literary work of the last three years is as follows: 1816, January, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk;" May, "The Antiquary;" October, "The Historical part of the Edinburgh

Annual Register;" December, "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality."

1817. January, "Harold the Dauntless;" "The Sultan of Serendib;" "Kemble's Farewell Address;" shortly followed by more history for the "Register" and an introduction to "Border Antiquities."

December, "Rob Roy."

1818. Besides articles for the "Quarterly Review," and an account of the "Scottish Regalia," in June appeared "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" and the "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." Beside these, his occasional poems, essays and sketches are to be considered.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM PURDIE—JOHNNY BOWER—SCOTT'S DOGS AND HORSES.

ALLUSION has often been made to Scott's great kindness and forbearance with his humbler friends. As a boy, we have seen him choosing the poor humanity student for the companion of his walks, and, after scraping an acquaintance with the old bluegown, his father, dining in state with him on mutton and potatoes.

Later in life, at Lasswade, or Ashestiel, in his raids to Liddesdale with honest Shortreed, he was ever the prime favourite with all the Dandie Dinmonts and Jocks o' the Hawston Cleugh, the merriest at the kirn or wedding, the rarest hand at a joke or story, and "no that ill at breaking the neck o' a bowl of toddy."

Wherever he chanced to be settled, a half-dozen quaint fellows were found about him, he spoiling them and they adoring him. He had scarcely been a week at Ashestiel when he made the acquaintance of honest Tóm Purdie, who continued his humble, faithful friend and servant, until the day of his death. Tom was brought before the sheriff on a charge of poaching, but moved the heart of Scott by his touching story—a wife and many children, little work and plenty of game, with

the sauce of poverty to give it zest. All this, told with a good deal of sly humor, procured his acquittal, and he was employed first as shepherd, and finally as *grieve* or farm-steward; and the Sheriff never had reason to repent of his kindness.

He is said to have sate for Chrystal Nixon's portrait in Redgauntlet. "He was, perhaps, sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair only grizzled, not whitened by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired perhaps by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like the hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth that might have become the jaws of an ogre, complete this delightful portrait."

"Sophia Scott," says Mr. Irving, "used to call him her father's grand vizier, and she gave a playful account one evening, as she was hanging on her father's arm, of the consultations which he and Tommie used to have about matters relative to farming. Purdie was tenacious of his opinions, and he and Scott would have long disputes in front of the house, as to something that was to be done on the estate, until the latter, fairly tired out, would abandon the ground and the argument, exclaiming, 'Well, well, Tom, have it your own way.'

"After a time, however, Purdie would present himself at the door of the parlour, and observe, 'I ha' been thinking over the

matter, and upon the whole I think I'll take your honour's advice.'

"Scott laughed heartily when this anecdote was told of him. 'It was with him and Tom,' he said, 'as it was with an old laird and a pet servant, whom he had indulged until he was positive beyond all endurance. 'This won't do!' cried the old laird, in a passion, 'we can't live together any longer—we must part.' 'An' where the diel does your honour mean to go?' replied the other."

In 1820, Mr. Lockhart remembers taking a Sunday walk with Scott, fat Mr. Constable, thin John Ballantyne, and honest Tom Purdie. It tasked Constable severely to follow the rapid step of Sir Walter; and he panted after him laboriously, stopping every now and then to wipe his forehead, and exclaim that "it was not every author who should lead him such a dance."

All this very much tickled stout Tom Purdie; and when Scott exclaimed, "This will be a glorious season for our trees, Tom!" he replied with a look at the publisher, "Aye, my certy, and for our *buiks*, too!"

As they walked homeward, Sir Walter being somewhat fatigued, leant his hand upon the shoulder of his "Sunday pony," as he called his faithful grieve, and walked along chatting with him. There however arose a dispute between them as to the cutting down of some trees, and Scott was ruffled, and removing his hand from Tom's collar, placed it upon Mr. Constable's shoulder, while the poor "Sunday pony" dropped a step or two behind. But matters could not go on thus; and in a few minutes, as the faithful fellow sprang forward to open a gate, "Give us a pinch of your snuff, Tom," said Scott. The mull was produced, and the hand resumed its place. On the

green in front of the house were some cottage chairs, and the gentlemen sate down in them, while Purdie lounged uneasily about. At last, "Would you speak a word, Shirra?" said he. Sir Walter rose, and going with him into the garden, asked what he wanted. "Aweel," said Tom, "I hae been thinkin' the matter ower, and I think I'll *tak your advice about thae trees.*"

Tom had been many years with Sir Walter, and being constantly in such company, had insensibly picked up some of the taste and feeling of a higher order. "When I came here first," said Tom to Mrs. Laidlaw, the factor's wife, "I was little better than a beast, and knew nae mair than a cow what was pretty and what was ugly. I was cuif enough to think that the bonniest thing in a country-side was a corn-field enclosed in four stane dykes; but now I ken the difference. Look this way, mistress, and I'll show you what the gentlefolks likes. See ye there now the sun glinting on Melrose Abbey? It's no aw bright, nor it's no aw shadows neither, but just a bit screed o' light here, and a bit o' dark yonder like, and that's what they ca' picturesque; and, indeed, it maun be confessed it is unco bonnie to look at!"

Sir Walter wished to have a road made through a straight belt of trees which had been planted before he purchased the property, but being obliged to return to Edinburgh, he entrusted it to Tom Purdie, his right-hand man. "Tom," said he, "you must not make this walk straight, neither must it be crooked." "Deil, sir! than what maun it be like?" "Why," said his master, "don't you remember when you were a shepherd, Tom, the way in which you daundered hame of an even? You never walked straight to your house, nor did you go much about; now make me just such a walk as you used to take yourself."

Accordingly, Tom's walk is a standing proof of the skill and taste of the shepherd, as well as of the happy power which his master possessed, in trifles as well as in great affairs, of imparting his ideas to those he wished to influence.

In the autumn of 1829 came the parting of the sheriff and his honest servant. He came in one evening, and leaning his head upon the table, went to sleep, apparently in the full enjoyment of health and vigor. But when they came to call him to supper, poor Tom was dead. Sir Walter was inexpressibly shocked, and was long in recovering from the blow. He buried his grieve near Melrose Abbey, and placed a neat monument over his grave, bearing the following inscription:

"In grateful remembrance of the faithful and attached services of twenty-two years, and in sorrow for the loss of an humble but sincere friend, this stone was erected by Sir Walter Scott, Bart., of Abbotsford.

"Here lies the body of Thomas Purdie, wood-forester to Abbotsford, who died 29th October, 1829, aged sixty-two years."—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Matt. xxv. 21.

Tom's brother-in-law, Peter Mathieson, was Scott's coachman, and also a great favourite. He was a strict, worthy Presbyterian, and his master had a favourite seat near his house, whither he used to stroll after sundown to listen to Peter's evening psalm.

Another great favourite was old Johnny Bower, with whom Mr. Irving was much delighted. Johnny was, says he, "sexton of the parish and custodian of the ruin, employed to keep it in order, and show it to strangers—a worthy little man, not without ambition in his humble sphere. The death of his predecessor had

been mentioned in the newspapers, so that his name had appeared in print throughout the land. When Johnny succeeded to the guardianship of the ruin, he stipulated that, on his death, his name should receive like honourable blazon; with this addition, that it should be from the pen of Scott. The latter gravely pledged himself to pay this tribute to his memory, and Johnny now lived in the proud anticipation of a poetic immortality.

"I found Johnny Bower a decent-looking little old man, in his blue coat and red waistcoat. He received us with much greeting, and seemed delighted to see my young companion, who was full of merriment and waggery, drawing out his peculiarities for my amusement. The old man was one of the most authentic and particular of cicerones; he pointed out everything in the Abbey that had been described by Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and would repeat, with broad Scottish accent, the passage which celebrated it.

"Thus, in passing through the cloisters, he made me remark the beautiful carvings of leaves and flowers wrought in stone with the most exquisite delicacy, and, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, retaining their sharpness as if fresh from the chisel; rivalling, as Scott has said, the real objects of which they were imitations:

> "'Nor herb nor flowret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.'

"He pointed out also among the carved work, a nun's head of great beauty, which he said Scott always stopped to admire, 'for the shirra had a wonderful eye for all sic matters.'

"I would observe that Scott seemed to derive more conse-

quence in the neighbourhood from being sheriff of the county, than from being poet.

"In the interior of the Abbey, Johnny Bower conducted me to the identical stone on which Stout William of Deloraine and the monk took their seat on that memorable night when the wizard's book was to be rescued from the grave. Nay, Johnny had even gone beyond Scott in the minuteness of his antiquarian research, for he had discovered the very tomb of the wizard, the position of which had been left in doubt by the poet. This he boasted to have ascertained by the position of the Oriel window, and the direction in which the moonbeams fell at night, through the stained glass, casting the shadow to the red cross on the spot, as had all been specified in the poem. 'I pointed out the whole to the shirra,' said he, 'and he could na gainsay but it was varra clear.'

"He could not bear that auy other production of the poet should be preferred to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' 'Faith,' said he to me, 'it's just e'en as gude a thing as Mr. Scott has written—an' if he were stannin' there I'd tell him so—an' then he'd lauff.'

"He was loud in his praises of the affability of Scott. 'He'll come here sometimes,' said he, 'with great folks in his company, an' the first I know of it is his voice, calling out Johnny!—Johnny Bower!—and when I go out, I am sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and lauff wi' me, just like an auld wife—and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history.

"One of the ingenious devices on which the worthy little man prided himself, was to place a visitor opposite to the Abbey, with his back to it, and bid him bend down and look at

it between his legs. This, he said, gave an entirely different aspect to the ruin. Folks admired the plan amazingly; but as to the 'leddies,' they were dainty on the matter, and contented themselves with looking from under their arms.

"As Johnny Bower piqued himself upon showing everything laid down in the poem, there was one passage that perplexed him sadly. It was the opening of one of the cantos:

> "'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day,
> Gild but to flout the ruins grey,' &c.

"In consequence of this admonition, many of the most devout pilgrims to the ruin could not be contented with a daylight inspection, and insisted it could be nothing, unless seen by the light of the moon. Now, unfortunately, the moon shines but for a part of the month; and what is still more unfortunate, is very apt in Scotland to be obscured by clouds and mists. Johnny was sorely puzzled, therefore, how to accommodate his poetry-struck visitors with this indispensable moonshine. At length, in a lucky moment, he devised a substitute. This was a great double tallow candle stuck upon the end of a pole, with which he could conduct his visitors about the ruins on dark nights, so much to their satisfaction that, at length, he began to think it even preferable to the moon itself. 'It does na light up a' the Abbey at aince, to be sure,' he would say, 'but then you can shift it about, and show the auld ruin bit by bit, while the moon only shines on one side."

Johnny has probably, long ere this, received the honour of an

epitaph from Scott's pen, and no doubt sleeps peacefully among the ruins of Melrose.

It is not wonderful that a person so addicted to field sports as was Scott, should be surrounded by dogs. Highland stag-hound and wiry Skye terrier, peppers, mustards, fowling-dogs and graceful greyhounds, were always with him: he did not give up coursing until very late; and even when past his prime, Gilnockie's remark continued true: "It was commonly *him* that saw the hare sitting."

Of course he always had a peculiarly favoured canine friend. At Ashestiel he had three, his terrier Camp, and his greyhounds, Douglas and Percy. Camp was the parlor dog; and though naturally fierce, as gentle as a lamb among the children. Scott used to talk with him as to a human being, and no doubt Camp understood a great deal. He was a grave, quiet companion, but the hounds were wild, rattle-pated young fellows, who liked to lead anything but a sedentary life, and winter and summer, one window was always open to afford ingress or egress for these restless pets.

When Camp died, in January, 1809, it was a severe affliction. He was buried in the garden of the Edinburgh house, and Mrs. Lockhart remembered "the whole family standing in tears about the grave, as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him." He had been engaged to dine out that day, but sent an excuse on account of "the death of a dear old friend." At Abbotsford there is a monument to one of the above-mentioned greyhounds, whereon may be read in black letter, "*Cy git, le preux Percy.*"

In 1816, MacDonald of Glengarry gave him the well-known Maida, "the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnny Armstrong's time." He was between the wolf and deer-hound, six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, high and strong in proportion. Once in possession of this noble creature, Sir Walter was seldom afterwards seen without him. He attended him in his walks, or lay at his feet in the library.

Scott never went out in the country without at least half a dozen dogs. Mr. Irving, in describing one of their rambles, introduces us to several:

"As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old stag-hound Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal and a great favourite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived to the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye—the parlor favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

"In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a frolic. The old

dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense,' would resume his gravity and jog on as before.

"Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. 'I make no doubt,' said he, 'when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, "Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"'

"Maida reminded him, he said, of a scene on board an armed yacht in which he made an excursion with his friend Adam Ferguson. They had taken much notice of the boatswain, who was a fine sturdy seaman, and evidently felt flattered by their attention. On one occasion the crew were "piped to fun," and the sailors were dancing and cutting all kinds of capers to the music of the ship's band. The boatswain looked on with a wistful eye, as if he would join in; but a glance from Scott and Ferguson showed that there was a struggle with his dignity, fearing to lessen himself in their eyes. At length one of his messmates came up, and seizing him by the arm, challenged him to a jig. The boatswain, continued Scott, after a little hesitation complied, made an awkward gambol or two, like our friend Maida, but soon gave it up. 'It's of no use,' said he, jerking up his waistband, and giving a side-glance at us, 'one can't dance always nouther.'

"Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day, in a lumber garret, whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humbled and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him.

"While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry, but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently aroused to ramp forward two or three bounds and join in the chorus, with a deep-mouthed bow-wow!

"It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would censure or applaud.

"'Aye, aye, old boy!' cried Scott, 'you have done wonders. You have shaken the Eildon hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida is like the great gun at Constantinople,' continued he; 'it takes so long to get it ready, that the small guns can fire off a dozen times first, but when it does go off it plays the very d—l.'"

Another story from the same delightful pen, and we will leave the subject of dogs:

"I think it was in the course of this ramble that my friend Hamlet, the black greyhound, got into a sad scrape. The dogs were beating about the glens and fields as usual, and had been for some time out of sight, when we heard a barking at some

distance to the left. Shortly after we saw some sheep scampering on the hills, with the dogs after them. Scott applied to his lips the ivory whistle, always hanging at his button-hole, and soon called in the culprits, excepting Hamlet. Hastening up a bank which commanded a view along a fold or hollow of the hills, we beheld the sable prince of Denmark standing by the bleeding body of a sheep. The carcass was still warm, the throat bore marks of the fatal grip, and Hamlet's muzzle was stained with blood. Never was culprit more completely caught in *flagrante delictu.* I supposed the doom of poor Hamlet to be sealed; for no higher offence can be committed by a dog in a country abounding with sheep-walks. Scott, however, had a greater value for his dogs than for his sheep. They were his companions and his friends. Hamlet, too, though an irregular, impertinent kind of youngster, was evidently a favourite. He would not for some time believe it could be he who had killed the sheep. It must have been some cur of the neighbourhood, who had made off on our approach, and left poor Hamlet in the lurch. Proofs, however, were too strong, and Hamlet was generally condemned. 'Well, well,' said Scott, 'it's partly my own fault. I have given up coursing for some time past, and the poor dog has had no chance after game to take the fire edge off of him. If he was put after a hare occasionally he never would meddle with sheep.'

"I understood, afterwards, that Scott actually got a pony, and went out now and then coursing with Hamlet, who, in consequence, showed no further inclination for mutton."

To this we may add, by way of note, that although he had as many terriers as Dandie Dinmont himself, he varied their names rather more than that worthy. But still, as he said,

"he stuck to the cruets." At one time he had a *Pepper*, a *Mustard*, a *Spice*, a *Ginger*, a *Catchup*, and a *Soy*.

While a trooper, Scott had always attended to his own steed, and used to spend some time every morning in the stable at Ashestiel. He was an utterly fearless horseman, and knew how to win the love of that noble quadruped as well as that of his dogs or men. *Captain*, *Lieutenant*, and *Brown Adam*, succeeded each other as charger, and the last did not like to be fed by any one else; nor would he permit another than Scott to back him, but broke the arm of one groom and the leg of another who attempted to mount him. When his master was ready to ride out, it was customary to throw the stable-door open, and then Brown Adam would trot out and round to the horse-block, where he stood like a rock until Scott had mounted him.

When Sir Walter went to Waterloo and Paris his favourite horse was a snow-white one named Daisy. But when his master returned, Daisy seemed to have forgotten him. "He looked askant at me like a devil," says Scott; "and when I put my foot in the stirrup, he reared bolt upright." Nor could he be tamed. He allowed Tom Purdie to back him, but manifested the most determined ill-will towards the sheriff. He was the last charger Scott ever had; he came down to a sober cob; and by-and-bye the day came when he must say, not without sadness, "A canny trotting pony must serve me now."

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW ILLNESS—ROYAL VISITORS—DEATH OF AUNT, UNCLE, AND MOTHER—BARONETCY CONFERRED.

1819—1820.

In January of this year (1819), the Duke of Buccleugh urged Scott to make a second application for the post of Baron of the Exchequer; but he refused. He cared less about it in a pecuniary point of view now; for his wife's brother, Mr. Charles Carpenter, had recently died, and left some £20,000 to Scott's children.

"Rob Roy" was dramatized, *Terry-fied* Scott called it, and produced in February. It met with immense success.

Scott had intended to go up to London about Easter and receive his baronetcy, but he was suddenly seized with a recurrence of cramp in the stomach, and obliged to renounce the idea for the present. He himself describes the agonizing complaint very quaintly. He says that "it very much resembles, as I conceive, the process by which the *deil* would make one's *king's-hood** into a *spleuchan*, according to the anathema of Burns. Unfortunately, the opiates which the medical people

* "King's-hood" is the second of the four stomachs of a cow. "Spleuchan" is the Highland pouch.

think indispensable to relieve spasms, bring on a habit of body which has to be counteracted by medicines of a different tendency, so as to produce a most disagreeable see-saw—a kind of pull-devil, pull-baker contention, the field of battle being my unfortunate præcordia. Or, to say truth, it reminds me of a certain Indian king I have read of, to whom the captain of an European ship generously presented a lock and key, with which the sable potentate was so much delighted, that to the great neglect both of his household duties and his affairs of state, he spent a whole month in the repeated operation of locking and unlocking his back-door."

His sufferings were inexpressible, and it was a long time before he got any permanent relief. Not even at the worst stage of his disease, however, would he renounce the idea of labour, but produced the whole "Legend of Montrose" and most of the "Bride of Lammermoor" while ill. Unable to guide the pen, he had recourse to dictation, John Ballantyne and Mr. Laidlaw being his amanuenses. Jocund Johnny worked away like a trained clerk, but Laidlaw was more moved and could not suppress his exclamations as the story proceeded. "Gude keep us a'! the like o' that! oh, sirs! oh, sirs!" When Scott would utter a groan of pain, Laidlaw would beg him to cease working. "Nay, Willie," he would answer, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen."*

When Mr. Lockhart saw him somewhat later, "his clothes hung loose about him, his countenance was meagre, haggard,

* The old English law for the encouragement of wool, required that shrouds should be of woollen goods.

and of the deadliest yellow hue of the jaundice; and his hair, which a few weeks before had been but slightly spangled with grey, was now almost literally snow-white." During Mr. Lockhart's visit, Scott was seized again, and the guest, seeing that it was no time for visiting, requested Ballantyne to make his apologies, and determined to leave the next day. But by seven o'clock in the morning, Scott himself came to his room to ask him to take a ride; and by eleven o'clock, forgetful of his yesterday's anguish, the poet was mounted upon Sibyl Grey, his cob, and accomplished some twenty miles with his guest.

As usual, he had an anecdote, a legend, or a scrap of ballad for every point upon the road, now describing a battle of Montrose, and again recalling some odd Teviotdale story; of how, at a meeting of presbytery at the house of a certain distinguished knight, there were so many ministers present, that it became necessary to put seven of them into the same room. According to custom, the butler supplied each reverend guest with a Bible and a bottle of ale, and was leaving the room when one of the venerable guests re-called him, saying, "My friend, you must know that when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest. You may, therefore, take away six of the Bibles and just bring six more bottles of ale in the place of them."

He was also full of anecdotes of an old friend of his father's, the minister of Lilliesleaf, and the most popular preacher of the day. When Mr. Scott congratulated him in his old age, upon his undiminished popularity, he would answer, "Indeed, Mr. Walter, I sometimes think it vera surprising. There's aye talk o' this or that wonderfully gifted young man frae the college; but whenever I'm to be at the same *occasion* with ony o' them,

I e'en mount the white horse in the Revelation, and he dings them a'."

On the 20th of April, 1819, died his beloved friend and chief, the Duke of Buccleugh, a severe blow to Scott.

When the second series of the "Tales of my Landlord" came out, which was on the 10th of June, he was again in bed, with a more violent attack than any of the preceding ones. When on his recovery, the books were given to him, he declared that he did not recollect one single incident, character or conversation, they contained. Under what fearful pain must he have composed them, if they escaped even his memory, so unparalleled in retentiveness.

The elder brother of the brilliant Thomas and Henry Erskine, David, Earl of Buchan, was the most absurd, conceited old creature in broad Scotland. He owned Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott's ancestors were buried, and often expressed the hope of laying the distinguished poet beside them. Hearing that Scott was *in extremis*, he hurried to the house and was delighted to find the knocker tied up. Old Peter Matthieson opened the door and informed his lordship that no visitor, whatever, was possibly admissible. The Earl put Peter aside and reached the bed-room door, where he met Miss Scott, who opposed his further progress, but he patted her head as though she had been a child, and persevered, whereon, Miss Scott requested Peter to see the Earl down stairs, and Peter with a shove as respectful as the nature of shoves will admit of, accomplished the manœuvre.

When Scott got somewhat better, James Ballantyne was sent to explain matters to Lord Buchan, and found him violent and in great wrath. "I wished," said he, "to embrace Walter Scott, before he died, and to inform him that I had long con-

sidered it as a satisfactory circumstance that he and I were destined to rest together in the same place of sepulture. The principal thing, however, was to relieve his mind as to the arrangement of his funeral; to show him a plan which I had prepared for the procession, and in a word, to assure him that I took upon myself the whole conduct of the ceremonies at Dryburgh."

Certainly a benevolent and cheerful idea, to arrange with a sick friend his own funeral procession. When this old goose was boasting to the Duchess of Gordon, of the remarkable intellect displayed by his family, she asked him with some propriety, whether the wit had not come by the mother, and all been settled on the younger branches?

How very ill Scott really was, may be judged of from the fact that he himself, at one time, despaired of recovery, called his children about him, and took leave of them with solemn tenderness. After advising them about their future course in life, he said—"For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of having done any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than weak and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer." He then laid his hands upon their heads, and said—"God bless you! Live, so that you may all hope to meet in a better place hereafter; and now leave me, that I may turn my face to the wall."

Fortunately it was but the crisis of his disease, and terminated favourably; and in July, under the treatment of Dr. Dick, he gathered new strength and health again, and wrote confidently to his son, Walter, now a cornet in the 18th Hussars. His

letters to the young soldier are very characteristic. Walter is to remember that being a gentleman, he requires no pretentious display; he should prefer field sports to the billiard-room as pastime; should cultivate filial tenderness, and write frequently home; should avoid too much wine, yet not shun an occasional bottle; should get a canny Scot for a servant, and learn how to judge and purchase his own horses.

Another letter mentioned a strong and increasing desire to add a new £30,000 worth of land to Abbotsford; and another tells of the great vexation into which "mamma" was thrown by the sudden announcement of a morning call from Prince, now King Leopold of Belgium. "What," she screamed, "have we got to offer him?" "Wine and cake," said Scott, thinking to make all things easy. "Cake," ejaculated the despairing woman, "where am I to get cake!" However, by the help of broiled salmon, partridges and blackcock, with some prime old Rhine wine, his royal highness was enabled to overlook the absence of cake.

Towards the winter of 1819, the Northumbrian miners, and the weavers of Western Scotland, manifested a violent radical disposition, and much of Scott's time was taken up in organizing a corps of volunteers, from the yeomanry of Yarrow, and the stalwart Ettrick foresters. Fortunately it was not needed.

Once more he began to think of going to London, to be knighted, when a deeper affliction than his own illness prevented the journey. The good old mother was struck with paralysis, and lingered but two or three days, and so died. Her brother, Dr. Rutherford, prescribed for her, in perfect health, on Tuesday, and on the next morning was a corpse, and their only sister, Miss Christian Rutherford, was heart-broken, and died. Uncle, and

aunt, and mother, in the space of one short week, passed away from among the living, and "the places that once knew them, knew them no more."

Six days before the mother's death, which happened on the 25th of December, the glorious romance of "Ivanhoe" was given to the world, and received in England with more enthusiasm than any of the Scotch novels had awakened, and if glory could have consoled him for his loss, he had enough of it now.

The winter of 1819–20, was exceedingly severe, and Scott's notes to Mr. Laidlaw are full of care for the poor. "Distribute ten pounds among our poorer neighbours, so as may best aid them." "I think part of the wood money should be given among the poor;" and again, "Do not let the poor bodies want for five or ten pounds more or less.

'We'll get a blessing with the lave,
And never miss't.'"

In February another royal highness visited him—the exiled Gustavus Vasa of Sweden. The prince accompanied him to see the proclamation of George IV., and watched the pomp of banner and pennon streaming to the music of "God save the King," till the tears came into his eyes; and then Scott looked at him pityingly, and withdrew to another window murmuring, "Poor lad, poor lad. God help him!"

After the publication of the "Monastery" in March, Scott proceeded to London, and was knighted by the king, who said to him, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign." Scott was gazetted on the 30th of March, and received this honour without even ministerial suggestion, but purely from the admiration

and friendly feeling entertained for him by his sovereign. At the same time the king ordered Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint the poet's portrait to adorn a new gallery at Windsor, and to be the first of a series of the literary and scientific men of the age.

Besides this portrait by Lawrence, Sir Walter sate to Chantrey for his bust. He now became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, whose poetical abilities were beginning to make him known. Allan sent him his card about nine o'clock in the morning, and it had not been gone a minute, before he heard a quick, heavy step, and saw Scott advancing, holding out both his hands, and saying heartily, "Allan Cunningham, I am glad to see you." Cunningham said something about his pleasure in grasping a hand that had already charmed him so much, and Scott glanced at it with a comic smile as he replied, "Aye, and a big brown hand it is."

On the 29th of April, his eldest daughter Sophia was married *more Scotico* to J. G. Lockhart, Esq., advocate, and Cornet Walter got leave of absence to attend the wedding and the jollification which followed it. In May, Prince Gustavus Vasa visited Abbotsford, and gave Scott a beautiful amethyst seal at parting. The same month another bit of land was bought for £2,300; and both Oxford and Cambridge Universities invited him to attend their commencements, and receive the degree of D. C. L.

The "Bride of Lammermoor" and the "Legend of Montrose" appeared in June, 1819. "Ivanhoe" in December of the same year.

The "Monastery" came out in March, 1820. Besides this,

he had translated the long ballad of the "Noble Moringer"—a task undertaken during an interval of his illness to see whether his intellectual powers had been at all impaired—compiled a biographical sketch of Charles Duke of Buccleugh, a memorial of the Haliburton family, edited Patrick Carey's poems, and wrote three political tracts called "The Visionary."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUTUMN AT ABBOTSFORD.

1820.

About the middle of August, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart passed several weeks at Abbotsford, and the former had a fuller opportunity than he had heretofore enjoyed, of studying the character of his distinguished father-in-law.

Such a succession of visitors! Royal Highness, and noble, and long-robed barister; stout yeoman from Ettrick and Yarrow; grand folks from Mayfair, full of refinement; quaint cock-lairds, rough as a blacksmith's file; pedants and students from the great universities; Tom Purdies, Johnny Bowers, dozens of "hale old men with silver hair;" odd wooden-legged dominies; Dandie Dinmonts, come "to have a crack wi' the laird;" wild Highlandmen; an array of cousins and cousins of cousins; proof readers, publishers, printers, and printer's devils; painters, sculptors, sketchers, bores, dandies, wits and scholars—thronged the Castle-street house or the halls of Abbotsford forevermore.

An attendant, regular as any, upon the meetings of a dozen societies; president of half-a-dozen; the most indefatigable and

ubiquitous of entertainers; with trees to plant and cut; children to guide; a household to provide for; books to put through the press. Yet, never without a walk, a ride, a hunt, or a scheme for a salmon-fishing, or a morning coursing; a clerk of sessions, and a sheriff, an extensive landlord, and a diner-out—Where did the man find time to write? All visitors, of whatever degree, looked to him personally for amusement, and received it. Stay with him a week or six weeks, and he was always at hand to serve or entertain you; you might miss him for the fraction of a morning and that was all.

While the Lockharts were with him, this autumn, came a huge party from Scotland and England both, and a hunt was to be had. Fancy them all upon the lawn—"Sir Walter mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed wiry highlander, yclept *Hodden Grey*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant.

"But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but

he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brims, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white-cord breeches, and well polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble serene dignity of countenance, might have passed for a sporting archbishop.

"Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had all over the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

"The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under way, when *the Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet.' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general

cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background."

Piggy had taken a sentimental attachment to Scott, and deemed it only just that it should be permitted to go wherever Maida, and the terriers and greyhounds went. Another summer, a pertinaciously affectionate hen asserted the same privileges; and the next year a pair of donkies fell in love with the shirra.

But bishop and philosopher and poet and all started off upon the hunt, Sir Walter marshalling the way through the scenery of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Mackenzie, spectacled though he was, saw the first sitting hare, gave the word to slip the dogs, and spurred after them like a boy. All the seniors, indeed, did well as long as the course was upwards, but when puss took down the declivity, they halted and breathed themselves upon the knoll—cheering gaily, however, the young people, who dashed at full speed past and below them.

"Coursing on such a mountain is not like the same sport over a set of fine English pastures. There were gulfs to be avoided, and bogs enough to be threaded, many a stiff nag stuck fast, many a bold rider measured his length among the peat-hags, and another stranger to the ground besides Davy plunged neck-deep into a treacherous well-head, which, till they were floundering in it, had borne all the appearance of a piece of delicate green turf. When Sir Humphrey emerged from his involuntary bath, his habiliments garnished with mud, slime, and mangled water-cresses, Sir Walter received him with a triumphant *encore!* But the philosopher had his revenge, for joining soon afterwards in a brisk gallop, Scott put Sybil Grey to a leap beyond her prowess, and she lay humbled in the ditch;

while Davy, who was better mounted, cleared it and him at a bound. Happily there was little damage done.

"I have seen Sir Humphrey in many places, and in company of many different descriptions; but never to such advantage as at Abbotsford. His host and he delighted in each other, and the modesty of their mutual admiration was a memorable spectacle. Each strove to make the other talk, and they did so in turn more charmingly than I ever heard either on any other occasion whatsoever. Scott in his romantic narratives touched a deeper chord of feeling than usual, when he had such a listener as Davy; and Davy, when induced to open his views upon any question of scientific interest in Scott's presence, did so with a degree of clear energetic eloquence, and with a flow of imagery and illustration, of which neither his habitual tone of table-talk (least of all in London), nor any of his prose writings (except, indeed, the posthumous 'Consolations of Travel') could suggest an adequate notion. I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their 'rapt talk' had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford, 'Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs,' he added, cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakspeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk ither up?'"

Besides such occasional divertisements, there were two annual frolics of great solemnity. One was a bout of salmon fishing, got up for Charlie Purdie's benefit, and attended by all the neighbouring gentry. Another was the grand Abbotsford hunt, a coursing field for gentle and simple alike, on the moors above Cauld-Shiels Loch, or over the hills of Gala.

Then what a dinner! Wooden-legged Dominie Thompson sayeth grace, beginning with thanks to the Almighty that He

hath given man dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and entereth with such spirit and at such length into the account of the various privileges vouchsafed during to-day's hunt, that Sir Walter grasps his spoon long before the Dominie gets to "amen," and exclaims, at that welcome word, "Well done, Mr. George! I think we've had everything but the view-holla."

Thirty or forty hungry folk are there. And there, too, are salted rounds and barons of beef, hare-soup, hotch-potch and cocky-leekie, geese, turkeys, sucking pigs and sheeps' heads, black-cock and moor-fowl and snipe, black puddings, white puddings, and "thy honest, sonsie face," O, honourable haggis. Ale, port, and sherry wash these good things down; Glenlivet is tossed off like water; and by-and-bye comes the mighty toddy bowl and the wassail begins. Ferguson and other old soldiers fight all their battles o'er again; Teviotdale farmers crack off their stories; cock-laird and yeoman sing droll Scotch songs, and amid all you see "some smart Parisian *savant*—some dreamy pedant of Halle of Heidelberg—a brace of stray young lords from Oxford or Cambridge, or perhaps their prim college tutors, planted here and there amidst these rustic wassailers—this being their first vision of the author of "Marmion" and "Ivanhoe," and he appearing as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable *Dandie* himself, his face radiant, his laugh gay as childhood, his chorus always ready.

"And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to insinuate that his wife and bairns would be getting sorely anxious about the fords, and the Dumples and Hoddins were at last heard neighing at the gate, and it was voted that the hour had come for *doch an dorrach*—

the stirrup-cup—to wit, a bumper all round of the unmitigated *mountain dew.* How they all contrived to get home in safety Heaven only knows; but I never heard of any serious accident except upon one occasion, when James Hogg made a bet at starting that he would leap over his wall-eyed pony as she stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of 'o'ervaulting ambition.' One comely goodwife, far off among the hills, amused Sir Walter by telling him, the next time he passed her homestead after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door, 'Ailie, my woman, I'm ready for my bed; and oh, lass (he gallantly said), I wish I could sleep for a towmont, for there's only ae thing in this world worth living for, and that's the Abbotsford hunt!'"

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN BALLANTYNE'S DEATH—CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.—THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

1820—1822.

THE cold reception of the "Abbot," published in September, did not at all dishearten the author, but rather quickened his determined energy. He quoted from Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress:

> "Up he rose in a funk, lapped a toothful of brandy,
> And to it again—any odds upon Sandy!"

and "Kennilworth" was soon ready.

"Jocund Johnny" had feathered his own nest comfortably while attending to Scott's affairs, and was constructing a small Abbotsford for himself. He had bought two or three old houses in his native place, Kelso, on the margent of the Tweed, had fitted up snug bachelor's rooms in one, and turned the others into stabling and offices. He had a terrace, a piazza, and a fountain, and in devotion to old Izaak, he called the establishment Walton Hall. Scott paid a visit here about the close of the year, and always full of kindly zeal for Ballantyne's welfare, proposed the resuscitation of an ancient scheme of theirs, to publish a "Novelist's Library," Sir Walter to furnish the biogra-

phical sketches, and the entire profits to belong to the little man.

John was nothing loath; and when, in the course of two or three days, he returned his patron's visit, the latter handed to him the life of Fielding, and at short intervals furnished sketches of the other English novelists. But the scheme was not destined to enrich poor Ballantyne. The first volume was published in February, 1821, and some seven or eight others followed before June, when Scott received a letter stating that his favourite was dying. Sir Walter saw him last about the 13th or 14th, while some hopes of life still lingered in his breast.

Proof-sheets lay upon his bed, and his conversation jerked about between their interests and his own condition. He had, he said, left his patron £2,000 to build a library at Abbotsford, and he entered with zest into a description of what it ought to be; but an agony of asthma interrupted him, and he lay there with scarcely a sign of life in him. His "quips and cranks" were over now; the jests "that wont to set the table in a roar," were never to be heard again; the quaint song had died upon his lips, the jocundity faded from his heart. That gay, heedless, vivid existence had reached its termination; a dark and solemn ocean lay before him, whereon floated no gay bark, nor sounded pleasant laughter nor joyous song, and so he passed away over its awful waters forevermore.

Scott felt the loss very keenly. He "could have better spared a better man." "As we stood together," says Mr. Lockhart, "a few days afterwards, while they were smoothing the turf over John's remains in the Canongate churchyard, the heavens, which had been dark and slaty, cleared up suddenly,

and the mid-summer sun shone forth in his strength. Scott, ever awake to the 'skiey influences,' cast his eye along the overhanging line of the Calton Hill, with its gleaming walls and towers, and then turning to the grave again, 'I feel,' he whispered in my ear, 'I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth.'

"As we walked homewards, Scott told me, among other favourable *traits* of his friend, one little story which I must not omit. He remarked one day to a poor student of divinity attending his auction, that he looked as if he were in bad health. The young man assented with a sigh. 'Come,' said Ballantyne, 'I think I ken the secret of a sort of draft that would relieve you, particularly,' he added, handing him a cheque for five or ten pounds, 'particularly, my dear, if taken upon an empty stomach.'"

The £2,000 legacy turned out to be nothing. Poor John had left behind him more debts than assets. But all that Sir Walter heeded, was that the circle of old faces was growing narrower about him, and that the day was coming on when his own "golden bowl" must be broken.

In November 1820, Scott was elected President of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and the same year aided in the formation of the "Celtic Society," an association to preserve and cherish the ancient manners and customs of the Highlands. All attended its meetings in the "garb of old Gaul." Scott, followed by "John of Skye," who it may be supposed blew his loudest pibrochs and gayest lilts upon those occasions.

In January 1821, another visit to London, upon some business of the court of sessions, and while there, he was gladdened with the news that his daughter had borne a son, John Hugh

Lockhart, the "Hugh Littlejohn," of the "Tales of a Grandfather." He complains "that there are no dogs in the hotel where he lodges," but "a tolerably conversable cat" eats a mess of cream with him every morning. The same spring was to witness the marriage of his old friend Sir Adam Ferguson, and the following extract from a letter, written just after the happy consummation of the nuptials, shows that he had a bit of the old wild fun left in him yet. The letter is to his son Walter :—

"The noble Captain Ferguson was married on Monday last. I was present at the bridal, and I assure you the like hath not been seen since the days of Lesmahago. Like his prototype, the Captain advanced in a jaunty military step, with a kind of leer on his face that seemed to quiz the whole affair. You should write to your brother sportsman and soldier, and wish the veteran joy of his entrance into the band of Benedicts. Odd enough that I should christen a grandchild and attend the wedding of a contemporary within two days of each other. I have sent John of Skye, with Tom, and all the rabblement which they can collect, to play the pipes, shout and fire guns below the Captain's windows this morning; and I am just going over to hover about on my pony, and witness their reception. The happy pair returned to Huntly Burn on Saturday; but yesterday being Sunday, we permitted them to enjoy their pillows in quiet."

In July, Sir Walter started again for the metropolis, to be present at the coronation of George IV., and tried to get Hogg to go with him, in hopes that the worthy Shepherd might produce some poem or prose on the occasion, which might bring him more into notice, and get him, perhaps, a pension. Jamie was as much in difficulty as ever. He had married a pretty and estimable young woman, and expecting a dowry of a thousand

pounds with her, had taken a large farm. But unfortunately the bride's father became a bankrupt, and the bard was nonplussed once more. Neither could he, or would he, accompany his friend to London; for the great Border Fair came on at the same time, and he could not resolve to leave it.

Sir Walter, therefore, went up alone, procured tickets from the Secretary of State, witnessed the coronation and wrote a detailed account of it to James Ballantyne, who published it. What is most interesting to us is a little incident which occurred at the conclusion of the ceremonies, and which is thus related by the poet's son-in-law:—

"At the close of this brilliant scene, Scott received a mark of homage to his genius, which delighted him not less than Laird Nippy's reverence for *the Sheriff's Knoll*, and the Birmingham cutler's dear acquisition of his signature on a visiting ticket. Missing his carriage, he had to return home on foot from Westminster, after the banquet—that is to say, between two and three o'clock in the morning; when he and a young gentleman, his companion, found themselves locked in the crowd, somewhere near Whitehall, and the bustle and tumult were such that his friend was afraid some accident might happen to the lame limb. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a serjeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the open ground in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly that his orders were strict—that the thing was impossible. While he was endeavouring to persuade the serjeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his young companion exclaimed, in a loud voice, "take care, Sir Walter Scott, take care!" The stalwart dragoon, on hear-

ing the name, said, "What! Sir Walter Scott? He shall get through anyhow!" He then addressed the soldiers near him—"make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!" The men answered, "Sir Walter Scott!—God bless him!"—and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety."

Chantrey procured a few additional sittings on this occasion, and when the bust was finished, presented it to the illustrious original. Three copies were made from it, one for the king, one for the Duke of Wellington, and the third for the sculptor's own collection. It is considered the best head of Scott in existence, and has been more copied than any other. Within a few years, more than 1500 legitimate casts were *exported*, chiefly to the United States. As for the casts from casts, their number is legion.

Another incident of this visit, was the publication of the "Letters to Richard Heber, Esq.," being a critical attempt to ascertain the authorship of the Waverley Novels. They were written by Mr. John Leicester Adolphus, of Oxford University, and are so ingeniously written, that it is thought well to give the table of their contents at the close of this chapter.

When Scott returned he brought with him plans for the completion of Abbotsford, and the building made some progress during the summer and autumn. A favorite porch of the old cottage covered with creeping vines, jessamines and roses, stood in the way of the workmen; but he could not make up his mind to its destruction, and there it remained, in every body's way until winter, when its sentence was pronounced. Even then, Scott made a journey from Edinburgh, to superintend their removal, saved as many trees as he could, and planted them about a

similar porch, built on the neighbouring cottage of Chiefswood, where Mr. Lockhart and his wife resided.

Thither during the summer and autumn of 1821, he used frequently to come, indeed, nearly every day. As his own mansion increased his list of visitors grew with it. Some inconceivable bore would now and then prove too powerful for even his patient hospitality. A thick-headed professor was once heard to lecture him for two hours on the beauty of the Greek particle; would that Sir Walter had read to him that school essay of his which outraged good Mr. Dalzell, by proving that Ariosto was a greater poet than Homer! The stupidest of members of parliament used two hours and a half in endeavouring to explain to him the working of something which he called "The *Truck* system."

Then he would escape to Chiefswood, where his daughter had fitted him up a sanctum, and write a chapter of the "Pirate," nearly the whole of which was handed, sheet after sheet, to his old friend, Mr. Erskine, who was now visiting him, and which appeared in December.

Among other employments in the autumn, Scott wrote a series of "Private Letters," supposed to have been discovered in the repositories of a noble English family, and illustrative of manners in the reign of James VI. Of this he had printed some seventy pages, when his friends represented to him that he was throwing away the material of a valuable novel, and after some thought he acquiesced. "You were all quite right," said he; "if the letters had passed for genuine, they would have found favour only with a few musty antiquaries, and if the joke were detected, there was not story enough to carry it off. I shall burn the sheets, and give you "Bonny King

Jamie" and all his tail in the old shape, as soon as I get Capt Goffe within view of the gallows."

Accordingly, about the middle of October, one morning when Lockhart and Terry were at Abbotsford, Scott came running out bareheaded with a bundle of manuscripts in his hands, and said, "Well, lads, I've laid the keel of a new lugger this morning: here it is; be off to the water-side, and let me know how you like it." It was the first pages of the "Fortunes of Nigel."

He was now occasionally heard to complain of his eyesight. Two signs of advancing age he found in his "liking a cat, an animal he detested, and becoming fond of a garden, an art which he despised." His daughter Anne was the only one of his children with him. Charles was studying with a clergyman in Wales, Walter was travelling, and Sophia was busied with her own household.

In November, Sir Walter sold to Messrs. Constable the copyright of the four novels written since their last arrangement, for the sum of five thousand guineas. But Abbotsford devoured money with fearful rapidity. The sale of his novels was beginning to be rather less and his needs rather greater than before; and before "Nigel" was published, he had promised, and received his bookseller's bills, for four new three-volumed "works of fiction," to follow in unbroken succession; and in two years "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet," had appeared. His engagement was fulfilled, his castle of Abbotsford was completed, and the end was at hand.

During the spring of 1822, Scott was a good deal occupied by the ruins of "fair Melrose;" he, however, interested his young chief and Lord Montague in the matter, and the glorious

old Abbey was repaired and strengthened. This was to be followed in summer by something of more importance, the king's visit to Scotland.

The Cardinal of York, Henry IX., was dead, and George IV. had become, even in Jacobite eyes, the legitimate sovereign as eldest descendant of his great, great grandmother, the daughter of James IV., and electress of Hanover; and, therefore, the adherents of the House of Stuart were prepared to transfer all their ancient and fervent loyalty to him. He was the first Prince of the House of Hanover, except the "butcher Cumberland," who had ever set foot upon the soil of Scotland.

Scott was, of course, grand high manager. Bailie, burgess and provost bothered him about buttons, banners, and boots. Haughty chieftains brought their quarrels for precedence to him to settle; he had to decide on everything, from the marshalling of the procession to the cut of a philabeg. He had his ballad "Carle, now the King's come," to write, Majesty to entertain, and ceremonies to invent or elucidate.

It was about noon on the 14th of August that the royal yacht cast anchor in the Leith roads. The weather was very unfavourable, although Scott had requested the clergy "to *warstle* (wrestle) for a sunny day." In the midst of the rain, however, Scott rowed off to the Royal George, and when his arrival was announced, "What!" cried the king, "Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland whom I most wished to see. Let him come up." So Sir Walter went up, and made his speech, and presented the king with a St. Andrew's cross in silver, whereon was engraved "*Righ Albainn gu brath!*"—"The King of Scotland forever!" It was the gift of the fair dames of Edinburgh, and his majesty promised to wear it.

Then filling a glass with Glenlivet, he tossed it off to Sir Walter's health, and when the baronet had returned the honour, he begged to have his Majesty's glass, which, when given to him, he carefully wrapped up and put into his pocket.

On reaching home, he found another visitor, the Rev. Poet Crabbe, and welcoming the good old man, he placed him in a chair. Then sitting down beside him, he crushed the royal glass to powder, and uttered a yell that startled both Lady Scott and their guest. He received no damage, however, except a slight scratch, which, as he was not to wear the kilt on the next morning, was of little importance. By six o'clock the next morning, arrayed in trews and plaid of Campbell tartan, he descended to his drawing-room, where he found Mr. Crabbe, dressed in the neatest and most exact of clerical dresses, buckles, small-clothes and all. The old gentleman was standing amid a knot of stalwart Highlanders, addressing them painfully in most indifferent French.

Seeing them in their national garb, and hearing an unknown language (Gaelic), he had judged best to adopt the French; and the worthy chiefs, taking him for a foreign abbé or bishop, had replied in that language, and so they were getting on *tant bien que mal*, when Scott entered and astonished both parties by a hearty English *good morning*.

Auld Reekie was wondrously bedecked that day. All her population was in the streets, and the habitants of the neighbouring towns flocked in from every direction. The whole aspect of the city and its vicinity was, in truth, as new to the inhabitants as it could have been even to the Rector of Muston; "every height and precipice being occupied by military of the regular army, or by detachments of more picturesque irregulars

from beyond the Grampians—lines of tents, flags, and artillery circling Arthur's seat, Salisbury Crags, and the Calton Hill, and the old black castle and its rock, wreathed in the smoke of repeated salvoes, while a huge banner-royal, such as had not waved there since 1745, floated and flapped over all; every street, square, garden, or open space below paved with solid masses of silent expectants, except only where glittering lines of helmets marked the avenue guarded for the approaching procession.

The glorious tartan was a prominent feature every where, and the first procession was marshalled in accordance with Scott's ballad:

> "Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
> Macdonnell's ta'en the field himsel',
> Macleod comes branking o'er the fell
> Carle, now the King's come!"

Campbells, McGregors, Camerons, and Chisholms abounded, and the royal procession was closed by "three clans of Highlandmen with banners," followed by the Scotch Greys.

Good Mr. Crabbe himself had caught the Celtic mania, and quaintly enough does he describe the dinner on the 15th, in his simple, antiquated style: "Whilst it is fresh in my memory," says he, "I should describe the day I have just passed; but I do not believe an accurate description to be possible. What avails it to say, for instance, that there met at the sumptuous dinner, in all the costume of the Highlanders, the great chief himself and the officers of his company? This expresses not the singularity of appearance and manners—the peculiarities of men all gentlemen, but remote from our society—leaders of clans—joyous company. Then we had Sir Walter Scott's

national songs and ballads, exhibiting all the feelings of clanship. I thought it an honour that Glengarry even took notice of me; for there were those, and gentlemen, too, who considered themselves honoured by following in his train. There were also Lord Errol, and the Macleod, and the Fraser, and the Gordon, and the Ferguson; and I conversed at dinner with Lady Glengarry, and did almost believe myself a harper, or bard, rather, for harp I cannot strike; and Sir Walter was the life and soul of the whole. It was a splended festivity; and I felt I know not how much younger.

"The king at his first levee diverted many and delighted Scott, by appearing in the full Highland garb—the same brilliant 'Stuart tartans,' so-called, in which certainly no Stuart, except Prince Charles had ever before presented himself in the saloons of Holyrood. His Majesty's Celtic toilette had been carefully watched and assisted by the gallant Laird of Garth, who was not a little proud of the result of his dexterous manipulations of the royal plaid, and pronounced the king 'a vera pretty man.' And he did look a most stately and imposing person in that beautiful dress; but his satisfaction therein was cruelly disturbed, when he discovered, towering and blazing among and above the genuine Glengarries and Macleods and MacGregors, a figure even more portly than his own, equipped, from a sudden impulse of loyal ardour, in an equally complete set of the self-same conspicuous Stuart tartans:

"'He caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt—
While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman.'*

* Byron's "Age of Bronze."

"In truth, this portentous apparition cast an air of ridicule and caricature over the whole of Sir Walter's celtified pageantry. A sharp little bailie from Aberdeen, who had previously made acquaintance with the worthy Guildhall baronet, and tasted the turtle-soup of his voluptuous yacht, tortured him, as he sailed down the long gallery of Holyrood, by suggesting that, after all, his costume was not quite perfect. Sir William, who had been rigged out, as the auctioneers' advertisements say, 'regardless of expense,' exclaimed that he must be mistaken, and begged he would explain his criticism; and as he spoke, threw a glance of admiration on a *skene dhu* (black knife), which, like a true 'warrior and hunter of deer,' he wore stuck into one of his garters. 'Oo ay, oo ay,' quoth the Aberdonian; 'the knife's a' right, mon, but faar's your speen?' —(where's your spoon?)"

His Majesty remained in Scotland until the 29th, Scott being the soul of every feast and every pageant.

And while he was thus active and thus joyous to appearance, his bosom friend, Erskine, then Lord Kinedder, was dying of a broken heart caused by some vile calumny; and every day and every night did Scott find time to reach his dear friend's pillow, and soothe and console his last moments, till he closed his eyes and laid him in his grave, and so walked back with tearful eyes and mourning heart, while Edinburgh was drunk with joy.

The "Pirate" appeared in December, 1821. "Halidon Hill, Macduff's Cross," written for some charitable scheme of Joanna Baillie's, and the "Fortunes of Nigel" about June, 1822. A new edition of all his works was printed by the Ballantynes, numbering no less than one hundred and forty-five thousand

volumes. We will now give the synopsis of the work of Mr. Adolphus, before alluded to:

"LETTER I.—Introduction—General reasons for believing the Novels to have been written by the author of 'Marmion.'

"LETTER II.—Resemblance between the novelist and poet in their tastes, studies, and habits of life, as illustrated by their works—Both Scotchmen—Habitual residents of Edinburgh—Poets—Antiquaries—German and Spanish scholars—Equal in classical attainments—Deeply read in British history—Lawyers—Fond of field sports—Of dogs—Acquainted with most manly exercises—Lovers of military subjects—The novelist apparently not a soldier.

"LETTER III.—The novelist is, like the poet, a man of good society—His stories never betray forgetfulness of honourable principles or ignorance of good manners—Spirited pictures of gentlemanly character—Colonel Mannering—Judicious treatment of elevated historical personages—The novelist quotes and praises most contemporary poets, except the author of 'Marmion'—Instances in which the poet has appeared to slight his own unacknowledged, but afterwards avowed productions.

"LETTER IV.—Comparison of the works themselves—All distinguished by good morals and good sense—The latter particularly shown in the management of character—Prose style—Its general features—Plainness and facility—Grave banter—Manner of telling a short story—Negligence—Scotticisms—Great propriety and correctness occasionally, and sometimes unusual sweetness.

"LETTER V.—Dialogue in the novels and poems—Neat colloquial turns in the former, such as cannot be expected in romantic poetry—Happy adaptation of dialogue to character,

whether merely natural or artificially modified, as by profession, local habits, etc.—Faults of dialogue, as connected with character of speakers—Quaintness of language and thought—Bookish air in conversation—Historical personages alluding to their own celebrated acts and sayings—Unsuccessful attempts at broad vulgarity—Beauties of composition peculiar to the dialogue—Terseness and spirit—These qualities well displayed in quarrels, but not in scenes of polished raillery—Eloquence.

"LETTER VI.—The poetry of the author of 'Marmion' generally characterized—His habits of composition and turn of mind as a poet, compared with those of the novelist—Their descriptions simply conceived and composed, without abstruse and far-fetched circumstances or refined comments—Great advantage derived by both from accidental combinations of images, and the association of objects in the mind with persons, events, etc. —Distinctness and liveliness of effect in narrative and description—Narrative usually picturesque or dramatic, or both—Distinctness, etc., of effect, produced in various ways—Striking pictures of individuals—Their persons, dress, etc.—Descriptions sometimes too obviously picturesque—Subjects for painters—Effects of light frequently noticed and finely described—Both writers excell in grand and complicated scenes—Among detached and occasional ornaments the similes particularly noticed—Their frequency and beauty—Similes and metaphors sometimes quaint and pursued too far.

"LETTER VII.—Stories of the two writers compared—These are generally connected with true history, and have their scene laid in a real place—Local peculiarities diligently attended to—Instances in which the novelist and poet have celebrated the same places—They frequently describe these as seen by a travel-

ler (the hero, or some other principal personage) for the first time—Dramatic mode of relating story — Soliloquies—Some scenes degenerate into melodrama—Lyrical pieces introduced sometimes too theatrically—Comparative unimportance of heroes —Various causes of this fault—Heroes rejected by ladies, and marrying others whom they had before slighted—Personal struggle between a civilized and a barbarous hero—Characters resembling each other—Female portraits in general—Fathers and daughters—Characters in Paul's letters—Wycliffe and Risingham—Glossen and Hatteraick—Other characters compared—Long periods of time abruptly passed over—Surprises, unexpected discoveries, etc.—These sometimes too forced and artificial—Frequent recourse to the marvellous—Dreams well described—Living persons mistaken for spectres—Deaths of Burleigh, Risingham, and Rashleigh.

"LETTER VIII.—Comparison of particular passages—Descriptions—Miscellaneous thoughts—Instances in which the two writers have resorted to the same sources of information, and borrowed the same incidents, etc.—Same authors quoted by both—The poet, like the novelist, fond of mentioning his contemporaries, whether as private friends or as men publicly distinguished—Author of 'Marmion' never notices the author of 'Waverley' (see Letter III.)—Both delight in frequently introducing an antiquated or fantastic dialect—Peculiarities of expression common to both writers—Conclusion."

CHAPTER XX.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK—MISS EDGEWORTH—MR. ADOLPHUS AND CAPTAIN BASIL HALL AT ABBOTSFORD.

1822—1825.

SPEAKING of the king's visit in a letter to Mr. Terry, Sir Walter says, "I worked like a horse, and had almost paid dear for it; for it was only a sudden and violent eruption that saved me from a dangerous illness. I believe it was distress of mind suppressed as much as I could, and mingling with the fatigue. Certainly I was miserably ill."

But his illness could not save him from an enormous influx of visitors, flocking to see the traces of majesty, and to look at "the man whom the king delighted to honour." Besides this, every body took it for granted that nothing Scottish could well reach the throne through any other medium than Sir Walter Scott. Half-pay officers wanting service; idle men desirous of sinecures; most men, provided with some petition to Royalty, besieged him. Then he had to beg, on his own account, for the restoration of the ancient piece of ordnance that once thundered from Edinburgh castle, *Mons Meg*, celebrated by Drummond—

"Sicuti Mons Megga crackasset;"

and which had been taken to the Tower of London, after the mournful field of Culloden. It was not finally restored until 1828.

Something more serious, was a petition for the reversal of attainder, and restoration of some ancient peerages, forfeited by many of the noble families of Scotland, for adherence to their ancient princes. Scott drew up the argument in favor of this measure with extraordinary cleverness, and was soon made happy by seeing it adopted.

The only manufacturing village in the neighborhood of Abbotsford was Galashiels, where Scott was an idol. He had always attended their yearly anniversary; and that festivity was now celebrated with especial reference to his honor.

Meantime Abbotsford was growing on. He was evermore planting, "as if," he says, thinking of Erskine, "as if any tree but the sad cypress would accompany us to the grave, where our friends have gone before us."

He writes to Mr. Terry. "The new castle is now roofing, and looks superb; in fact a little too good for the estate, but we must work the harder to make the land suitable. The library is a superb room, but after all I fear the shelves ought not to be less than ten or twelve feet high; I had quite decided for nine feet, but on an exacter measurement this will not accommodate fully the books I have now in hand, and leaves no room for future purchases. I must look about for a mirror for the drawing-room, large enough to look well between the windows. Beneath, I mean to place the antique mosaic slab which Constable has given me, about four feet and a half in length. I am puzzled about framing it. Another anxious subject with me is fitting up the little oratory—I have three planks of West

India cedar, which, exchanged with black oak, would, I think, make a fine thing."

And again—

"I have had three grand hawls since I last wrote to you. The pulpit, repentance-stool, King's seat, and God knows how much of carved wainscot, from the kirk of Dunfermline, enough to coat the hall to the height of seven feet:—supposing it boarded above, for hanging guns, old portraits, intermixed with armour, &c.—it will be a superb entrance-gallery; this is hawl the first. Hawl second is twenty-four pieces of the most splendid Chinese paper, twelve feet high by four wide, a present from my cousin Hugh Scott, enough to finish the drawing-room and two bed-rooms. Hawl third is a quantity of what is called Jamaica cedar-wood, enough for fitting up both the drawing-room and the library, including the presses, shelves, &c.: the wood is finely pencilled and most beautiful, something like the color of gingerbread; it costs very little more than oak, works much easier, and is never touched by vermin of any kind. Thus we at present stand. We have a fine old English cabinet, with china, &c.—and two superb elbow-chairs, the gift of Constable, carved most magnificently, with groups of children, fruit, and flowers, in the Italian taste: they came from Rome, and are much admired."

But the same letter concludes with a complaint of thickness of the blood, and depression of spirits; he fears that the "whole letter smells of apoplexy!" Alas, he was too true a prophet. Yet there was no despondency nor thought of resigning labour. His "four works of fiction," were completed by October, and new bills received from Constable for another unnamed work. "Peveril of the Peak" had met with a comparatively cold recep-

tion, but "Quentin Durward," soon made ample amends. It raised as great a furor upon the Continent as Ivanhoe had in England, or Waverley in Scotland. Early in 1823 some worthy Frenchman wrote to ask him if he would exchange a copy of his works against some fine champagne. The author, very much amused, acceded, and the arrangement was effected to the delight of all parties. Hungarian tradesmen, says The Quarterly, pointed out the head of '*le Sieur Valtere Skote*' as the portrait of *l' homme le plus célébre en Europe;* his works employed the translators and printers of Leipsic and Paris, or relieved the ennui of a Rothenthurm Quarantine on the extreme borders of European civilization.

Peveril of the Peak gave rise to a nickname that ever after stuck by its author. Scott had not forgotten the "Club" of his young, briefless barrister days, and in the intervals of his duty as clerk, he used to join the young lawyers whose new robes were yet unsoiled by fees. Mr. Patrick Robinson, or as the Scotch *diminish* it "Peter," was the chief of the club in 1822-3; a keen wag and exceedingly corpulent; and one day when the usual roar of fun was going on about the fireplace he observed Sir Walter's tall, conical, white head, above the crowd, and said "Hush boys, here comes old Peveril; I see *the Peak.*" A laugh ensued, and Scott, after some gossip, drew Lockhart away with him, and insisted on knowing what the joke was. His son-in-law told him; and he turned, and looking round with a sly grin at Robinson's corporation, muttered between his teeth, "Aye, aye, my man, as weel be Peveril o' the Peak any day, as Peter o' the Paunch," which being reported, tickled everybody but the aforesaid Peter. But the appellation was never gotten

rid of; and Scott took kindly to it, and often signed his notes and letters with it.

Sir Walter was elected member of the Roxburgh Antiquarian Book Club, in February, 1823; and shortly after founded, in imitation, the Bannatyne Club of which he was first president. About the same time he was elected to THE CLUB founded by Dr. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, etc.; then of the Maitland Club, Glasgow. He was already member of the Celtic Club, and President of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and to how many more like dignities he was chosen, I know not, but they finished by making him Chairman of a Gas Company!

There may have been something appropriate in this last; for he always worked by the broadest glare of light he could get; and he introduced gas into his house of Abbotsford, a rare thing in those days. "The effect of the new apparatus in the dining-room of Abbotsford," says Mr. Lockhart, "was at first superb. In sitting down to table in autumn, no one observed that in each of three chandeliers, (one of them being of very great dimensions), there lurked a little tiny bead of red light.

"Dinner passed off, and the sun went down, and suddenly, at the turning of a screw, the room was filled with a gush of splendour worthy of the palace of Aladdin; but, as in the case of Aladdin, the old lamp would have been better in the upshot. Jewelry sparkled, but cheeks and lips looked cold and wan in this fierce illumination; and the eye was wearied, and the brow ached, if the sitting was at all protracted. I confess, however, that my chief enmity to the whole affair arises from my conviction that Sir Walter's own health was damaged, in his latter years, in consequence of his habitually working at night under

the intense and burning glare of a broad star of gas, which hung, as it were, in the air, immediately over his writing table."

In April, the favourite brother, Thomas, died, and Sir Walter was left alone of the six children that gladdened the old hearth in George's-street. Thomas Scott died in Canada, where his regiment was stationed. His son had been now for two years in Scotland with his uncle, and the rest of the family soon paid a long visit to Abbotsford.

"Quentin Durward" was published in June, and its entire copyright, together with those of the "Pirate," "Nigel," and "Peveril of the Peak," were purchased by Constable for five thousand guineas, making in addition to the original half profits, the sum of £22,500 gained by Scott. Besides this, he had received advances to the amount of ten thousand pounds for "works of fiction," not yet in existence.

In August, on the morning of the 22d, Scott stood beneath the arched gateway of Abbotsford to welcome Maria Edgeworth, who came towards him exclaiming—"Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream." The weather was beautiful, and the edifice, and its appurtenances, were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. One day there was fishing on the Cauldshiels Loch, and a dinner on the heathy bank. Another, the whole party feasted by Thomas the Rhymer's waterfall in the glen—and the stone on which Maria that day sat, was ever afterwards called *Edgeworth's stone.* A third day we had to go further a-field. He must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of the Yarrow, where "fair hangs the apple frae the rock," and the baskets were unpacked, about sunset, beside the

ruined chapel overhanging St. Mary's Loch, and he had scrambled to gather bluebells and heath-flowers, with which all the young ladies must twine their hair, and they sang, and he recited until it was time to go home beneath the softest of harvest moons. Thus a fortnight was passed, and the vision closed; for Miss Edgeworth never saw Abbotsford again during his life.

Miss Edgeworth was followed by Mr. Adolphus, author of the "Letters to Heber," from whose reminiscenses of Abbotsford we extract this exquisite description of Sir Walter's laugh. Remember what he told Mr. Irving, "I have a great respect for a hearty laugh." But indeed the description of his entire countenance and play of feature is too admirably well done to omit any portion of it, drawn as it is by a loving, yet judicious and intelligent pen.

"No one who has seen him, can forget the surprising power of change which his countenance showed when awakened from a state of composure. In 1823, when I first knew him, the hair upon his forehead was quite grey; but his face, which was healthy and sanguine, and the hair about it, which had still a strong reddish tinge, contrasted rather than harmonized with the sleek, silvery locks above; a contrast which might seem rather suited to a jovial and humorous, than to a pathetic expression. But his features were equally capable of both. The form and hue of his eyes—for the benefit of minute physiognomists it should be noted, that the pupils contained some small specks of brown—were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when he told some dismal and mysterious story, they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look,

which appealed irresistibly to the hearer's imagination. Occasionally, when he spoke of something very audacious or eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragic-comic, hair-brained expression, quite peculiar to himself; one might see in it a whole chapter of *Cœur-de-lion* and the Clerk of Copmanhurst.

"Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first dawn of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy sidelong glance at his neighbours, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth he did indeed 'laugh the heart's laugh,' like Walpole, but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words; he could go on telling or descanting, while his lungs did 'crow like chanticleer,' his syllables in the struggle growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excess of merriment."

The year 1824 produced but one book—a sufficiently curious fact in the annals of the industrious man. The book was "Redgauntlet," which has, in addition to its other merits, this, that it furnishes portraits of Scott's father (Mr. Fairford), of his school friend, William Clerk (Darsie Latimer), a sketch of Tom Purdie, already given, and a picture of his own young advocate life, *sub-nomine* Allan Fairford. Some of the adventures, and the character of Miss Redgauntlet, are said to be drawn from his first love. He however prepared a new edition of Swift for the press, and wrote a number of magazine and review arti-

cles, among others the "Tribute to the Memory of Lord Byron," who died this year at Missolonghi.

The summer months were chiefly occupied by the arrangement of his library and museum while in-doors, and the thinning of his plantations out. Often did he share the labours of his foresters for an entire day, and could swing the axe with any of them. Some American admirer sent him a set of tools, such as are used in clearing up the Backwoods; and he and Tom Purdie tried to learn the use of the narrow-headed, long-shafted axe, but tired, and returned to the old Scottish tool. He was likewise employed in watching the manufacture of his furniture, nearly all of which he caused to be made by native mechanics under his own direction. He oversaw the interior pannelling, hanging and painting of the whole house, with the exception of the drawing-room, which he resigned to Lady Scott. All the ceilings were in appearance of carved oak, relieved by brilliantly blazoned coats-of-arms; and in the cornice were copies of the grotesque monsters, the flowers and foliage, or the heads of monks and nuns which adorned the arched cloisters of his favourite Melrose.

This year he received an arm-chair made in the richest antique fashion, from the timbers of the house at Rarbiston, in which William Wallace was betrayed by Monteith of Ruskie. This was the gift of Mr. Train. The king sent him a splendid copy of "Montfaucon's Antiquities," and Constable a set of the Variorum Classics, in about an hundred volumes.

In February, Miss Edgeworth writes to him a letter in which she tells him of an American lady who had applied to her for a solution of the mystery of the "Waverley" authorship, and who had called her farm "Charlie's Hope." His answer gives

an idea of the odd stories which circulated about him, and a strong instance of his love for the animals which surrounded him:

"Pray, make my respects to your correspondent, and tell her I am very sorry I cannot tell her who the author of 'Waverley' is; but I hope she will do me the justice not to ascribe any dishonourable transactions to me, either in that matter or any other, until she hears that they are likely to correspond with any part of my known character, which, having been now a lion of good reputation on my own deserts for twenty years and upwards, ought to be indifferently well known in Scotland. She seems to be a very amiable person; and though I shall never see Charlie's Hope, or eat her chicken-pies, I am sure I wish health to wait on the one, and good digestion on the other. They are funny people, the Americans; I saw a paper in which they said my father was a tailor. If he had been an *honest tailor* I should not have been ashamed of the circumstance; but he was what may be thought as great a phenomenon, for he was an *honest lawyer*, a cadet of a good family, whose predecessors only dealt in pinking and slashing doublets, not in making them."

And again:

"Your American friend, the good wife of Charlie's Hope, seems disposed, as we say, 'to sin her mercies.' She quarrels with books that amuse her, because she does not know the author; and she gives up chicken-pie for the opposite reason, that she knows too much about the birds' pedigree. On the last point I share her prejudices, and never could eat the flesh of any creature I had known while alive. I had once a noble yoke of oxen, which, with the usual agricultural gratitude, we

killed for the table; they said it was the finest beef in the four counties, but I could never taste Gog and Magog, whom I used to admire in the plough. Moreover, when I was an officer of yeomanry, and used to dress my own charger, I formed an acquaintance with a flock of white turkeys, by throwing them a handful of oats now and then when I came from the stable. I saw their numbers diminish with real pain, and never attempted to eat any of them without being sick; and yet I have as much of the *rugged and tough* about me as is necessary to carry me through all sorts of duty without much sentimental compunction."

In October his faithful friend, Maida, died, and was buried beneath a horse-block at the door, whereon was rudely sculptured some likeness of his once stately figure. Upon the stone was engraved—*malgré* the false quantity—the following verses by Mr. Lockhart:—

> "Maidæ marmoreâ dormis sub-imagine Maida
> Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis."

Thus improvisedly Englished by Scott—

> "Beside the sculptured form, which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door."

When the sacred, yet joyous season of the Nativity drew nigh, Abbotsford of course held a large party. Among other guests was Captain Basil Hall, R. N., who kept a journal during his stay, some extracts from which will conclude this chapter.

He, too, remarks the great peculiar talent of the renowned story-teller and his inconceivable memory. Of all the legends

of school and college yard; of all the stories which wont to make Jamie Ballantyne "slink ower beside him;" of the anecdotes that circled round the fireplace of the briefless barristers, or that tickled the ribs of Royalty at Mayfair, none were forgotten, and every year added new ones, until the Captain, as indeed, everybody else, was obliged to say—

"Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, 'welled out alway.' To write down one or two, or one or two dozen, would serve no purpose, for they were all appropriate to the moment, and were told with a tone, gesture, and look suited exactly to the circumstances, but which it is of course impossible in the least degree to describe."

Story-tellers must have listeners, as is proved by the next extract.

"It is impossible to touch for an instant on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it. 'What is the name of that bright spot,' I said, 'on which the sun is shining just there in the line of Cowdenknowes?'—'That,' said he, 'is called *Haxel Cleugh.* I was long puzzled,' he added, 'to find the etymology of this name, and enquired in vain on every hand to discover something suitable. I could learn nothing more than that near the Cleugh there was a spot which tradition said had been a Druidical place of worship. Still this did not help me, and I went on for a long time tormenting myself to no purpose. At length when I was reading very early one fine summer's morning, I accidentally lighted upon a passage in some German book, which stated that Haxa was the old German term for a Druidess. Here, then, the mystery was solved, and I was so enchanted with

the discovery, that I was wild with impatience to tell it to some one: so away I mounted up stairs to my wife's room, where she was lying fast asleep. I was well aware that she neither knew nor cared one jot about the matter; that did not signify—tell it I must immediately to some one; so I roused her up, and although she was very angry at being awakened out of her comfortable doze, I insisted upon bestowing Haxa, and Haxel Cleugh, and all my beautiful discovery of the Druid's temple upon her nothwithstanding.'"

When the New Year's Eve came on, and all were gathered to await the death of 1824, all was not joviality, but the memories of more than one had passed back over the gone years, and one could see that in that silence they were listening to voices of the lost; that, standing beside them, were the shadows of the departed. But when "the old bell rung the midnight stroke," the ghosts vanished, and Scott awoke the merriment of all. The joyous supper passed off, and the dance followed, and the good old Knight carried his guests about to his quaint cabinets and museums, and his was the quaintest story, and his the merriest laugh.

The next day, of course the children crowded round the door and sang their little carols, or wished the laird a happy New Year, and got their bit bannocks and pence a piece, and then the rest of the day was spent in rambling about the place, and looking at the plantations.

The Captain's journal for the 2d of January opens with a very odd story:—

"At breakfast to-day we had, as usual, some 150 stories—God knows how they came in, but he is, in the matter of anecdote, what Hudibras was in figures of speech—'his mouth he

could not ope—but out their flew a trope'—so with the Great Unknown, his mouth he cannot open without giving out something worth hearing—and all so simply, good-naturedly, and naturally! I quite forget all these stories but one:—'My cousin Watty Scott' (said he) 'was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point—the ship made the signal for sailing, but their landlady said, "No, gentlemen—you shall not escape without paying your reckoning;"—and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs.

"They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released; "No, no," said Mrs. Quickly, "I must be satisfied one way or t'other: you must be well aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time." They made long faces, and confessed that it was but too true. "Well," said she, "I will give you one chance—I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or at all events I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and therefore the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow morning is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d—— which it is, but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you!" The virago was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative

was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine apiece, and, having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth, and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, and in his ecstasy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out "Thanks be to God, my wife is hanged!"

But it is not always fun at Abbotsford. There are recollections of old friends and mournful reminiscences of past pleasures. There are earnest and solemn advices to be given, and loving rebukes to be uttered. The same voice that enkindles merriment at dinner, can say with unaffected gravity at the Sunday breakfast, "I read prayers this morning at eleven o'clock, and I expect you all to attend." There are poor folk to be visited and relieved; and none can do it like Walter Scott. One of them once says, "He speaks to the poorest man, as though he were his blood relation." There are farmers to aid by counsel, or if need be, by money; and thus Sir Walter goes on his way.

"In this way," says Captain Hall, "by a constant quiet interchange of good offices, he extends his great influence amongst all classes, high and low; and while in the morning, at breakfast-time, he gets a letter from the Duke of Wellington, along with some rare Spanish manuscripts taken at Vittoria, at midday he is gossiping with a farmer's wife, or pruning his young

trees cheek by jowl with Tom Purdie; at dinner he is keeping the table merry over his admirable good cheer, with ten hundred good stories, or discussing railroads, black-faced sheep, and other improvements with Torwoodlee; in the evening he is setting the young folks to dance, or reading some fine old ballad from 'Percy's Reliques,' or some black-letter tome of Border lore, or giving snatches of beautiful songs, or relating anecdotes of chivalry, and ever and anon coming down to modern home-life with some good, honest, practical remark, which sinks irresistibly into the minds of his audience, and all with such ease and unaffected simplicity as never, perhaps, was seen before in any man so gifted, so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world! Who can doubt that after such a day as I have glanced at, his slumbers must be peaceful, and that remorse is a stranger to his bosom, and that all his renown, all his wealth, and the love of such 'troops of friends,' are trebly gratifying to him and substantial, from their being purchased at no cost but that of truth and nature."

The old moss-trooper blood has not grown chill for all this excellence of heart. There is a flash of the eye from beneath those bushy grey brows that makes most men stand back, and a sternness in his voice that is very unpleasant to those to whom it is addressed. When they talk of Miss Foote the actress, and of her father who sold her to dishonour, the hale cheek gets a deeper tinge, the eye glows, the Scottish blood gets up, and pushing his chair back from the table, Sir Walter says, "Ah! what would I not give for just one kick at that man. I would give it to him," and the chair goes further

back—"I would give it to him, till I sent him out of that window into the Tweed!"

The country people know that it is not all joke and kindness with the laird.

During the riots for the Queen of George IV., a report went abroad that Abbotsford had been attacked by a mob, its windows broken, and the interior ransacked. "Ay, ay," said one of the neighbouring country folk, to whom the story was told, "so there was a great slaughter of people?" "Na, na," said his informant, "there was naebody killed." "Weel, then," said the other, "depend upon it, it's aw a lee; if Abbotsford is taken by storm, and the shirra in it, ye'll hae afterwards to tak account o' the killed and wounded, I'se warrant ye!"

"Peveril of the Peak" was published in January, 1823. The same year, in June, appeared "Quentin Durward," and an "Essay on Romance," and "St. Ronan's Well" in December.

In 1824, but one novel was given to the world, "Redgauntlet," published in June; but, as we have already mentioned, Scott wrote a number of reviews and magazine articles, and prepared a new edition of the works of Dean Swift.

CHAPTER XXI.

WALTER'S MARRIAGE—TRIP TO IRELAND—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

1825.

CAPTAIN HALL was at the grand ball held at Abbotsford on the 9th of January in honour of a Miss Jobson, "the pretty heiress of Lochore," and the niece of Sir Adam and Lady Ferguson. This young lady had recently consented to become Mrs. Walter Scott, at the particular request of the young hussar of that name. A nice fortune of her own was to be increased by the Abbotsford property after Sir Walter's death, and when he had signed the deed of settlement, he said, "I have now parted with my lands with more pleasure than I ever derived from the acquisition or possession of them; and if I be spared for ten years, I think I may promise to settle as much more again upon these young folks."

The young people were married on the third day of February, and after a three weeks' stay at Abbotsford, set off for Walter's quarters in Ireland, the hussar having been gazetted captain before leaving Scotland. The baronet's letters to his daughter-

in-law are beautiful specimens of kind and tender playfulness, mingled with sober and thoughtful advice for herself and for her husband. Yet sometimes a feeling of loneliness peeps out. Charles and Walter and Sophia are away, and, he says, "I have only Anne left to parade for the morning walk, and to domineer over for going in thin slippers and silk stockings through dirty paths, and in lace veils through bushes and thorn-brakes. So I walk my solitary round, look after my labourers, and hear them regularly inquire whether I have heard from the captain and his leddy, and wish I could answer them 'yes.'"

In May, Terry and a brother comedian leased the Adelphi theatre, and requested pecuniary aid from Sir Walter and James Ballantyne. The former wrote very prudent letters about the risk of theatrical speculations, saying that he had just spent some five thousand pounds upon the captain and his bride, and fifteen hundred in railway stock; but the upshot was of course the usual one. Ballantyne became security for five hundred pounds, and Scott for twelve hundred and fifty, and the latter was obliged to pay both sums in the sequel.

At the same time there was much consultation about some grand scheme of cheap publication; half-crown or three shilling volumes were to be issued once a month, and sold, "not by thousands and tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, ay, by millions." Scott and Lockhart acquiesced in the feasibility of the plan—the former bestowing on the publisher the title of "the great Napoleon of the realms of print;" and the result was, that series of books so well known under the title of "Constable's Miscellany."

In the latter part of June he wrote to his son to inform him that he had gotten "a second Maida, whose name is Nim-

rod," and to promise him a visit. Accordingly, on the 8th of July, accompanied by his daughter Anne and by Mr. Lockhart, they started from Edinburgh for Glasgow, where they embarked on board a steamer for Belfast.

There was an honest Glasgow baillie named Tennent on board, with whom Sir Walter had a merry time, equalling the little magistrate himself in knowledge of all the oddities and curiosities of the "gude town." The knight was fain to be content with one bowl of toddy after dinner, but the baillie insisted on a second, and would make it himself; "for," said he, "I am reckoned a gude hand at it, though not sae gude as *my father the deacon.*" Glasgow toddy was an excellent virtuous drink, he declared, and he instanced one old gentleman who had lived well and hearty until the age of ninety, and had been drunk upon it every night for half a century.

Then there was a wee Irish squireen, very uproarious and polemical, who would have the "glorious and immortal memory" given, and after that, the memory of Oliver Cromwell. Scott got over the first, but decidedly choked at the second of these toasts. The squireen was himself descended from a sergeant in Old Noll's army, and took care to inform his fellow-travellers, that his great ancestor was a "reel jontleman" all over, and behaved as such; "for," said he, "when Oliver gave him his order for the lands, he went to the widow, and tould her that he would neither turn out herself nor the purtiest of her daughters; 'so get the best dinner ye can, ould lady,' says he, 'and parade the whole lot of 'em, and I'll take me pick,' says he."

In this company their passage was effected, and the usual crowd of porters, hackmen, and idlers received them on the

wharf at Belfast. On Tuesday the 14th, Sir Walter dined with his son, and, doubtless, his heart was full of joy and pride as he sate at the table with his children about him.

His reception in Ireland was enthusiastic. The evening of his arrival at his son's in Dublin, he received an invitation to dine with the Royal Society, and at breakfast, next morning, a notification that the University desired to make him LL.D. Among his earliest visitors were Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, the Attorney-General, the Commander of the Forces, and other dignitaries military and civil. Every citizen of distinction strove to secure him for dinner or evening party; his levée was constantly crowded; and if his carriage stopped for a moment in the street, it was instantly surrounded by a crowd; shopkeepers and their wives stood at their doors, bowing and curtseying as he passed along, and the boys huzza'd about the wheels of his carriage. Indeed, so eager were the Dubliners in their expressions of admiration, that worthy Baillie Tennent was somewhat doubtful of the propriety of it, for, said he, "*yon* was ower like worshipping the creature."

Of course the Cathedral was visited, and Swift's house and tomb, the bank, the parliament house, the museums and the libraries; and when Scott went to the theatre, the people roared at him until he was obliged to rise and make a speech. When the city had been well seen, they made excursions to various *loughs* and other curious scenes. At Glendalough, with Seven Churches and its bed of St. Kevin, is a hole in a ro capable of containing two or three people in a sitting posture. This was the saint's couch, and into it Sir Walter, despite his lameness would crawl, the first lame man that ever did so. "He is a poet," said the Attorney-General, explanatorily to the

female guide. "*Poet!*" quoth Biddy, "divil a bit of him, but an honourable gintleman; he gev me half-a-crown."

The first of August found the travellers at Edgeworthstown, where Scott enjoyed himself well in the society of his beloved friend, Miss Edgeworth. The place was one of those striking proofs of the power of the gentry to alleviate the misery of the people, which are, alas! uncommon still in Ireland. Here all were well clothed, employed, industrious, happy. No rags, nor mud-hovels, nor herding of pigs with children, nor gaunt pauperism whining its entreaties in quaint brogue, tattered and woe-begone and comic, moving laughter and tears. Poor Ireland! it is not so much English oppression that saddens you, as Irish neglect and carelessness; it is absenteeism which is your curse—that the landlord does not live with, and care for his people, like the Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown.

The kind hosts were easily persuaded to accompany their guests upon the rest of their Irish travels. So they wandered from house to house, and from town to town, receiving warmest hospitalities at every turn; examining castles, churches, and ruins; looking at mountain, lake, wood and river; and at Limerick, receiving a morning call from a tatterdemalion bard called O'Kelly, who greeted his brother poet with the following quatrain:

> "Three poets of three different nations born,
> The united kingdom in this age adorn.
> Byron of England, Scott of Scotia's blood,
> And Erin's pride, O'Kelly, great and good!"

This original and unassuming composition cost the baronet

five shillings, and subscriptions were obtained to a volume of poems, by the great O'Kelly pointing out these lines:

> "Scott, Morgan, Edgeworth, Byron, prop of Greece,
> Are characters whose fame not soon will cease."

Another time, hearing of a certain pretty country seat which contained some fine pictures and a cabinet of curiosities, they proceeded under the care of a Mr. A. to the door of the house, but were stopped on the threshold by the sight of a pair of undertakers with all their funereal paraphernalia. Mr. A. accordingly left his card for the widow, having written upon it the names of his two illustrious companions. On the next day he received from the disconsolate lady the following note:

"Mrs. B. presents her kind compliments to Mr. A., and much regrets that she cannot show the pictures to-day, as Major B. died yesterday evening by apoplexy; which Mrs. B. the more regrets, as it will prevent her having the honor to see Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Edgeworth."

Sir Walter, at sight of this note, was reminded of some worthy dame, living in Fifeshire, who was wont to sum up her sorrows on this wise. "Let me see, sirs—first, we lost our wee callant—and then Jenny—and then the gudeman himsel' died—and the *coo* died too, puir hizzy; but to be sure *her* hide brought me fifteen shillings."

Then to Killarney's fair lake, and over the hills to Cork, where all sorts of honors awaited Scott, and whence he made an excursion to the far famed groves of Blarney, to climb to the top

of the castle and kiss the illustrious *blarney-stone*, destructive of bashfulness.

> "The stone this is, whoever kisses
> He never misses to grow eloquent;
> Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
> Or be a member of Parliament."

Somewhere about here, Scott became the debtor of some odd Irishman for the sum of six-pence, and not finding the coin in his pocket, gave him a shilling, with the remark, "Remember Pat, you owe me six-pence." "May your honor live till I pay you," said Paddy; a reply which Scott used to quote as full of courtesy as well as wit.

Then by Fermoy, Lismore, Cashel, Kilkenny and Holy-Cross, to Dublin, and from Dublin to Holyhead for a jaunt through Wales—and so to beautiful Windermere, to meet Canning, Wordsworth, Christopher North and Southey. Rides through rustling woods; boating parties and regattas upon the lake, and in the evening such conversation as might be expected from five such men, from elegant and accomplished women, and from a numerous society, if less distinguished, not less agreeable than the minister and the poets.

Sir Walter said truly, that this had been "a tour of ovation," for as soon as he had reached Abbotsford he resumed his usual habits of life and set earnestly to work upon his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," a work requiring more hard labour than any other he had yet undertaken. Such a mass of reading was to be done, journals, memoirs, French versions and English versions The whole civilized Europe to be studied geographically, gene-

alogically, and historically, and so wondrous a man as Napoleon to be judged with what freedom from prejudice and determined righteousness reflection might bring.

And Sir Walter Scott has no longer the iron frame that once he had. Still he swings the axe in his plantations, and loves to ramble over the breezy wolds; but age is coming on. The time is at hand when Sybil Grey, "the trotting canny pony," even must be abandoned, and a carriage must serve for exercise. Once it was pleasant to peep into the study, and see him at his desk there, with the white head erect and inspiration smiling on his lips and beaming in his eyes; with the quick pen tracing the story of Cœur de Lion and Saladin, and the left hand left free to pat the head of Maida. But now the strong eyes are getting dim; he must aid them with spectacles; and the head is more bent, and the brow corrugated, and the left hand holds continually a note-book.

But now back to our history. Towards the end of this year there were some esteemed visitors at Abbotsford—Lord and Lady Gifford, Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and especially Moore the poet. The latter arrived after the departure of the others, and found Scott alone with his family. The result of the visit was a friendship *á la vie, á la mort*, for which, it is true, both had been prepared before meeting. The baronet had commenced his letter of directions for the journey to his brother poet with, "My dear sir—damn *sir*—my dear Moore;" and a warm confidential intercourse was the immediate result of the Irish bard's visit.

They talked of the novels, Scott discarding from the beginning all affectation of incognito, and saying "they have been a mine of wealth to me; but I find I fail in them now; I cannot

make them so good as at first." Then they spoke of the abundance of good verse. "Hardly a magazine is published now," said Moore, "that does not contain verses which thirty years ago would have made a reputation." "Ecod," chuckled Scott, "we were in the luck of it, to come before those fellows. We have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us at our own weapons." Then would follow a dinner with Sir Adam Ferguson to sing Jacobite songs or tell peninsular stories; and Tom Moore would sing one of his own melodies, and so off to the theatre, where the audience received the little poet with rapture. "I could have hugged them for it," says Scott, "for it paid back the debt of the kind reception which I received in Ireland."

Mr. Moore was followed by the wealthy Mrs. Coutts and her future husband the Duke of St. Albans. She came with rather less than her usual pomp of travelling, bringing with her only three carriages out of the seven which customarily attended her; but each of the three was drawn by four horses, and her retinue consisted of the Duke and his sister, a brace of doctors, a toady, two bedchamber women, and some dozen or two servants, a train which rather bothered Lady Scott, who had half-a-dozen visitors of rank in the house already. However the rich *roturière* and her suit were accommodated, and her visit proved a pleasant one. It was so, owing to the great goodness of heart, and innate courtesy which characterised Sir Walter Scott. The incident is worth recording.

Ostentation is more or less attendant upon all great wealth, when that wealth is not hereditary and habitual, and the widow of the richest British banker, once a provincial actress, was of course not free from it. The high and fashionable dames at Abbotsford were by no means disposed to aid Lady Scott in

rendering Mrs. Coutts' visit agreeable. In Mayfair, it is true, they might accept her invitations and honour her routes, but abroad they were inclined to be coolly civil; so that in a little while, even during the first dinner, the lady's brow became overcast, and she was evidently ill at ease.

After dinner, however, Scott cut the gentlemen's lingering somewhat short, and mounted to the drawing-room. Here he took possession of the most potent of the fashionables present, a lovely and accomplished marchioness, and remonstrated in very plain language about the treatment given to Mrs. Coults. He called it "very shabby," and said, "You knew that she was coming, and if any of you did not wish to be of the party at my house with her, you had time enough to leave before her arrival. As you chose to stay, I expect that you will all help me to render her visit pleasant." The lady thanked him. "He had," she said, "spoken to her as to a daughter; she felt the honour, and would merit it. So she set to work with the exclusives, won them to a warmer manner, and the cloud cleared up from Mrs. Coutts' forehead; she became the lively rattling Harriet Mellon again, and delighted or amused all with odd stories of her early theatrical life.

Sir Walter continued to be annoyed by idle letters. It was nothing uncommon for him to receive one from some young spendthrift Oxonian or Cantab, requesting the *loan* of twenty, fifty, or even one hundred pounds. A Danish naval captain, wanting to go fight in Columbia, dreams that Scott would generously furnish him with the means—but he dreams wrong. A squab of a schoolboy, bearing the imposing title of "Captain of Giggleswick School," asks his advice about setting up a magazine to be called the "Yorkshire Muffin." A soldier of the 79th

requests him to procure his discharge, because the officers and men use profane language; and an unknown donkey writes to give him the useful information, that he, the unknown donkey aforesaid, likes the first three volumes of the "Heart of Midlothian" and does not like the fourth! And Scott answers all kindly and patiently.

But the year does not pass by without leaving heavy, heavy traces; Sybil Grey is given up, and the Abbotsford hunt. At the close of a hard run, an attempted leap fails, and the baronet is severely bruised and shattered. So he sighs, and gives up horsemanship. On the night of the 25th of November, he falls into a mass of street mud, and sighs more deeply, and resigns himself to walk no more at night. He complains of his eyes, and of his lameness, which is often painful, but he still has a warm heart, exerting itself for the benefit of all who are in need of alms or other consolation; and his sense of fun is no less keen than ever. Hogg breakfasts with him in December and they talk of Moore. "The honest grunter opines with delightful naïveté that *Muir's* verses are *far ower sweet.*" Answered by Thomson that Moore's ear or notes, I forget which, were finely strung. "They are far owre finely strung," replies he of the forest, "for mine are just right."

This anecdote is from Scott's Diary, which he began to keep regularly this year, and which is one of the frankest ever penned. In this we shall see the man's heart, its bravery and its deep sorrow; for the clouds are gathering fast about him, and the strong soul is to feel an anguish and a fear never conceived of before.

Let us close the chapter. In the next the storm will break.

This year, in June, the "Tales of the Crusaders" were published; and Notes and Introduction written for the Memoirs of the heroic Marquise de la Rochejaquelin.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUIN—DEATH OF LADY SCOTT.

1826.

We have seen the renewal of old school ties between Scott and James Ballantyne, and how, after the latter established his printing-office, his friend obliged him by large and frequent loans, and at length became a partner, for one-third of the printing concern, by advancing five thousand pounds obtained from the sale of Rosebank. So we have seen the difficulties which followed the introduction of John Ballantyne into the concern, and his establishment as bookseller. He was irredeemably careless; and his brother James, although honest at heart, had so rooted an aversion to accounts, ledgers, and other counting-house furniture, that he was as dangerous, or more so, than his brother. Scott pleased himself, and the Ballantynes pleased themselves by printing vast quantities of most unsaleable books in the most expensive form; and when the publishing-house went to ruin, we know of the temporary distress of Sir Walter, the constant attempts to get rid of the heavy stock, his incessant advances, borrowings, and sales of manuscripts, until he was forced to say to John Ballantyne, "For God's sake treat me as a man and not as a milch cow!"

The end of all was that Constable became the publisher, and

finally, the owner of Scott's copyrights, remaining connected with the Ballantynes, who printed for him. Alas! Scott was a partner of the Ballantynes—a thing he seems to have forgotten. Strictly methodical in keeping an account of his own expenses, it never occurred to him to look into the accounts of the firm. Now, as Constable also never glanced at accounts, here were the three, Scott, the printer, and the publisher, as ignorant of the state of their joint financial concerns as if they had had nothing to do with them.

Constable, of course, had his notes abroad, and so intimate was his connection with Ballantyne, that when he gave a note, the latter was accustomed to draw his notes for the same amount, in order to make use of them should any difficulty arise as to Constable's. But Constable had precisely the same arrangement with Hurst, Robinson & Co., of London, so that Sir Walter Scott's temporal fortune hung not only upon that of his two friends in Edinburgh, but upon that of a house in London with which he had no personal dealing whatever.

The years 1824–5, were years of wildest speculation. Mercantile men did everything but mind their own business; they bought shares in everything under Heaven. Booksellers Hurst, Robinson & Co., invested £100,000 in *hops!* In a word, they failed; the counter notes were thrown hastily into the market; confidence was destroyed; Constable failed; Ballantyne failed, and Sir Walter Scott was ruined.

Ballantyne acted manfully and Constable villanously, for when certain of ruin he endeavoured to persuade Scott to raise £20,000, assuring him that it would save the concern; but his partner, Cadell, an honest man, warned the baronet not to advance a shilling. Hurst and Robinson owed £300,000; Con-

stable, £256,000; Ballantyne, £117,000; and it was this last sum of debts which produced the ruin of the poet. Let us return to the story.

On the 26th of December, 1825, Scott was seized by a pain so violent as to compel him to go to bed. His physician pronounced it to be gravel augmented by bile, and Scott lay in great agony nearly all the night. In the morning, however, he was better, and the threatened illness passed over. But on the 5th of January something still more dangerous menaced him. Returning from a walk he sat down to his desk, but found to his horror that he could neither write nor spell, but put one word for another, and wrote nonsense. Fortunately it was explained by the fact that he had not slept off the effects of an anodyne, taken the day before.

But walks and woodcraft, with Tom Purdie, and a visit from Charles Matthews, enlivened and invigorated him, and he began to feel his strength renewed. Great need had he of it, for in a day or two he was to suffer bitterly. The notes of Hurst and Robinson were beginning to come in upon Constable; the latter was raving with rage. Once Scott murmured. He records in his Diary, (January 17th) Ballantyne's hopelessness, and then the death of an old friend, and says, "I cannot choose but wish it had been Sir W. S., but yet the feeling is unmanly." It was never repeated, and we shall now see how deep and manful was the bravery of his strong heart.

On the 21st, the bolt falls. Sir Walter knows all, and writes, "Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it. Blessed be the name of the Lord," and again, "I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad news. I have walked my last on the domains which I have planted; sat the last

time in the halls which I have built. But death would have taken them from me, if misfortune had spared them." To-day he receives a letter of invitation to the funeral of the Chevalier Yvelin, who was desirous of being introduced to him, and had made arrangements for that purpose when he was suddenly cut down. "He is dead," says the diary, "and I am ruined. This is what you call a meeting."

Had Scott consented to become a bankrupt, all his existing property would have been taken, and he would have been free to build up what new fortune time might permit. But Abbotsford, it will be remembered, was settled upon his eldest son, and could not be had; nor would he consent to any course but a full payment of all monies owed. In vain they told him that it was the usual mercantile course to become bankrupt; that Constable would pay but 2s. 9d. in the pound; and Hurst and Co., but 1s. 3d. He was not a merchant, and if God gave him health and strength to labour he would yet pay all.

So trustees were appointed for him, his creditors agreed to wait and trust him, and he sat down earnestly to labour until the embers of his life should die out amid the ashes of his fortune. He was busied with Woodstock and the life of Napoleon, but kept them back to write three letters, as from one Malachi Malagrowther, in order to defeat the application of a proposed bill of parliament to the Scottish Banks. He wrote them, and did defeat the measure.

But he began in February to complain of old age. His dressing hour, once his most favourable time for thought, was no longer what it had been, and even the labor of dressing was beginning to be felt. By-and-bye "even the grasshopper will

have become a burden." The "mine of wealth" is gone; on the 22d he has only between £3 and £4 left in his purse.

On the 27th, he tells his butler, Dalgleish, that they must part, but Dalgleish bursts into tears and will not budge. They may cut down his wages if they choose, or give him none at all, but he will not go. So Dalgleish stays with his master, and, after a time, will be found opening the door of the modest lodging-house to which the broken man retires.

The house in Castle-street was advertised for sale: they must leave the home of many pleasant years for ever. A strange fluttering of the heart came often now, and presentient depression of spirits and deep melancholy. The furniture had been moved, the pictures taken from where they hung, stood with their faces towards the wall: the house had lost its home look. No wonder that the heart fluttered sickly.

And the clouds are not all gathered yet. The darling grandchild for whom the "Tales of a Grandfather" were written, was pining his little life slowly away. There was no hope of saving him; all that could be done was to wait sorrowfully for the end, and then to lay him down in his grave. Worse still, the wife, the patient, loving, sympathizing one, was growing feeble, and we will now give some extracts from that heroic, mournful journal, wherein the man pours out whatever is in him, and wherein we can see him as he saw himself.

"March 19th.—The faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, for so many years, has, but with difficulty, been prevailed upon to see Dr. Abercromby, and his opinion is far from favourable. Her asthmatic complaints are fast terminating in hydropsy, as I have long suspected; yet the announcement of the truth is overwhelming."

He continues to work hard, and wonders that the labor does not divert him from melancholy thoughts. On the 26th, "Woodstock" is finished. On the 1st of April, he gives a portrait of his early life. "*Ab uno disce omnes.* Rose at seven or sooner; studied and wrote till breakfast, with Anne, about a quarter before ten. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntly Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted, now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back; sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy, which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This brings me down to the very moment I do tell—the rest is prophetic. I shall feel drowsy when this book is locked, and perhaps sleep until Dalgleish brings the dinner summons. Then I shall have a chat with Lady S. and Anne, some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat, and man's chief business, in Dr. Johnson's estimation, is briefly despatched. Half an hour with my family, and half an hour's coquetting with a cigar, a tumbler of weak whiskey and water, and a novel, perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half hour of chat; then write and read in my own room until ten o'clock at night; a little bread, and then a glass of porter and to bed; and this, very rarely varied by a visit from some one, is the tenor of my daily life, and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehensions about Lady S. and poor

Johnny Hugh. The former, will, I think, do well, but for the latter—I fear—I fear."

Well might he fear, for in a short time certainty will take the place of doubt; the little one will pass away but not before the wife.

Woodstock was sold for £8,228, and the money passed to the creditors. Napoleon made rapid progress despite of weak eyes and violent toothaches, which sometimes made every tooth on the right side of the head absolutely waltz. A visit to Ashestiel was pleasant, but yet the alterations produced a good deal of sadness. On the 13th of April another friend, Sir Alexander Don died—a friend of forty years' standing. On the 19th, returning from his funeral, Scott writes: "Returned from the house of death and mourning to my own, now the habitation of sickness and anxious apprehension. The result cannot yet be judged. Two melancholy things last night. I left my pallet in our family apartment, to make way for a female attendant, and removed to a dressing-room adjoining, when to return, or whether ever, God only can tell. Also, my servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task. I hope she will not observe it."

The next day another death and funeral; and three or four days later, news of Mrs. Lockhart's safe confinement, and of the rapid sinking of her eldest son. Sometimes, on bright April days, Lady Scott seems to grow a little better; sometimes, on cold May mornings, she seems to lose all strength. But no matter how ill she may be, Scott must away from Abbotsford to Edinburgh, and take lodgings there for a week. "Charlotte," he says, "was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well.

Emotion might have hurt her; and nothing I could have expressed would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years and more, that this menaced event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly, within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless. And yet to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill—that, I did not, I could not foresee. It withers my heart to think of it."

So he started for Edinburgh on the 11th of May, and while he labored there for a day or two, his wife sank slowly, and on the fifth day after, the old man came back and stood beside her clay. She died on the morning of the 15th, calmly and easily; great pain had worn out the body, and there was no suffering in her last moments.

"I have seen her," he says, but "the figure I beheld is not my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic. But that yellow mask with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than to emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression. I will not look on it again." But the strong heart holds out yet, only with intervals of great anguish. "Sometimes I am as firm as the Bass Rock. I am as alert in thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it was not long since, I think my heart will break." Wonderful that it did not, for he was, in his own words, "lonely, aged, an impoverished and embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of his thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down his sense of calamitous apprehensions which now will break the heart that must bear them alone."

May the 18th comes, bright, sunny, gay, vocal with rustling

leaves and song of happy birds. But, alas! "they cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte; it is not the bride of my youth—the mother of my children."

"I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasions. I can exert myself and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if anything touches me, the choking sensation! I have been to her room; there was no voice in it; no stirring. The pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere." "I remembered the last sight of her: she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away.

When I returned she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now!"

"They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a footfall. Oh, my God!"

So it goes on, that sad diary. Anne has fainting fits and bitter hysterical weepings. Then Charles arrives, and by-and-bye, as Schiller sings,

> "From the steeple
> Loud and long,
> Tolls the mournful
> Funeral song;"

and they bear away the wife and the mother, in long proces-

sion, and lay her down to rest in the vaults of ancient Dryburgh. And then the children go forth again to their duties, and the white-headed old knight sits in his study mournful and alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LONDON AND PARIS—OLD AGE—A LITTLE LIGHT.

1826—1827.

SIR WALTER had one loving child left to him, his daughter Anne, and she tended him with untiring filial love. And after a little, Walter and his wife came, and all friends were kind, but it was not a kindness like hers who had departed. She was missed at every step; she was present in nearly every thought; and there was no one left to whom he might complain of his fatigue, his fears, his weariness. But he bore all this, and all his other sorrows, with the courage of a gallant gentleman.

Matters pecuniary, also, began to look up a little. When real men of business got hold of and managed the printing-office, they, in a single year, not only paid James Ballantyne a good salary as superintendent, but cleared £1,200 into the bargain. It is true *they* kept accounts. Besides this, Sir Walter wrote now for several reviews and magazines, and an hundred pound note came in occasionally for his contributions. Headache and bile, failing sight and increasing lameness, sad thoughts and memories, and doubts of the future combined to oppress him, but he withstood all. "I do not like to have it thought," he said, "that there is any way in which I can be beaten." And what a resolution to work he made; to read no

books but such as were needed in his labour; to give up his customary cigar, nay more, to give up the axe in his plantations and his customary tea-drinking, and to write evermore toilsomely, at all hazards to health and brain, that so the debts which other men had heaped upon him might be extinguished.

Napoleon's life went on rapidly, swelling as it advanced, and threatening seven or eight stout volumes. The author, anxious to leave no sources of information unexplored, started for London on the 12th of October, where he had been promised access to the government papers. His distresses had lost him no friends, and his reception was as warm as ever it had been; warmer, indeed, for every one desired to testify respect to the man who bore so bravely the penalty of faults which were not his own. Various enough was the society which greeted him. To-day he dined with his sovereign in the Royal Lodge at Windsor; to-morrow with honest Terry, "in a curious dwelling no larger than a squirrel's cage" squeezed out of the Adelphi theatre. He breakfasted with his daughter and son-in-law, dined with the Minister of State, supped with the wits at Rogers', or the painters at Sir Thomas Lawrence's. Yet did not for all this forget what he came for, but wrought diligently in accumulating such information as state papers could afford.

At a second dinner at Windsor, the king exhibited, in every possible way, his esteem for the illustrious subject, whom he made to sit beside him and talk as with a friend of equal rank; and whosoever was of note in London added his share towards the entertainment of Sir Walter Scott.

The work which had brought him to London, was to carry him still farther. He was offered every facility for procuring information in France, and on the 26th of October, he and his

daughter Anne, set off for Calais. On the 29th, they reached Paris, and were scarcely settled at their hotel, when the great city began to show how highly it esteemed its guest. Ambassadors, statesmen and generals, thronged to see him. The Dames des Halles brought him "a bouquet like a maypole, and a speech full of honey and oil." Madame Mirbel almost went down upon her knees for permission to take his portrait, and only got permission by tears, or nearly so.

Princess Galitzin, from St. Petersburgh, sends, begging him to visit her, for she would "*traverser les mers pour aller le voir.*" Cooper, the American, being in Paris, helps to entertain him, and the king on his way to chapel, stops to speak to him; and Madame la Dauphine, and Madame la Duchesse de Berri, curtsey and smile at him and then the courtiers crowd about him and shower attentions on him, and the tall white-headed old Scotchman moves in his simple dignity through all, and estimates all at precisely its proper value—little or nothing.

Back in England again by the 9th of November, and after two weeks of delay to Oxford, to visit his son Charles, in his chambers, and so, "with only £8 left in his purse," to Abbotsford for awhile, until the duties of clerkship require his presenco at Edinburgh.

Here the year 1826 closes and 1827 begins. All through the winter Sir Walter suffered much from acute rheumatism, and chillblains on both hands and feet. Not only was the current of his blood beginning to flow sluggishly, but he confined himself almost incessantly to his desk. He begins to tire of his journal; "It has," he says, "a vile chirurgical aspect." The daily entries are headed 'R,' for rheumatism, or 'R.R.' for double rheumatism; neither, as we may suppose, does he find it very

gay. "In my better days, I had stories to tell; but death has closed the long, dark avenue upon loves and friendships, and I look at them as through the grated doors of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open to me, at no distant period, provided such be the will of God."

In stormy March he went back to Abbotsford, and led a somewhat more out-door life there. He loved to brave a snow-storm or a keen north-wind; he wanted to see what robust strength was left in him yet, and used to give Tom Purdie the slip and go alone, for "Tom would have made me keep in the sheltered places." An occasional little dinner with Mr. Skene or other old friend, helped to pass the time, enlivened him, and sent him back with renewed courage to his desk.

One grand dinner called him out from his retirement on February 23d. The players had founded a charity for the relief of decayed performers, the veterans of the stage, and Scott was begged to preside at their first festival. It was here that he threw aside the mask—already a transparent one—of his incognito, and acknowledging himself the sole author of the novels, received the thundering plaudits of the guests with his usual good-natured modesty. In writing in his Diary of his own long success, as chairman upon festive occasions, he mentions the few rules by which he was governed, and recommends them to others in a similar position. 1st. Always to hurry round the bottle, that a drop of wine may awaken early geniality and kindly feeling, and destroy the stiffness usually attendant upon large dinners. 2d. To talk away as fast as possible, not caring to say fine things, but only pleasant ones, and to exert the authority of the chair rarely, and, if possible, with a jest.

3d. To avoid the cup, a tipsy president being the stupidest of beings; and 4th. To speak briefly and to the purpose."

These dinners, private or public, do not however, diminish the burden of his fifty-six years. He is travelling onward toward the "home appointed for all living," and each step is beginning to fall upon the body of a friend. *Ον δι θεοι φιλουσιν αποθνησκε νεος.* Whom the gods love dies young." Old age is one continued parting with the beloved. In regular succession Scott notes them as they go, and "from love's shining circlet the gems drop away." The Duke of York; Gifford; kind-hearted, blue-stockinged Lydia White, and Sir George Beaumont, all in the same month.

About the middle of February, Göthe writes to him about the death of Byron, their own advancing age and his desire to speak, if only by letter, with his Scottish brother-poet. Scott's answer is not known; but the German wrote to Thomas Carlyle that it was "cheering and warm-hearted."

Meantime the work advances. By April 25th, he has "got Bony pegged up in the knotty entrails of St. Helena;" on June the 3d, he kills him; the summing up occupies a day or two longer, and in the middle of the month the book is published. The "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" was sold for eighteen thousand pounds, which with the eight thousand pounds got for "Woodstock," made twenty-six thousand pounds, gained in the last mournful, eventful year and a-half, and paid over to the creditors.

In the summer Mr. Lockhart and his family took lodgings at Portobello, a sea-bathing place near Edinburgh, and this gave Scott an excellent opportunity to refresh not only his spirits but his physique. Every other day he would stroll down and dine

with his children, and then walk about on the beach. The fresh breeze from the sea and the regular exercise did great good to his health, and when the merry voices of his grandchildren called to him, and their happy little faces beamed about him, he felt less that he was alone. One of these children, his favourite, was a confirmed invalid; we have seen the grandfather's fears for him, and we have seen afterwards his "hope deceived." "Lady S. will, I think, do well, but for little Johnny Hugh—I fear—I fear." Yet the wife was taken and the little one left; and now lived on, feebly it is true, but still strong enough to fill up the heart of the old grandfather, and to be even a companion for him. The two, the old man and the child, used to wander about together, and the former would beguile the way with some pleasant story from the history of old Scotland, and if he found its style dignified enough for men to read, and yet perfectly comprehensible by the child, he would write it down in that form, and so were composed the "Tales of a Grandfather."

Sybil Grey, we know, was the last of his horses, but this summer he found a quaint little Highland pony, dun, with black legs and mane, and it became his charger. Douce Davie *alias* the Covenanter, was an historical pony, a pony of very rare merits and accomplishments. He had belonged to a jolly old laird, who, an important member, if not president, of an ultra convivial club, had need of an unusual steed. The laird was not like the cavalry "whose legs never get drunk," for not only his legs but all the rest of him became thoroughly fuddled always before midnight. Now, Douce Davie had educated himself to follow with his body all the tipsy swervings and pitchings of the laird, until the latter found it impossible to tumble

off him; and when at last he did tumble off, it was never to get on again. You may be sure that after the laird was buried, many an honest man wanted to buy Douce Davie, but when it was known that the sheriff wanted him, all others yielded, and the dun pony, with his black mane and legs, and his accommodative gymnastic qualifications, succeeded to Captain and Lieutenant, to Lenore, Daisy and Sybil Grey.

The July meeting of the Blair-Adam Club carried Sir Walter to Fife, where he visited Balcasky, an ancient mansion of the Anstruther family, and thought of one Philip Anstruther, a gay, wild, gallant young sailor. Philip had drawn upon his father for money sooner or more heavily than the father expected, and old Sir Robert, sent, in return for the draft, not money, but a vehement be-rating. And Philip replied, that if he, Sir Robert, did not know how to write like a gentleman, he desired no more of his correspondence.

Scott had been here before, in years when he was accustomed to watch at Greyfriars church door, armed with an umbrella: "first-love" days, in which he had then carved, in runic characters on the turf, a name. And now, when the rest of the party were climbing up to the top of the tower, he sate down, on a gravestone there, and thought of his early manhood; of how proud he had felt "when a pretty young woman would sit beside him talking all the evening, when the rest of the young folks were capering in view." Thought of this, and of the runic character which he cut on the turf, and he asked why should an ancient memory such as this come back to him there, in his decay and old age, to agitate his heart.

On the 22d of July, he learns that he has made two more steps towards the grave—Lady Diana Scott, of Harden, dies,

and Archibald Constable dies, broken down by the ruin into which he had dragged his friend. No heroism had he, no proud heart, that could not die in debt, no soul that must live until the very chance of dishonour were destroyed. But his "craft" was gone, and his haughty insolence and his wide schemes and frantic speculations were over, and he was in the dust, crushed by his fall; and Sir Walter Scott pardoned him and strove to find excuses for him as he had done while he yet lived. The next month Canning dies.

About the same time Mr. Adolphus came again to Abbotford and watched him there while he worked. We have already seen whatever he saw, and will record but one picture, drawn by him; it might be painted. Generally he was left to amuse himself at one o'clock, at which hour he used to watch for the irregular tread and the tap of the staff upon the floor which told that Sir Walter's morning task was ended. But once, on a rainy day, he was invited to spend the morning in the "den," and there, "when we sat down to our respective employments, the stillness of the room was unbroken, except by the light rattle of the rain against the windows and the dashing trot of Sir Walter's pen over the paper; sounds not very unlike each other, and which seemed to vie together in rapidity and continuance. Sometimes, when he stopped to consult a book, a short dialogue would take place; or again the silence would be broken for a minute by some merry outcry in the hall, from one of the little grandchildren, which would half awaken Nimrod, or Spice, or Bran, as they slept at Sir Walter's feet, and produce a growl or a stifled bark, not in anger but by way of protest."

There was one General Gourgaud, one of Napoleon's aide-de-camps at St. Helena, who was stated (in the government papers

laid before Scott in London) to have given private information to the British Government of the falsity of the charges made against Sir Hudson Low; while in France he was one of the principal fomenters of the accusation of cruelty practiced upon the fallen Emperor by Sir Hudson. What Scott learned from respectable sources concerning this man, he set down. When the book was published, Gourgaud fumed, and Sir Walter was as gentle in reply as firmness would allow, until it was stated that the worthy General was too angry to hear anything but a pistol-shot. Then the old Border-blood waxed hot, and the General was informed that if a shot at the worn old Baronet appeared at all desirable, he could have it as soon as he wished. And then the matter blew over, and the Border blood got cool again, and nobody was the worse of the wordy war.

In September he made a little jaunt to Greenock, with his old friend Mrs. MacLean Trephane, and recorded in his notebook that the minister of the Cumbrays, two wretched little islands at the mouth of the Clyde, was wont to make the following petition:—"O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrays, and in Thy mercy, do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

On his return from this trip, Scott found an invitation to meet the Duke of Wellington near Durham. He accepted it, and was pleased and renovated by it. But on his return home, a new and cruel vexation awaited him. A firm of Jews called Abud and Co., brokers, Israelites indeed, in whom was an uncommon quantity of guile, had gotten possession of some of Ballantyne's notes, and when Scott was last in London, had threatened to arrest him; and now they renewed their threats. For weeks the tortured poet thought that he would have to take

refuge in the Isle of Man, or in the sanctuary of Holyrood. It was in vain to represent to the vile Shylocks, that the heroic man was wearing his life away in toiling to pay all; they persisted in their persecution, until at last Sir Wm. Forbes paid their demands, £2,000, without Scott's knowledge, and took his place among the ordinary creditors for that amount. So the Israelites got their "pound of flesh," and went on their own way to perdition; and Sir Walter did not take sanctuary nor go to the Isle of Man.

In November, son Charles is appointed to a clerkship in the foreign office, and more good news is to follow the announcement of this. The trustees of Constable's estates offered for sale all the copyrights of the novels and poems, and they were bought by Cadell and Scott for £8,500; so that the profits of any future editions would go towards the extinguishment of the Ballantyne debt. And, amid all the distresses of the last two years, between January 1826 and January 1828, Sir Walter had gained and paid over to the creditors nearly £40,000, and a dividend of six shillings in the pound was declared in December.

"Now I can sleep," he says, "under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned and the approbation of my own conscience." And again: "I am now restored in constitution; and though I am still on troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my

exertions in 1827, may, with God's blessing, carry me successfully through 1828, when we may gain a more open sea, if not exactly a safe port."

Since the chapter before the last began, the letters of Malachi Malagrowther and "Woodstock" were given to the public in 1826. The next year, the immense work, the "Life of Napoleon" was published in June; the first series of "Chronicles of the Canongate" early in winter, and the "Tales of a Grandfather" in December. Besides this, Scott collected and edited six octavo volumes of his "Miscellaneous Prose Works," and wrote several Essays, Memoirs and Reviews. Think of the old man's labour, and of his sorrow while he laboured.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DECAY ADVANCING—"BURKE SIR WALTER!"

1828—1831.

THIS year, Mr. Cadell and Sir Walter planned what would have been work enough for almost any other man. *Opus Magnum*, Scott calls it in his Diary. It was a complete edition, poems and novels, with new prefaces and notes. But before this was advertised, the "Three Religious Discourses" by a layman, written to oblige a young friend, and presented to him, were published by Colburn. Then Scott was offered £2,000 a year to edit a journal; and other pounds to write or lend his name to annuals, which offers he declined. Indeed, he had enough to do, for, besides *Opus Magnum*, the "Fair Maid of Perth" was making rapid progress, and close application produced its usual effect. At first he complains of confusion and loss of memory, then of being nervous and bilious, and, finally, of a "vile palpitation of the heart, that *tremor cordis*, that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and tears:" it is the old "fluttering" returned.

So in April he went to London, and spent six weeks there with the Lockharts and with his son Charles, who had taken possession of his place in the Foreign Office. Here were old friends yet to welcome him, and quiet dinners with the king

and others; and here, also, was poor little grandson Johnnie worse than ever, and the same record is written in London which was once made at Edinburgh, "I fear—I fear—."

But Scott goes about, one day to hear Coleridge discourse on the Samothracian Mysteries, another day to sit to the veteran artist Northcote: again to exchange a lock of his white hair with a pretty girl for a kiss, and once to hear a lady sing one of his own songs from the "Pirate:"

> "Farewell, farewell, the voice you hear
> Has left its last soft tones with you,
> Its next must join the seaward cheer,
> And shout amid the shouting crew."

He liked the music, and whispered to Lockhart, "capital words: whose are they? Byron's I suppose, but I don't remember them." When told that they were his own, he seemed pleased for an instant, but the pleasure vanished, and he said, "You have distressed me. If memory goes, all is gone with me, for that was always my strong point." Alas! the memory will go soon.

It seemed as if his presence must always bring good to somebody, and during this visit, his interest procured for two of Allan Cunningham's sons East India cadetships. On the 28th of May, he started for home, stopping twice on the way, once at Rokeby and once at Carlisle, that he might visit the Cathedral, and stand once more on the spot where he married the "bride of his youth, the mother of his children." That also, might be added to the many pictures that exist of him, his portrait in that old Cathedral, with the dim light falling on

the uncovered head and the infirm and shattered body, as he stands before the altar thinking of his stalwart youth, and of the beautiful girl who was once there beside him, and who is now mouldering in the dust of the grave.

Arrived at home, he learns that Sir William Forbes is gone; and then his aunt, Lady Raeburn, follows, and Sir Walter remains the oldest living member of his family; and the year passes on laboriously, and ends, and that is another milestone passed on the road to eternity.

By January, 1829, "Anne of Geierstein" was nearly finished and read to Mr. Morritt and Sir James Stuart, both of whom knew Switzerland well; and both of whom, at hearing the descriptions of scenery, were astonished beyond measure that so accurate a picture could have been drawn from books and the imagination only; for the author had never seen the land of Tell. This work was finished before breakfast on the 29th of April; and immediately after that meal he began his "Compendium of Scottish History" for Lardner's Cyclopædia.

He had the pleasure of seeing old Mons Meg restored this year, and of hearing that thirty-five thousand copies of the first eight volumes of *Magnum Opus* had been sold in a single month. There was also a short visit from Mr. Hallam, but the sorrows came thicker than the joys. Rheumatism, headache, nervous irritation, and hemorrhage annoyed him—precursors of ultimate apoplexy. Then his son Walter became ill, and was forced to go to France; James Ballantyne lost his wife, and fell into a religious melancholy allied to insanity; Terry died in June. and Robert Shortreed, the companion of his raids into

Liddesdale, in July; and, finally, at the close of the autumn, his faithful friend and servant, poor Tom Purdie.*

One comfort was there amid all this sorrow, to wit, that the Earl of Buchan died also. The crack-brained old creature that had bothered him once about his own funeral.†

The year 1830 came on, and the first month passed in labour too unremitting. On the 15th of February, on his return from the Parliament House, he found an old lady friend waiting to show him some manuscript memoirs of her father. He sate down for half an hour, and appeared to be busied with her papers; then he rose as if to dismiss her, but sank down again in his arm-chair, and a spasm convulsed his face. In a minute or two, however, he rose and staggered to the drawing-room, where his daughter Anne and Miss Violet Lockhart were sitting. They rose to meet him, but before they could cross the room, he fell forward, at full length, heavily upon the floor, and remained speechless until the doctor arrived and bled him. Then, for some time, renewed depletions and strict diet of pulse and water were used to restore him; but as soon as he recovered a little strength, he returned to his toil, and, indeed, wrote as much this year as he had done during the past one.

In June, Miss Edgeworth offered him a fine Irish staghound, but he was obliged to refuse it, as he already owned two, Nimrod, the gift of Glengarry, and Bran, a present from MacPherson of Cluny. He had, also, received from the king the offer of the rank of Privy Counsellor, and a proposition to place him at the head of a commission to examine and edit the Stuart papers which had now come into the hands of his Majesty by the demise of the Cardinal of York. The latter he willingly

* See page 162. † See page 175.

undertook, but the former he unhesitatingly refused. On the 26th of June George IV. died, and Sir Walter lost a kind and powerful friend; but the new monarch instantly sent word that the respect and affection of the dead king should be found undiminished and as active in himself.

In July he resigned his clerkship of Sessions, and retired upon a pension of eight hundred pounds. Five hundred more was offered him by the ministers as a grant, but he refused it. For his pension he had laboured hard, but to the grant he had no positive claim, and would, therefore, rather not accept it.

About the same time, some stupid individual wrote to him on a topic which is noticed and dismissed in his diary, thus simply, "I have had a letter from a certain young gentleman, announcing that his sister had so far mistaken the intentions of a lame baronet, nigh sixty years old, as to suppose him only prevented by modesty from stating certain wishes and hopes, &c. The party is a woman of rank, so my vanity may be satisfied. But I excused myself with little picking upon the terms," which is all that has been revealed on the matter, and enough.

The rest of the summer, the Lockharts were at Chiefswood, and Willie Laidlaw snug again at Kaeside. Douce Davie bore him yet, surrounded by his grandchildren, along the forest-paths which he himself had made, and honest Swanston did all that lay in his power to re-place Tom Purdie. But the daily task was regularly performed, and a nervous twitching of the mouth, showed more than other signs, that Sir Walter was failing.

This year was the year of the Reform Bill; Radicalism, grim in Scotch ginghams, with fingers dyed blue by much weaving, howled in the manufacturing towns. Charles X., driven from his throne, was offered an asylum at Holyrood, but it was said that

the populace would outrage Scottish hospitality and insult him. Therefore Sir Walter wrote an address to his countrymen, reminding them of what was due to fallen power, and what to themselves. The address had its successful effect, and the discrowned exiles were received with courtesy and decorum.

Writing had now become almost impossible; the eye failed and the hand staggered, and Mr. Laidlaw was appointed amanuensis in ordinary, until Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, should be written. Little admiration had Ballantyne or Cadell for what they saw of these works, and it was feared that the public would have as little; so the printer and publisher set out for Abbotsford and begged him to cease his labor. But he said, "As for bidding me not to work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say, *now don't boil.*" They gave him the good news of another dividend of three shillings in the pound, and how the whole debt was now already half-paid; and how the creditors had met and passed this resolution. "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linens, paintings, library and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgement for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made and continues to make for them."

He was very grateful for this, and said that he must redouble his labors, not only to destroy the rest of the debt, but to re-pay the creditors for their kindness. Lockhart begged him to repose, but he replied, "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things; but I am sure

that, in one point, there is no change; I mean, that I foresee distinctly, that if I were to be idle I should go mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from."

An old friend, Miss Ferguson, sister of Sir Adam, dies this year, in December, and he goes to the funeral and assists, as he says himself, "on a cold day to lay her in her cold bed."

Next year, (1831), in the end of January, he went to Edinburgh to make his will, which the late present from his creditors enabled him to do. Miss Lockhart was to have a thousand pounds; son Charles and daughter Anne, each, double that amount. Walter had written to his father to say that he would buy the library, etc.; and so the eldest son kept Abbotsford as it was, and was to pay his father's legacies to his sister and his brother. Dalgleish, the butler, is dead, and is replaced by Nicholson, faithful and devoted; and when Scott places his will in Cadell's hands and says, "I still hope it may be long before you have occasion to produce it," poor Nicholson stammers out a deep "Amen," and brushes his eyes with his hard, rough, hand.

During this visit, one Mr. Fortune, a mechinist, makes him a machine to support the feeble leg; and Sir Walter says that he will no more quote *fortes fortuna adjuvat*, but will rather sing

> "Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest me!
> A kinder fortune man did never see!
> Thou props't my thigh: thou rid'st my knee of pain
> I'll walk, I'll mount, I'll be a man again."

One more great pain; perhaps the greatest, was in store for Sir Walter. Radicalism, rampant and unreflecting was to give it to him. It was the "Reign of Blouse," as Ik. Marvel says,

in Jedburgh, and Scott, in his capacity of Sheriff, was called on to preside over the election there. He began his speech and was interrupted by groans and hisses, but he stood calmly until silence was restored, and then he said—"My friends, I am old and failing, and you think me full of very silly prejudices," and a few words more, until a new interruption came. There had been a vile monster named Burke recently in Scotland, who murdered men and women merely to sell their bodies to the surgeons, and to "Burke a man," had become an idiom. And now amid the storm of hisses, that brave old Scottish knight who loved his land so dearly, who had passed so much of his life in doing good to the poor and the oppressed, who "if he did not see the heather once a year, would die," *he* heard, amid wild yells and stormy disapprobation, the cry of "Burke Sir Walter!"

It went into his heart. One moment only, indignation fired his eye and flushed his cheek, as he called out to the rioters, "I regard your gabble no more than that of the geese on the green!" but then the iron entered his soul; he went sadly from the hustings, and as he passed out of the door of the room turned round and said to them—*Moriturus vos saluto!* "I, dying, bid you farewell!"

By-and-bye, on his deathbed, we shall see that insult from Scottish lips disturbing his last hours, and the pale mouth shall murmur in delirious sorrow, "Aye, Burke Sir Walter!"

Lord Meadowbank came to see him on the 15th of April, and when at dinner he felt his strength and spirits flagging, he was tempted to take a glass or two of champagne. The result was a shock of apoplectic paralysis, which disabled him for eight days. The physicians brought him back to life, but the time for such recoveries was well nigh over. In May, when his son-

in-law arrived, it was a sad sight which he presented. Mounted upon Douce Davie, with Laidlaw at one stirrup and Swanston at the other, he advanced at a foot-pace. His head had been shaved, and a black silk skullcap covered it. His face was haggard and worn; his raiment hung loosely upon him, and his eye was bright with fever. It was in vain that the medical men had forbidden labour; he smiled as he answered their remonstrances with

> "Dour, dour and eident was he,
> Dour and eident but-and-ben;
> Dour against their barley-water,
> And eident on the Bramah pen."

Miss Ferrier, the authoress of "Marriage," and a favourite of his, had called to see him, and with all the innate, beautiful delicacy of a woman, had learned how to deal with him. When he lost the thread of a story, as now he often did, she would not tell him just where he left off, but would complain of her deafness, and tell him that she had not heard what he last said. Then she would mention some point further back in the narrative, and he would smile courteously, and begin again at that point, and so finish his story.

In May took place James Ballantyne's last visit to Abbotsford. His mental malady had greatly increased, and on one Sunday, about the time of prayers, he suddenly left the house, and he and Sir Walter never saw each other again.

On the 18th, he determined to make an excursion with Mr. Lockhart into Lanarkshire, for the purpose of visiting the scenery of Castle Dangerous, which he had not seen since his

boyhood. They started, and performed their journey safely, visiting the ancient holds of the powerful Douglas, the church where their ashes reposed, and the ancient castle, wherein was laid the scene of the romance which Sir Walter proposed to write, and at which he went resolutely to work so soon as he had returned home.

This summer saw him often happy and occasionally even gay. Mr. Adolphus came to see him, and they wandered about the country; once to the scenes of his childhood, where he recalled old Captain Dalgettie, and Aunt Jenny, and Philander Constable dangling about her; pointed out the lea where he lay amid the heather, while Sandy Ormiston tended his sheep, and the Smailholm Craigs where Betty was tempted by the Evil One to cut his throat with her scissors. No doubt there came back also to his memory the good grandfather, and the grandmother with her spinning wheel, seated in the ingle-neuk, while Aunt Jenny read from the Bible, and lame little Walter rolled on the carpet and listened, or crept towards the watch of the old knight Mac Dougal, as well as he might in his bonds of fresh sheepskin.

But if old memories existed, later ones had vanished. An idea had sprung up and grown, until he had become convinced of its truth, that all his debts were paid. Nobody had the heart to enlighten him, and in the close of the year, when Wordsworth came to visit him, he was more composed and better than he had been for some time. To encourage this improvement it was resolved to winter in Naples, and arrangements were accordingly made; but before he departed, his brother-poet sang for him this adieu:—

"A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of power, assembled there, complain,
For kindred power departing from their sight.
While Tweed best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners, for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue,
Than sceptered king or lauded conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

The period of time occupied by this chapter, produced the "Fair Maid of Perth;" the second series of "Tales of a Grandfather;" the "Religious Discourses," and several essays in 1828. The next year "Anne of Geierstein," the first volume of the "History of Scotland," the third series of "Tales of a Grandfather," and eight volumes of "*Opus Magnum*" appeared. In 1830, the industrious pen gave birth to the drama called, "The Doom of Devoirgoil and Auchindrane;" "The Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft;" the fourth series of "Tales of a Grandfather," and the second volume of the "Scottish History." Finally in 1831—it is our last record of the deeds of this marvellously fertile brain—Sir Walter Scott gave to the world his last novels, "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous;" and then the overworked mind was clouded; the pen was laid aside, at least for us, and the author of Waverley passed from the stage.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WINTER IN NAPLES—THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

1831—1832.

SIR WALTER, attended by Mr. Lockhart and his daughter Anne, reached London, on his way to Italy, on the 23d of October, and remained a month, surrounded by friends, many of whom now saw him for the last time. The faculty gave him some hopes of restoration if he would keep to a strictly abstemious diet and abstain from writing, both of which he promised.

The king had placed a frigate at his disposal, and on the morning of the 29th of October, accompanied by his son the major, and his daughter Anne, he embarked, and had a delightful voyage to Malta. The frigate often altered her course to give him an opportunity of seeing some point of interest, and stopped at the volcanic Graham's Island, which, four months before, had risen to the surface of the Mediterranean, and was now beginning to crumble away and disappear. Nothing could prevent him from going ashore to explore it, and he performed the feat, mounted upon the shoulders of a stalwart sailor.

Then on to Malta, where he met many old and affectionate friends, who exerted themselves to amuse him during his stay. His quarantine was shortened to nine days, although the cholera was then raging in England, and pleasant apartments were

given him in Fort Manuel. His imprisonment over, the good people gave him a *ball*, which, it appears, is the Maltese way of showing attention to a stranger, be he old or young, lame or otherwise. But it was soon noticed that his mind was now nearly as broken as his frame, and he forgot not only incidents but names, even that of Miss Edgeworth. In a drive which he took with Mrs. Davy, this failing was particularly noticeable, but his gentle courtesy remained as ever. When they returned, and she set him down at his hotel, he turned towards her with a pleasant smile, and said, "Thank ye for your kindness—your charity I may say—to an old, lame man—farewell."

At Naples, where he arrived on the 17th of December, the king cut short the quarantine, and the court and people vied with the British residents in testifying their respect for him. His reception over, he began to busy himself in forming a collection of Neapolitan ballads, but soon, in spite of all remonstrances, commenced a new novel called the "Siege of Malta," and before he left Naples, this and a shorter tale named "Bizarro" were nearly finished. Neither has yet seen the light—probably never will.

This winter little Johnnie Lockhart's delicate frame succumbs, and the child is taken from its parents. Sir Walter sighs, but bears the sorrow bravely. He will soon go after him, he says.

Under the care of the elegant and industrious scholar, Sir William Gell, Sir Walter visited whatsoever was most worthy of note in Naples and its environs. At Pompeii, however, he was so much fatigued that he scarcely noticed anything, and making no remark but "The City of the Dead! the City of the Dead!" Yet his kindly feelings were fresh as ever; his love of dogs was particularly everywhere noticeable. Sir William,

had a fine one which Scott was very fond of patting, saying, as he did so, "Poor boy, poor boy!" He was especially amused at the animal's howling whenever it heard the sound of music, and laughed outright when he learned that the song which produced the most prolonged and dolorous howl was, "My mother bids me bind my hair." To him the association of ideas was irresistibly comic.

Hearing that a second edition of "Count Robert" had been called for, he was much pleased. "I could not," he said, "have slept straight in my coffin till I had satisfied every claim against me." It will be remembered that he fancied that all was paid. Indeed, he wrote from Naples to Mrs. Scott of Harden, that such was really the case.

Old castles and monasteries were visited, Scott seeking especially for some traces of the Stuarts; and often, when somewhat depressed, his companions would notice that his heart was far away in Scotland. His letters were sad, and expressed a fervent yearning to see his home again—to sit down at his own desk and resume his pen. He thought, he said, that he would return to poetry.

It was at last found to be a useless endeavour to try to keep him from labour. Incessant habit had become an instinct in him; and his son and daughter at length agreed that, if work he would, he might as well do so at home as elsewhere. He wanted to go over the Alps by Tyrol and Germany, and so on down the Rhine. He would stop at Weimar to see Göthe, but on the 22d of March the news was brought to him that that poet was dead. Then his dreams of recovery vanished as if before the breath of a strong wind, his impatience redoubled, the hills and heather of his mountain-land were evermore be-

fore him. "Alas, for Göthe!" he exclaimed, "but he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford."

So they started for Rome on the 16th of April, where they remained for a month, but he was too feeble to enjoy anything. The relics of the ancient royal family of his native land awoke some interest in him, but nothing else. The Pope expressed a desire to see him, but he only said that he respected his Holiness as the most ancient sovereign in Europe, and would have great pleasure in paying his respects to him, but his state of health would not permit.

Scarcely would he stop at Florence to see the Falls of Terni and the church of Santa Croce. The Tyrol, Inspruck, Munich, Heidelberg, Frankfort, all that he had so much desired to see came now too late before him. Apoplexy threatened him at every stage; it was only repeated bleeding that saved him. So he went on, sinking day by day, until at length the Rhine was passed; on the 11th of June, he was lifted out of his carriage into the steamboat at Rotterdam, and on the evening of Wednesday the 13th, he was placed in his bed in London.

Physicians came about him, and friends crowded with offers of assistance; but it was useless. He lay speechless and with little motion. Now and then a familiar voice would arouse him, and he would start up for a moment, to fall back into stupor the next. Sometimes his mind wandered more than once to Jedburgh. Yet his will was as determined as ever and his courtesy as prompt. When once a gentleman stumbled over a chair on entering the darkened room, he was aroused, and expressed his concern as clearly and as gently as ever in his life.

Sympathy was not wanting. When it was falsely rumoured

that his pecuniary funds were inadequate to his wants, the government immediately offered from the treasury whatever should be necessary. One night Allan Cunningham found a knot of workmen standing at the corner of Jermyn-street, and one of them said to him, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" As if there was but one house of mourning, but one couch of death in that vast London!

Yes, here, as we have already said, were kind friends and loving hearts, wise and learned physicians, and every comfort or luxury that could alleviate pain; but it was not Scotland, not his own woody Abbotsford; there were no mountains here, no waving of heath flowers in the wind. He yearned for home, and thither they were obliged to take him. On the 7th of July, he was lifted, half dressed in a quilted gown, into his carriage. The street was crowded with pedestrians, and on the outside of the throng many gentlemen on horseback lingered about, all anxious to catch a last glimpse of Walter Scott as he passed, still living, on his way to the grave; and there were his companions Lockhart and his daughter Anne, and Mrs. Lockhart, "trembling from head to foot and weeping bitterly."

Amid kindest attentions from all whom they met, or dealt with, they went on their melancholy road, and the invalid was placed again in his carriage on Wednesday the 11th of July. For the first two stages he lay torpidly upon his pillows, but as they descended the vale of Gala, the old, beloved scenes aroused him; he murmured "Gala Water; Buckholme; Torwoodlee;" and when they rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildon hills arose before him, his heart leaped up within him; and when in a few more moments he saw the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprang up and uttered a cry of joy.

The river was in flood, and, not being able to cross the ford, they were forced to take the longer road around by Melrose bridge, and while within sight of his home, it took the strength both of Lockhart and the doctor to keep him in the carriage. Past the bridge, the road loses sight of Abbotsford for a couple of miles, and during these, he relapsed into the state of torpor; but when they reached the bank that looks upon his home, his excitement returned and became almost ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch and helped to carry him into the dining-room, where he sate half-stupefied for a moment, and then, as his eye rested on his old friend, he cried "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" Then his dogs came round him and fawned upon him, and licked his hands, and the broken old knight sate there caressing them, sometimes with smiles, but oftener with tears; and so he fell asleep.

The next day he was better, and they wheeled him in a Bath chair out into the garden, surrounded by his grandchildren and his dogs. The flowers and trees which his own hand had planted and trained, seemed to infuse new life into him, and, when he had enjoyed them for awhile, he asked to be taken to his room again. So they wheeled him for an hour or so about the great hall and library, he saying more than once, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more." He was very gentle, and lay down again so soon as his watchers thought that he had need of rest.

Next morning, being still better, the exercise was renewed, and after it, he sat for awhile in his great arm-chair, looking from the window out upon the Tweed. He asked Mr. Lockhart

to read to him. "From what book, Sir Walter?" "Need you ask?" said the old man, "there is but one." Then he listened with gentle devotion to those sacred words chronicled by the Beloved Disciple. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." When he had heard the whole chapter, he said, "Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again."

In reading to him some poems from his old favourite Crabbe, on the third day, it was perceived that he had lost his memory, even of verse. Poems that he had known by heart, were now perfectly new to him; and so on the following day. But he remembered well all that was read to him from the Bible, as well as some little hymns from Dr. Watts, which his little grandson repeated, standing by his knee. In the afternoon, it was on Sunday, after Mr. Lockhart had read the evening prayer of the Episcopal Church, he bade him add the office for the visitation of the sick.

Monday found him very feeble and he remained in bed; but he revived on Tuesday and was wheeled out into the sunshine once more. There he soon fell asleep, and so remained for half an hour. Then starting up, he flung the plaids from his shoulders and said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room and fetch the keys of my desk." The instinct of labour was upon him and he would take no refusal; so they carried him up, and placed him in his old position at his desk. He smiled and thanked them, adding, "Now give me my pen and leave me for a little to myself." His daughter put the pen into his

hand, and he strove to close his fingers upon it, but the work of those fingers was finished; they refused their office; the pen fell from the hand that could no longer wield it, and dropped upon the paper. He sank back in his chair, and out, from under those thick gray brows, the big tears swelled and rolled fast and heavy down his cheeks.

He motioned to be taken back into the garden, and, when there, dropped asleep. When he awoke, Laidlaw remarked to Lockhart, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." The poet looked up; again the tears gushed from his eyes, and he said, "No Willie! no repose for Sir Walter but the grave!" Then a little after, "Friends, don't let me expose myself; get me to bed. That's the only place now."

He never left his room again. For a few days he was able to sit up for an hour or two, at noon; and then that passed, and he lay still upon the pillows. Then followed some days of painful irritation, and forgetfulness of friends. Only once a well known voice aroused him and he said, "Isn't that Kate Hume?" But the hour was at hand when "the golden bowl must be broken." He gradually declined, and his mind wandered back to an earlier, stronger day. Sometimes he seemed administering justice as Sheriff; sometimes giving directions about his trees, and once or twice his fancy was at Jedburgh, and "*Burk Sir Walter!*"* came sadly from his lips.

Generally his mutterings were holy words; words from the Bible or the Prayer-book; psalms in the old Scottish version, or bits of the magnificent Catholic hymns. Oftenest of all, the watchers heard the solemn cadence of the *Dies iræ*, and last of all came from those fading lips these lines:—

* See page 202.

"Stabat Mater, dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

"Broken-hearted, lone and tearful,
By that cross of anguish fearful,
Stood the Mother by her Son."

Often he blessed his children and bade them farewell, and so lingered on until Monday, the 17th September, when the eye grew clear and the calm sense returned for the solemn adieux to earth.

When Lockhart was called from his bed to attend him, he said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and his son-in-law inquired if he would see his daughters. "No, don't disturb them," he replied. "Poor souls, I know they were up all night; God bless you all!"

He never spoke again; scarce showed any signs of consciousness, but gradually passed away. His sons arrived on the 19th, but too late to be recognized, and so they kept their mournful watch until the noon-day of the 21st. Then slowly, gentle as the setting of a calm sun, without pain or sense of suffering, he breathed his soul imperceptibly away.

At half-past one "the silver cord was loosed;" the mirror, held before the lips, was taken back untarnished; and the warm sun shone through the open windows; and a soft autumnal breeze

just sighed amid the foliage of Abbotsford; and the ripple of the Tweed rose with distinctness to the ears of the mourners, as they knelt around the couch, and Walter bent down over the body of his father and kissed and closed his eyes.

CONCLUSION.

The remains of Sir Walter Scott were returned to the dust at half-past five o'clock on Wednesday the 26th of September, 1832. The funeral was without ostentation, although the attendants were very numerous. His old servants carried the coffin to the hearse, sobbing as they went. His children and his kinsmen bore the pall. Thousands and thousands of spectators, nearly all in black, and with their heads uncovered, watched the mournful procession.

The day was dark and lowering, and the wind was high, and on the hill-top of Bemerside, just where he had always been accustomed to check his horse, to look upon the glorious landscape, some accident caused the hearse to stop. So the old knight's clay rested there a moment for the last time, and then they bore him on to Dryburgh, and laid him down, beside his wife, amid the ashes of his fathers. To rest there till the trumpet of God's archangel shall awaken his dust and ours.

We have already seen how nearly all Sir Walter's early friends were taken away before him. Of some others, whose names have been often repeated in the foregoing pages, we may say that James Ballantyne was already on his death-bed when he heard of the demise of his friend, whom he soon followed.

James Hogg died on the 21st of November, 1835; wooden-legged Dominie Thomson on the 8th of January, 1808.

Miss Anne Scott received a pension of two hundred pounds from King William, but followed her father in June, 1833. Her sister Sophia, Mrs. Lockhart, died in May, 1837, and her brother Walter somewhat later, in India. Of all the race which he hoped to found, there are now but two left. His son Charles died unmarried in 1841, and there remain now two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, the offspring of his daughter Sophia.

The Ballantyne debt, at the death of Sir Walter, amounted to fifty-four thousand pounds. This was extinguished by some monies in the hands of the trustees: by twenty-two thousand pounds for which his life had been insured; and the balance was advanced by Mr. Cadell, who thus became the sole creditor for about thirty thousand pounds. This, and a personal debt of ten thousand, will probably be paid off eventually by the rents of Abbotsford.

One word or two now on the character of Sir Walter Scott, and the writer's task will be completed. It has been common to accuse him of over-respect for wealth and rank, which is, perhaps, true. Those who love hard terms have not scrupled to call him a worshipper of wealth and titles. That is false. That he set a very high value upon money is an undoubted fact; his unremitting toil to obtain it is the proof; but he never stooped, we will not say to a mean action, but to such as are permitted oftentimes in the commercial world. His whole course towards wealth was attended by untiring acts of benevolence: if he gained much, he gave much; if he reaped his bosom full of golden grain, he let fall abundantly for the gleaners.

Weber, supported at his expense in the Insane Hospital; poor Willie, in the days of his early apprenticeship; his constant donations to poor authors; his unhesitating loans, which he knew were gifts; his kind and unceasing thoughtfulness for the poor; and when he had nought else left, his frequent presents of the productions of his brain; the lay sermons to Mr. Gordon, which produced the latter two hundred pounds, and his reviews for Mr. Gillies, which were worth as much more: these, we say, might excuse even a greater thirst for riches than was his.

A mere idolator of rank, Sir Walter was emphatically not. We have disposed of the vulgar calumny that he intrigued for, or sought the baronetage, and have now to show that it was not rank he reverenced but race. Ancient name and lineage, he certainly did honour beyond the limits permitted in our times. He had feudalized his very soul; and his deep respect was given not to the *Duke* of Buccleugh, but to the high chief of the clan Scott; not to the *Duke* of Hamilton and premier peer of Scotland, but to the heir of the old heroic Douglas; and he had more respect for the impoverished chief of four or five thousand kilted mountaineers, than the mightiest magnate that ever wore orders and honours without an historical name. Some English visitors were surprised to see the great attention shown to a poor, half-pay lieutenant, and supposed that because he bore the name of a certain Earl, Scott showed him such respect. They were astonished to learn that he was of no kin to the high noble, but only the owner of a tumble-down tower, and the representative of a brave knight who had fought side by side with Wallace.

Scott's loyalty to George the Fourth was unquestionable, yet

he loved to find a reason for it in the demise of the Cardinal of York, the last male heir of the Stuarts. As for his own title, it was the chivalric knighthood that he liked, not the mere rank of baronet, else had he not refused the superior dignity of Privy Counsellor.

Another charge is his toryism—his opposition to what are called liberal principles. Walter Scott was a high tory—lived and died so. He may have been wrong, but his excuse is this: He was born in the country in which, most of all countries on earth, reverence for old names and families, and for what they call "gentle blood," exists in greatest force, and where veneration for such things as chieftainships, lordships, and kingships is universally strong. He was born of an ancient equestrian race, in which clanship was as strong a feeling as filial affection or love of native land. He was connected with the feudal heads of his name by ties of blood as well as of friendship; he was brought up in the strongest sentiments of loyalty, devotion to so-called legitimate right, and the duties and affections of clanship. His accidental or voluntary education strengthened these sentiments; his mature manhood judged them carefully, was satisfied of their value, and erected them into principles honestly and earnestly held.

He was fervent, for he could burst into tears at Jeffrey's defence of a measure antagonistic to his principles; and an unintentional slight to the ancient and just re-found diadem of Scotland, roused his fierce "By God, no!" and made him tremble nervously for hours afterward. He was honest, for he gave abundantly of his time and means and intellect to the support of his opinions—opinions by which he could gain no temporal advantage.

He was prepared to defend his faith with his life and fortune; he was a man of excellent, almost unrivalled common sense in other matters, and probably judged of this as wisely as his education, position, and accidents of birth enabled him to do.

But against these things, let us set the unceasing benevolence that marked his whole career—the gentle courtesy which, in his busy life of sixty-one years, never forsook him but once, and then was eclipsed for a moment by his pain for a brother's disappointment—that geniality of his, which made him the most hospitable of entertainers, the most welcome of guests—that frankness and earnest love of truth, and that untiring and unselfish industry of his.

We are writing for Americans, republicans, men convinced of the truth of their political opinions, and ready to defend them. Let them deal with Sir Walter Scott as they would be dealt with. Think of him not as one whose politics were opposed to yours, for this is not the question now. Think of him as the brave, manly, high souled gentleman; and if admiration for these qualities cannot win your love, let his sorrows and his labours win it.

Think of your pleasure when you read that "Ivanhoe" which was dictated in the intervals of agonizing cramp-spasms; "Bonaparte" and the "Chronicles of the Canongate," composed amid the ruins of his fortune; "Woodstock," composed while his wife was perishing in an adjoining room; the "Tales," that were written for a darling and dying grandchild, and whatever else followed amid broken health, lost riches, with the dim eyes and trembling fingers and the lone heart of ol l age, to pay vast debts which he had not contracted, but to which his high

sense of honour and his duty as a gentleman compelled him. Truly, for him, *noblesse oblige* was not an empty word.

As for the writer of this biography, his task is done. He has performed it lovingly, honestly, industriously. He has performed it fearlessly. Let the book go forth. The public mind is ordinarily a correct judge. It will decide upon the merits of this work, and the probabilities ar that it will meet with such fate as it has deserved.

LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1796.

Scott then being twenty-five years old. William and Helen, and the Wild Huntsman from Bürger.

1799.

Götz von Berlichingen, from Göthe.
The House of Aspen, a tragedy.
Ballad of Glenfinlas.
" Eve of St. John.
" The Grey Brothers.
" The Fire King, from the German.

1802.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vols. I. and II.

1803.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. III.
Review of Southey's Amadis de Gaul.
" Sibbald's Chronicles of Scottish Poetry.
" Godwin's Life of Chaucer.
" Ellis's Ancient English Poetry.
" Life and Works of Chatterton.

1804.

Sir Tristem.

1805.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Review of Todd's Spencer.

" Godwin's Fleetwood.

" Report concerning Ossian.

" Johnes' Froissart.

" Thornton's Sporting Tour.

" Works on Cookery.

The Bard's Incantation.

1806.

Review of Herbert's Poems and Translations.

" Selection of Metrical Romances.

" Miseries of Human Life.

Ballads and Lyrical Pieces.

Slingsby's and Hodgson's Memoirs.

1808.

Marmion.

Life and Works of John Dryden.

Strutt's Queenhoo Hall.

Carleton's Memoirs.

Carey's Memoirs.

1809.

Somers' State Tracts.

Reviews of Cromek's Reliques of Burns.

" Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.

" Carr's Tour in Scotland.

Sadler's Life, Letters and State Papers.

1810.

English Minstrelsy.

The Lady of the Lake.
Anna Seward's Life and Poems.
Essay on Scotch Judicature.

1811.
Vision of Don Roderick.
Imitations of the Poets.
Secret History of the Court of James I.

1812.
Rokeby.

1813.
The Bridal of Triermain.

1814.
The Eyrbiggia Saga.
Life and Works of Swift.
WAVERLEY.
Essay on Chivalry.
" on the Drama.
Memorie of the Sommervilles.
Rowlands, "The letting of humour's blood in the head vaine."

1815.
The Lord of the Isles.
Guy Mannering.
The Field of Waterloo.
The Lifting of the Banner.

1816.
Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.
The Antiquary.
Edinburgh Annual Register, Historical Part.
The Black Dwarf.
Old Mortality.

1817.

Harold the Dauntless.
The Sultan of Serendib.
Kemble's Farewell Address.
Edinburgh Annual Register, Historical Part.
Introduction to Border Antiquities.
"The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill."
Rob Roy.

1818.

Account of the Scottish Regalia.
Review of Kirkton's Church History.
" Frankenstein.
The Battle of Sempach.
The Heart of Mid-Lothian.
Review of Gourgaud's Narrative.
" Women; or *Pour et Contre.*
" Childe Harold, Canto IV.
Articles for Jamieson's Letters of Burt.
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